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Mr. J. B. Church as its

from their affectionate

remembrance, G. H.

July 4th 1844



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Hymns and Poems,

BY

DANIEL HERBERT.

HYMNS AND POEMS,

Devotional and Experimental,

ON A

VARIETY OF SUBJECTS,

DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO KNOW THE VALUE

OF THEIR OWN HEART.

By Daniel Herbert.

And are told, by the author, that

SAVING IS BY THE GRACE

BY

BY DANIEL HERBERT.

DANIEL HERBERT.

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things of the world, which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are.

1 Cor. i. 27, 28.

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Catherine ON A *Randall*
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HYMNS AND POEMS

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY THE REV. J. H. W. S. S. S.

DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO KNOW THE PLACUE
AND OF THEIR OWN REPLY

SALVATION IS OF GRACE

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

BY THE REV. J. H. W. S. S. S.

God has made the world for the wise
and God has made the world for the foolish
and God has made the world for the rich
and God has made the world for the poor
and God has made the world for the
and God has made the world for the
and God has made the world for the
and God has made the world for the

THE MOUNTAIN

PRINTED FOR W. S. S. S. S.

St. Paul's Church, London

1844

St. Paul's Church, London

St. Paul's Church, London

PREFACE.

Dear Reader,

You that feel desirous to ask me, what induced me to send another Edition of my little unadorned Pieces into the world? I answer, because they are still called for by the very characters for whom they were primarily intended. And if you ask me who they are; I tell you, they are the poor, the helpless, the needy, the self-emptied, sin-perplexed, law-condemned sinner; who groan and mourn daily under nature's depravity, and feeling their own plague sore, are made experimentally to know what Paul meant, and what Paul felt, when he cried out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin, this dead body that hangs like a load about my living soul? Now, dear Reader, 'tis such poor, dear, tried souls as these I have in view in sending this Fourth Edition abroad: and blessed be God, I have had many soul-animating testimonies of its being blessed to those who are led to rejoice in salvation as intirely free and complete through atoning blood: to all whom God the Father chose, God the Son redeemed, and God the Holy Ghost hath quickened by his almighty life-creative influence. Such characters as these I now then flatter myself, will find something congenial to their own experience: I know that God worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, and my prayer to God is, that I may be a means in his hand of communicating a consolitary word to the poor weaklings of God's chosen: and as the eternal Jehovah frequently makes use of means contemptable in the estimation of men, to accomplish his own excellent and wonderful designs, may God make this little book

PREFACE.

to be a word of comfort to the distressed, miserable, sin-burdened soul; who is labouring under legal bondage, struggling hard to get free from the law as a covenant of works, whose chains are rivetted by so many of the preachers of the day. But as the dear Lord has been pleased to open to my view the glorious plan of salvation, so complete and so suitable to the ruined state of a poor sinner, in which Jehovah's love is so wonderfully displayed, I must speak of that little I do know, and testify of what I have tasted and handled of the word of God; knowing that spiritual and covenant blessings flow freely to every elect sinner from the atoning blood of the God Man Mediator, conveyed to the soul by the Eternal Spirit according to God's eternal decree; and the price of man's redemption agreed upon before all worlds, was paid down by the Son of God as man's surety, on Calvary's cross; by him was salvation finished, ransomed sinners saved, the law of God magnified, justice satisfied, man's salvation secured, and Christ exalted.

Therefore, my dear Reader, can I be wrong in publishing what I conceive will be good tidings and welcome news to the poor out-casts whom no man seeks after nor cares about? That the work-monger and self-saving Pharisee will despise this little book, I have no doubt; and brand me with that odium, that invidious characteristic attached to almost every one who is made willing to be saved in God's way, I mean Antinomianism; but those who are taught by the Spirit, and know the truth experimentally, such are satisfied to be saved as sinners, chosen in the appointed Mediator before the foundation of the world, and know and believe they were loved with an everlasting love,—loved before time, called in time, and loved through time, and will be loved to all eternity; all flowing through Jehovah's eternal love to our adorable Surety Jesus, as God Man, the chosen Head of all the church. O what a blessed thought, what a soul-

PREFACE.

comforting consideration to a poor, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, that the beloved co-equal Son of God should undertake the work of our redemption, and that he became our Surety, lived as such, and died as such, and so finished transgression, made an end of sin, brought in everlasting righteousness, and sealed our pardon with his blood ! Ah, my dear Reader, here is comfort for the comfortless, hope for the hopeless, salvation for the lost ! and you who know it feelingly and experimentally, will now and then begin to lisp out a note of praise to him who will be the subject of that glorious anthem above, “ Worthy is the Lamb who was slain, who hath redeemed us to God by his blood ! ” But I am aware that should the self-righteous, self-sufficient, self-important, self-saving Pharisee read this book, they will despise both the author and his book ; I am satisfied it should be so ; I would bless God who has disposed me to exalt a gracious Christ as the all in a poor sinner’s salvation, from first to last, as Jesus, Emmanuel, God in our nature ; to him I would wish to direct the poor, distressed, doubting, sin-worried soul, (as far as my little abilities will admit ;) and to the soul animating principles of a covenant-making, co-enant-performing God ; as they are all verity itself, and yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Ah, ’tis upon this ground the few faithful heralds go forth with a “ Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, my chosen, my beloved, my called ones ; ” tell them their warfare is accomplished, their iniquities are pardoned, hell subdued, and salvation secure, as a righteousness is wrought out to cover their naked souls : happy those who are enabled to attend to the precious promises of God, and credit the blessed report. “ Look unto me, (says our loving God) and be ye saved ; ” not try and merit my salvation, not try and get an interest in my love, but look unto me your ever-living, ever-loving God, who hath loved you

PREFACE.

with an everlasting love ; therefore look unto me your sin-bearing, sin-atonement, curse-suffering, law-fulfilling Surety Head Jesus, according to covenant contract, agreed upon between the undivided Three-one Jehovah, Father, Word, and Spirit, before the foundation of the world. If you, my dear Reader, have an interest in this matchless and eternal love, I then congratulate you as one who is led to see yourself a sinner saved in the purchase of Jehovah from eternity, and that it was everlasting love decreed thy everlasting salvation ; being sanctified or set apart by God the Father, preserved in God the Son, and called by God the Holy Ghost. It was love that provided a Ransomer, it was love that moved the co-equal Son of God to assume our nature and live for sinners and die for sin, that God might save his chosen people in a way honourable to the attributes and perfections of Jehovah. And if my Reader is convinced of the real necessity of the life, death, sacrifice, and resurrection of the Son of God, then I am persuaded you will read with pleasure and profit what is ridiculed by the nominal professor of the day. From the ungodly world who make no profession, and from the professing world who know not Jesus, I can say from my heart, Good Lord deliver me ; but to all the lovers of Jesus, who rejoice in an unconditional salvation and know that they have neither money nor price, to such I subscribe myself their willing servant, for Christ's sake. Amen.

DANIEL HERBERT.

Sudbury,

June, 1815.

AN

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HYMNS AND POEMS.

Prolepsis.

- 1 GO, little book, and take a circuit round,
And, where the lovers of the Lord are found,
There stop and shew thyself;
But when you meet self-righteous Pharisees,
Don't think those over-righteous men to please;
They'll throw you on the shelf.
- 2 If you should meet the learned critic's eye,
Some fault in ev'ry page he will espy;
Be not discouraged thou:
Your author cannot boast of education,
But boast he can of full and free salvation;
That through the dying law.
- 3 If any of the legal preachers look
Into this little unadorned book,
They'll say, 'Tis all a lie.
Well, let them say so, yet the truth shall stand,
And while I have the Bible in my hand,
Their creed I dare deny.
- 4 Go, little book, you're not design'd for those
Who do salvation by free grace oppose;
Go, seek the outcasts out:
And when you find a man that's plagued with sin,
And mourns and sighs, from what he feels within,
He'll take you in, no doubt.
- 5 Go, little book, there's here and there a few
Who hear the gospel sound, and love it too.
(I'm call'd an Antinomian!)
If trusting all to Christ deserves that name,
Then may I ever glory in the same;
I'll pin my faith to no man.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 6 Go, little book, and tell the world your creed,
At home a prophet seldom can succeed;
That's more than I expect:
Whoever mourns and feels the plague of sin,
There's none but such will ever take you in:
All others may reject.
- 7 Go, little book, be not afraid of those
Who do salvation by free grace oppose:
With such you're sure to meet;
Tell them your author's not a man of letters,
But God has set you free from Sinai's fetters,
Because a chosen sheep.
- 8 If any ask you how I came to write,
Tell them God won't despise the smallest mite
To praise the Saviour's name:
If God should bless it to the weakest lamb,
The Pharisees are welcome to condemn,
And say I am to blame.
- 9 Go, little book; whoever may deride,
It matters not, if God be on your side;
For this I daily pray:
Free-willers then may laugh and ridicule,
Arminian Pharisees may call me fool;
I care not what they say.

The Sinner saved by Grace. Eph. ii. 8.

- 1 By grace are ye saved, the Bible declares;—
Come, sinners, here's cause to rejoice:
Tho' you find yourselves carnal and sold under sin,
Yet wish to make Christ all your choice.
- 2 By grace are ye saved:—good tidings indeed
To a man who is loaded with sin;
To hear of a Saviour, who shed his own blood
To wash such a filthy wretch clean!
- 3 By grace are ye saved:—encouraging thought!
To a sinner who feels himself lost;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Whose heart is a sink of all manner of sin,
And whose works are as dung and as dross.
- 4 By grace are ye saved,—that not of yourself;—
Oh sinner! this news suits you well;
For Jesus has died (astonishing thought!)
To redeem the poor sinner from hell.
- 5 By grace are ye saved:—let Pharisees boast,
And despise a salvation this way;
I venture my all on my Jesus alone,
Whatever the Pharisees say.
- 6 By grace are ye sav'd, and the sav'd know it too,
When the Lord by his grace makes to see;
Salvation no soul ever yet did obtain,
But by Jesus who bled on the tree.
- 7 By grace are ye sav'd, and that freely too;—
'Tis this makes the sinner rejoice;
When he feels himself drawn by unchangeable love
He cannot but make Christ his choice.
- 8 By grace are ye sav'd, 'I grant it,' says one,
'For grace reach'd its arm out to me,
'While I was a-sinking to ruin and hell:
'I'm sure that salvation is free.'

Christ the Sinner's All.

- 1 All hail, the glories of the Lamb!
My God, my King, my All!
Before thee death, and hell, and sin,
And Satan too, must fall.
- 2 Emanuel! Oh precious name!
Jehovah, great I AM!
The Lord of Hosts! the mighty God!
The dying bleeding Lamb!
- 3 How wonderful! the mighty God,
The glorious one in three,
Who fills the heav'ns, and earth, and space,
Yet stoop'd to Calvary!

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 7 Ah view, my soul, with vast amaze,
This love unsearchable:
Th' incarnate Jesus dy'd to save
The guilty soul from hell!
- 5 The everlasting Father too;
The glorious Prince of peace;
Alpha, Omega, first and last;
A prophet, king, and priest.
- 6 This is the man who groan'd and dy'd,
And that for sinners too;
The sun in darkness hid his face;
Poor sinner, well may you!
- 7 It was my sins that prest him down;
A burden, vast indeed!
Can they be little sins, my soul,
That made the Lord to bleed?
- 8 O no, my sins are vast indeed!
Beyond all count they fall;—
My Jesus knew I'd nought to pay;
He freely paid it all.
- 9 Here guilty sinners may rejoice,
Tho' hell and Satan roar;
The blood of Christ has paid the debt;
Stern justice asks no more.

Freedom of Access to a Throne of Grace.

- 1 Come boldly to a throne of grace,
Ye wretched sinners, come;
And lay your load at Jesus' feet,
And plead what he has done.
- 2 'How can I come?' some soul may say,
'I'm lame, and cannot walk;
'My guilt and sin have stopp'd my mouth;
'I sigh, but dare not talk.'
- 3 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Since Jesus bids you come:

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And if but two poor souls are sav'd,
Who knows but you are one ?
- 4 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Thro' Christ, the truth, the way ;
And, if you perish, perish there ;—
You can't,—Christ made you pray.
- 5 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Tho' lost, and blind, and lame ;
Jehovah is the sinner's Friend,
And ever was the same.
- 6 He makes the dead to hear his voice ;
He makes the blind to see ;
The sinner lost he came to save,
And set the pris'ner free.
- 7 Come boldly to the throne of grace ;
The Lord will not reject
That soul who feels and knows he's lost ;
That soul is God's elect.
- 8 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
For Jesus fills the throne ;
And those he kills he makes alive ;
He hears thee sigh or groan.
- 9 Why did Jehovah, God the Son,
Take human flesh and die,
But to redeem his own elect ?—
This truth who dare deny ?
- 10 Come boldly then, the lame, the halt,
The vilest sinner, come ;
And if you feel the plague of sin,
'Tis what the Lord has done.
- 11 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
For all the debt is paid ;
Come, take salvation as a gift,
Jehovah won't upbraid.
- 12 Poor bankrupt souls, who feel and know
The hell of sin within,

HYMNS & POEMS.

Come boldly to the throne of grace,
The Lord will take you in.

Written during a Thunder-Storm.

- 1 When thunders roar, and light'nings flash,
Methinks, how soon the Lord could dash
A guilty world to hell;
Why does he yet withhold the blow?
O, let the guilty sinner know
He loves his own so well.
- 2 While roaring thunders shake the air,
Behold the sinner in despair:
How frightened at the sound!—
Jehovah speaks; could sinners hear!
But man is dead, and has no ear;
Sin, what a deadly wound!
- 3 O would the Lord, while tempests rage,
Send down his Spirit, and engage
The rebel sinner's soul!
Then would he hear, and see, and know,
God's mercy over vengeance flow,
And reach from pole to pole.
- 4 O may my soul more humble be!
For surely something's meant for me;
Behold the blazing sky!
A specimen of that great day,
When saints shall stand without dismay,
And see their Saviour nigh.
- 5 Then, tho' the world in flames appear,
The flames can't hurt when Christ is near;
O may I see his face!
Then, tho' I see ten thousand fall,
And unto rocks and mountains call,
Christ be my hiding place.
- 6 Where will the sinner man appear,
When thunders burst upon his ear,

HYMNS & POEMS.

And split the rocks in twain?
Poor infidels will tremble then,
To see the glorious great I AM,
The man who once was slain.
7 Then they shall triumph and rejoice;
The people of Jehovah's choice
Shall meet him in the air,
And into glory enter in,
With Christ who wash'd away their sin:—
Lord grant I may be there!

'I have fought a good Fight,' &c. 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.
1 'I have fought a good fight,' said victorious Paul,
(How strange one should win who had no strength
at all!)
'For when I was weakest, 'twas then I was strong,
' 'Twas the arm of my Jesus that drew me along:
2 'I have finished my course too.'—How did Paul
begin?
Where did he set out? How came he to win?
When the road was so thick set with perils and
snares,
With devils and bad men, with trials and fears.
3 'I have kept the faith too.' What faith did Paul
keep?
The very same faith that Christ gives all his sheep;
Whoever has faith that can trust Christ for all,
It is the same faith that was given to Paul.
4 This made Paul so bold as to triumph, and say,
'I shall have a crown too at that glorious day,
' When time will be stopp'd, and my Jesus be all,
' When thousands on rocks and on mountains will
call.
5 'This crown was prepared and laid up for me;
' The price was paid down when Christ dy'd on the
tree;

HYMNS & POEMS.

‘ I’m now going to take it, but I’ll say to Christ’s face,

“ I never deserv’d it, ’tis all of thy grace.”

6 But why was a crown thus prepared for Paul?—

Who said, ‘ there’s none righteous, no not one at all,

‘ They are all gone astray, ev’ry man is a sinner:’

It could not be works then that made Paul a winner.

7 No; read his own writings; ’tis fully explain’d

That thro’ grace alone he salvation obtain’d;

For he often cry’d out with his body of sin,

But Christ made him conquer or conquer’d he’d been.

8 However distress’d then with doubt and with fear,

The weakest can conquer,—when Jesus is near;

Tho’ Paul said ‘ ’tis I that have fought a good fight,’

He knew Christ had conquer’d; that was his delight.

9 And not for him only, but all those who fear him,

Who long for the day of their Saviour’s appearing,

Who here cry and mourn with their doubts and their fears;

For Jesus will take them, and wipe off their tears.

10 That day, when he’ll bring all the nations from far;

When Caiaphas and Pilate shall stand at his bar;

Abash’d they’ll appear then, remembering well

‘ This is Christ whom we scorn’d, who now frowns us to hell.’

11 That day, when the God-man in glory will stand,

Where devils and bad men must obey his command;

Where Adam, the first man, and the last that was born,

With joy, or with horror, will stand at his throne.

12 That day, when the rich and the poor will appear,

Where great men will tremble, and Pharisees fear,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- The Arian turn pale, and Socinians will quake,
For he'll plunge such as those in the fiery lake.
- 13 That day, when all myst'ries the Judge will make
plain,
Why one roll'd in ease and another in pain,
Why some all their lives were perplexed and try'd,
Why some knew no sorrow till the hour they died.
- 14 That day when the sinner's salvation's complete;
That day when their crowns they will lay at Christ's
feet;
That day they will own that 'twas Christ brought
them there;
That day unbelievers will sink in despair.
- 15 That day, when those millions whom Christ dy'd
to save—
That day, when they'll mount from the slumbering
grave;
That day, when salvation will dwell on each tongue;
That day, when redemption will be all their song.
- 16 That day, when their sins and their sorrow shall
cease;
That day when their souls shall be brimful of peace;
That day they will fear neither death, hell, nor sin;
That day ends their griefs, and their joys will be-
gin.
- 17 That day, when their harps will be put into tune;
That day, when with Jesus they'll sweetly commune;
That day, when they'll join with the unnumber'd
throng;
Salvation thro' Jesus will be all their song.
- 18 Then fit me, dear Jesus, for that blessed place;
But while I am here let me taste of thy grace;
But when I'm in heav'n, at thy feet I will fall,
And play on my harp, and sing louder than Paul.

HYMNS & POEMS.

A Dialogue between a weak and a strong Christian.

S. Poor doubting soul, what is the matter?

Where are you seeking to be better?

Come, wounded soul, the Lord can heal;

Tell me, my friend, how do you feel?

W. I feel sin's rankling plague within,

And feel no sense of pardon'd sin;

My sin is more than I can tell:

Oh! what can I expect, but hell?

S. Poor doubting soul, read Peter's story;

You'll see how sinners get to glory;

'Tis not by works which they can do;

No; 'tis a Saviour they must view.

W. But I'm blind, and past all feeling—

Ah! whither can I go for healing?

And I'm so dead, and naked too—

Ah! where can such a sinner go?

S. If thou art blind, and dead, and naked,

This does not prove that thou art hated;

No, no, my friend; it proves to me,

That God designs to set you free.

For all are blind; but all don't know it;

For all are dead; but all won't own it;

And if it is made known to you,

That is a mercy known by few.

Then don't despair—be not mistaken—

You cannot, will not, be forsaken;

For tho' you grieve to feel so dead—

There's life for you in Christ your Head.

W. Ah! could you know what makes me moan,

I think you'd sing another tone;

I'm worse by far than you conceive;

My heart's so hard—I can't believe.

S. But what's too hard for you and I,

Is not for God, you can't deny;

HYMNS & POEMS.

The blind shall see, the lame shall walk,
The dead shall live, the dumb shall talk.
This will Almighty Jesus do
For wretched sinners; why not you?
Feed not those doubts: suspend thy grief;
Christ saved once a dying thief.

W. Oh would the Lord but look on me,
And lead my soul to Calvary!
Salvation there was freely giv'n,
This was the poor thief's way to heav'n.
But ah! the Lord withholds his grace;
He will not let me see his face;
His promise seems of no effect—
Surely I can't be God's elect.

S. Ah, when the sun forgets to rise,
And saved souls forget to prize
Redeeming grace and dying love,
And lay aside their harps above,
Then may Emanuel deny
The groaning, sighing sinner's cry:
But oh, my friend, this comfort take,
Jehovah saves for Jesus' sake.

W. Oh would the Lord but once reveal
His hidden love, and make me feel,
And let these broken bones rejoice—
Lord, let me know I am thy choice!

S. Christ sees thy ways, and Christ will heal;
He'll make thy soul the cure to feel,
And then you'll see all things done well,
Approve the way Christ saves from hell.
No creature-righteousness will do;
Christ will be all in all to you;
Christ liv'd—Christ dy'd—Christ rose again—
This is the poor lost sinner's claim.

W. If all is true that you advance,
It makes my very soul to dance!

I'll venture on him; who can tell
But Christ may save my soul from hell?

S. Ah, venture there—thou canst not fail—
The blood of Jesus must prevail;
Thou canst not perish at his feet:
In Jesus Christ thy soul's complete.

W. How know you that, my christian friend?
How know you what will be my end?
What, are there none who fall from grace,
And die in darkness and disgrace?

S. Ah, fall you may ten times a day;
But oh, such falls will make you pray:
But fall to hell!—it cannot be—
Christ dy'd to set the pris'ner free.

W. But I am still in prison bound;
Can I amongst the elect be found?
Oh, would the Lord but set me free,
And tell me he has chosen me.

S. Oh, let not Satan thus beguile—
Altho' the Lord don't seem to smile,
He's made you feel the plague within,
He dy'd to pay your debt of sin:
Christ shed his blood; Christ did atone;
Christ is the way, and Christ alone;
I think this truth you can't reject—
It never was by God's elect.

W. But who can fathom God's decrees?
God takes and leaves just whom he please.
I'll wait in hope, and who can tell
But Christ has sav'd my soul from hell?

S. Wait where you are, and I'll engage
Your pardon's clear in ev'ry page;
Read but your Bible; there you'll see
Salvation is entirely free:
The lost, the helpless and undone—
'Tis such were sav'd ere time begun.

HYMNS & POEMS.

In time God makes this blessing known;
You soon shall call the Lord your own;
And while we're station'd here below,
May Christ be all we strive to know:
Let's praise him for his mercy past;
We surely shall be sav'd at last.

W. I thank the Lord I met with you,
For what you say I know is true;
I then was blind; but now I see
That grace is full, and grace is free:
'Tis free for you, 'tis free for me,
'Twas settled in eternity;
Then we must stand, we shall not fall,
Since Jesus is our All in All.

A Life of Faith.

- 1 The life that I now live, I live by the faith
Of Jesus, God's co-equal Son,
Who liv'd and who dy'd, and who rose from the
grave
When the vict'ry for sinners was won.
- 2 I live by the faith that Christ suffer'd for me,
And paid off my enormous big score;
He came for that purpose to die on the tree,
That the law might condemn me no more.
- 3 I live by faith—Christ was made sin for me,
Who had not the least sin his own,
That I might be righteous in Jehovah's sight;
Free grace has provided a crown.
- 4 I live by the faith that my sorrows he bore,
And nail'd all my sins to the tree,
And bore all the curses my sins did deserve:
'Tis here my poor soul is set free.
- 5 I live by the faith that, before worlds were made,
Jehovah held councils of peace

HYMNS & POEMS.

- With Jehovah Jesus, God's co-equal Son,
The channel of sovereign grace.
- 6 I live by the faith that the Spirit of love
Was appointed to quicken the dead,
That sinners might live to the glory of God,
Thro' Jesus their covenant head.
- 7 I live by the faith that where Jesus begins,
Tho' hell, sin, and Satan oppose,
That soul must be saved, tho' devils may rage,
Thro' hosts of corruptions and foes.
- 8 I live by the faith that my guilt and my sin
Shall never be laid to my charge;
But thro' the atonement the God-man has made,
My soul has a final discharge.
- 9 I live by the faith that in Christ I'm complete,
Who has ransom'd my soul from the grave,
For he made himself poor that my soul might be
rich;
This was done the lost sinner to save.
- 10 I live by the faith that by grace I am sav'd;
My salvation entirely is free;
For were it of works, either little or much,
Salvation could not be for me.
- 11 I live by the faith that the record is true
Jehovah has giv'n of his Son,
And that all the redeem'd, both in heaven and earth,
With the God-man Jehovah are one.
- 12 I live by the faith that there is but one God,
Yet in office this one God is three;
The Father he lov'd; and the Son, he redeem'd;
And the Spirit makes blind sinners see.
- 13 I live by the faith that as poor Adam fell,
His sin has infected us all;
But in the Lord Jesus, as Jehovah's choice,
Out of him I could not fall at all.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 14 I live by the faith that Jehovah's elect
Are deserving of wrath as all others;
But it ne'er was ordain'd that th' elect should be
lost,
For Christ and his chosen are brothers.
- 15 I live by the faith too, that Jehovah's love
Was ever the same towards man;
He saves whom he wills, and he wills whom he saves,
To make good his unchangeable plan.
- 16 I live by the faith that this plan was laid out
Ere sun, moon, and stars took their place;
Before man was form'd, and before man had
sinn'd,
The plan was to save man by grace.

The Doubting Soul's Soliloquy.

- 1 Oh could I lift this heart of mine
Above these creature things!
I'd fly, and leave this world below,
Had I but eagles' wings.
- 2 But ah! I feel no love at all,
Can neither praise nor pray?
O would the Lord but shine again,
And turn this night to day!
- 3 But whither can I go to lodge
My sorrow and complaint?
Unless the Lord is pleased to shine,
I mope, I grieve, I faint.
- 4 I find my striving all in vain,
Unless my Lord is near;
My heart is hard, I'm such a wretch
Can neither love nor fear.
- 5 Come, tell me, you that fear the Lord,
What think you of my state?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- O may I not as well give up?
Ah! sure I come too late.
- 6 But yet I think that thousands stand
In quite as bad a case,
Who mourn, and grieve, and long to see
Their dear Redeemer's face;
- 7 For when I read poor David's life—
He felt as bad as I;
But did not Christ th' eternal Son,
For just such sinners die?
- 8 David's murder, Peter's lies,
And Mary's filthy sin—
Why sure they were as bad as me;
Yet Jesus made them clean.
- 9 The way the murd'rer found relief,
And swearing Peter too,
Was thro' a Saviour's precious blood,
And that's the way for you.

Christ all in a Sinner's Salvation.

- 1 No man by nature ever yet did choose
The way to God, but from his heart refuse;
There is no form in Christ that man can see,
Till light divine breaks in and set him free.
- 2 But, let the scales once fall from off his eyes,
He views his wretched state with deep surprize;
The scorn'd Redeemer now becomes his choice;
In what he scorn'd before he'll now rejoice.
- 3 Thus Joshua, that highly favour'd saint,
How ardently he runs, and never faints;
But he, with all his house, with one accord,
Were resolutely bent to serve the Lord.
- 4 Where had this man his strength? I want to
know;
Was he not plagued like others here below?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Was he by nature better than the rest?
Did this his resolution make him bless'd?
5 Salvation from the just deserts of sin,
Wash'd in Christ's blood, and made both white
and clean;
This is the happy news for ruin'd man;
The friend of sinners is the risen Lamb.
6 Salvation was for wretched undone man;
Salvation was Jehovah's glorious plan;
Oh, stand amaz'd, my soul! consider well;
'Tis Christ alone who saves thy soul from hell!
7 Salvation's theme fills angels with surprize;
To make salvation sure, God's equal dies!
The sav'd above, the sav'd below rejoice,
For Jesus dy'd to save Jehovah's choice.
8 'Not unto me,' the saved soul will say,
'For I'm complete in Christ no other way;
'May I but shew his praise in life and conversa-
tion,
' 'Tis thro' his blood alone that I obtain salva-
tion.'

Eternal Life for the Sheep.

- 1 I give my sheep eternal life,
And they shall never die;
When death cuts down their mortal frame,
I'll bring their souls on high.
2 I give my sheep eternal life,
And they shall hear my voice;
I'll give them faith to trust my word,
And in my grace rejoice.
3 I give my sheep eternal life;
Who can my sheep destroy?
No pow'r can snatch them from my love;
They are my crown and joy.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 I give my sheep eternal life,
This truth they shall believe;
I'll teach my sheep how weak they are,
But Satan shan't deceive.
- 5 I give my sheep eternal life,
And they shall follow me,
And when they think I've cast them off,
I'll show them Calvary.
- 6 I give my sheep eternal life;
This life was never lost;
I stood in their law, place, and stead;
For them I bore the cross.
- 7 I give my sheep eternal life;
This life was hid in me,
When fallen in their nature head,
I stoop'd to set them free.
- 8 I give my sheep eternal life;
'Tis not because they're good;
They were the Lord Jehovah's choice;
In me they ever stood.
- 9 I give my sheep eternal life;
Altho' they fear and doubt,
And often sink in miry clay,
My arm will bring them out.
- 10 I give my sheep eternal life,
I give them faith and love,
And when they've done with sin below,
I'll bring them safe above.
- 11 I give my sheep eternal life;
Altho' they often fall,
I lift them up, and when I smile
They'll crown me Lord of all.
- 12 I give my sheep eternal life;
On this my sheep rely;
It never was ordain'd of God
That one poor sheep should die.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 13 I give my sheep eternal life,
And die they never can;
They ever were and are complete
In Christ the risen Lamb.
- 14 I give my sheep eternal life;
Let doubting souls rejoice;
Whoever feels the want of Christ,
They are Jehovah's choice.
- 15 I give my sheep eternal life,
Let hell and Satan roar;
I dy'd to save, and freely too;
The Lord could do no more.

' 'Tis finished.' John xix. 30.

- 1 'Tis finished, the dying Lamb declar'd,
All cov'nant blessings for guilty souls prepar'd;
'Tis finished, salvation's work is done,
Finished by the high and lofty One.
- 2 'Tis finished, the great atonement's paid:
Come, guilty soul, the Lord will not upbraid;
'Tis finished, stern justice asks no more;
Come trembling soul, plead this at mercy's door.
- 3 'Tis finished, the law has got its due;
'Tis finished, for sinners such as you;
The great eternal Jesus stoops to die;
Plead but Christ's blood—Jehovah can't deny.
- 4 'Tis finished; let this rejoice your heart,
For Christ as Mediator took your part;
He liv'd, he dy'd, he rose, and now he pleads;
All must be sav'd for whom he intercedes.
- 5 'Tis finished, an end is made of sin,
And everlasting righteousness brought in;
The sinner's debts are paid (enormous score!)
The law and justice can demand no more.
- 6 'Tis finished; let hell and Satan roar;
Salvation is complete, I want no more;

HYMNS & POEMS.

There's nothing left for helpless man to do,
But to believe that this report is true.

7 'Tis finished, Jehovah is well pleas'd,
God's angry law and justice are appeas'd,
'Father, forgive them,' was his dying pray'r;
Salvation full and free was finish'd there.

8 'Tis finished; oh! let me recommend,
Touch not this ark with thy unhallow'd hand;
Strive not to add to what's already done;
'Tis finished for you, or you're undone.

9 'Tis finished by God's co-equal Son,
What was design'd by the great Three in One;
Ere worlds were made Jehovah view'd the plan,
And fix'd on Christ to die for fallen man.

10 'Tis finished for sinners vile as hell;
The lame, the halt, the blind, they know it well;
When once Jehovah makes the blind to see,
They'll own salvation is both full and free.

11 'Tis finished; who can—who dare condemn?
'Tis finished for sinful dying man;
'Tis finished; don't trust to dung and dross:
'Twas finished complete at Calv'ry's cross.

12 'Twas finished: let man rejoice and sing;
'Twas finished by Christ th' eternal King;
'Tis finished; on this, my soul, rely;
As Jesus lives, his chosen cannot die.

13 'Tis finished; all past, and what's to come,
Is finished by God's co-equal Son;
'Tis finished by God the Father too;
O praise the Lord! 'tis all we have to do.

14 'Tis finished, the Spirit proves it true;
When his enlight'ning beams makes all things new,
The dead are made to live, the blind to see
Blessings proceeding from mount Calvary.

15 'Tis finished; Christ's work wants no addition,
But yet proud man brings forth his composition

HYMNS & POEMS.

Of pray'rs and good deeds, and some good intentions,
Which spring from hell and are but hell's inventions.

16 'Tis finished by Jesus, (glorious name!)
Who ever was Jehovah God the same;
Who took upon him flesh, and dy'd a man,
The Independent God, the great I AM!

17 'Tis finished; yet man, presuming, says,
He merits heav'n, because he fasts or prays;
'Tis finished; proud man must stoop to this;
Christ is the Author of eternal bliss.

18 'Tis finished, here sinners may rejoice;
Whom Christ has dy'd for, they make Christ their choice.

'Tis finished—let men and hell reject—

'Tis finished complete for God's elect.

19 'Tis finished; I need not then say more;
'Tis finished for needy helpless poor:
Read John the nineteenth; there's the blessed story,
Christ purchas'd, for his own, eternal glory.

'I, even I, am HE.' Is. li. 12.

1 I—saith the Lord—I, even I, am HE,
Who settled man's salvation on the tree;
There Satan's plan for ever was defeated,
And mine elect's salvation quite completed.

2 I, even I, am HE who pardons sin,
My sovereign grace has righteousness brought in;
Here angels, gaze, and saved man, rejoice,
For ruin'd man was my eternal choice.

3 I, even I, am HE who blots out sin;
In my eternal mind it's ever been
To rescue rebels from the pit of hell,
For those I lov'd when shining angels fell.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 I, even I, am HE, the sinner's Friend ;
Those whom I lov'd, I love unto the end ;
Before this world was fram'd, or time begun,
To bear man's sin God fix'd on Christ the Son.
- 5 I, even I, am HE whose name is love ;
To save lost souls Christ left the realms above :
While millions, millions, perish'd for their sin,
Were driv'n from bliss, and were in hell shut in.
- 6 I, even I, am HE, he who once swore,
I will be wrath with mine elect no more ;
Fix'd in my mind I ever was the same,
To save lost sinners thro' Emanuel's name.
- 7 I, even I, am HE who knows no change ;
I screen my chosen from hell's fierce revenge ;
I call them by my grace, I guide their way,
I hear their groans, and love to hear them pray.
- 8 I, even I, am HE, redeeming God,
Who bought my people with my precious blood ;
Oh ! look and love, poor soul ; look up and sing,
For your Deliverer is on the wing.
- 9 I, even I, am HE ; my love is free ;
I seal'd it with my blood upon the tree ;
To save your soul I was made flesh and dy'd ;
If you'd be sav'd then, trust the crucify'd.
- 10 I, even I, am HE who once was dead,
Who lives for evermore the church's Head :
I pardon freely for my own name's sake ;
The stoutest, hardest rocky heart I break.
- 11 I, even I, am HE who fills all space ;
And in a Mediator shew my grace ;
Look here, poor guilty soul, my sceptre touch ;
Plead but my blood, you cannot ask too much.
- 12 I, even I, am HE, there is no other,
The Lord of glory, yet your elder Brother ;
I plead your cause, and bear your names on high,
Trust in a bleeding Christ,—you cannot die.

HYMNS & POEMS.

Redemption.

- 1 REDEMPTION'S glorious blessed work's complete;
The great Redeemer's gone to take his seat;
Th' eternal plan contriv'd to save lost man,
Was ratify'd by blood, by God the Lamb.
- 2 What wonders fill'd the great Jehovah's mind,
To execute the curse, and yet be kind!
Aliens are adopted, captives are set free,
Sinners are justified from eternity.
- 3 God's love and goodness here are glorify'd,
The Mediator's office magnify'd;
Grace keeps its throne, and ever will be free;
Its blessings all run thro' mount Calvary.
- 4 Christ is made man, and as man obeys;
As God he merits, but as man he prays;
Suffer'd as man, he conquered like God;
Take heed, ye Arians, lest you feel his rod.
- 5 What could have cleans'd us from our filth and
guilt,
Had not th' incarnate Jesus' blood been spilt?
We were expos'd to sin and ev'ry evil,
Without redemption, captives to the devil.
- 6 God hated sin, yet lov'd poor sinful man,
Who cannot save himself, do all he can;
'Tis God must put his grace within the soul;
Almighty grace alone can man control.
- 7 Poor helpless man is plunged into woe;
He feels it not, and knows not who's his foe,
Till grace break up, its hidden love reveal—
Till this, the man can neither see nor feel.
- 8 Without God's grace, a poor distracted creature,
And discontent is seen in ev'ry feature;
But Christ is made for man, what man is not,
Pure, righteous, holy, and without a spot.
- 9 'Tis not of him that wills, nor him that runs;
Vain man will know it when grace's work's begun:

HYMNS & POEMS:

- What makes one man to differ from another
Is wholly owing to Christ, the elder Brother.
10 Freely chosen ere this world begun;
Full atonement made by Christ the Son;
Freely justify'd from what they could not be
By Moses' law: 'tis Christ who sets them free.
11 Man's understanding's dark, his will deprav'd,
His soul infected by sin, and self enslav'd:
A sad apostate, without one good desire;
Man, as a sinner born, deserves hell fire.
12 Poor captive souls, behold the dying Lamb!
Salvation flows thro' Christ the great I AM;
Poor guilty soul, seek no where else for cure;
Venture here alone, and your salvation's sure.
13 However vile man feels himself to be,
There's help and cure for such at Calvary:
However wretched is no bar at all:
Renounce thyself, and crown him Lord of all.

The Thieves. Luke xxiii. 39--43.

- 1 When Jesus hung upon the accursed tree,
There were two thieves hung there as well as he:
But why was one thief sav'd and not the other?—
A question I would ask my christian brother.
2 That they had sinn'd alike, no one can doubt;
Yet one was sav'd:—Pray how came that about?
Was it by works one thief obtain'd salvation?—
Or was it grace that sav'd him from damnation?
3 'Tis all of grace, which doth encourage me,
For I'm as helpless, sinful, vile, as he;
And so are all; not one can be exempt;
Till Jesus shines, no sinner can repent.
4 The other thief proves this beyond all doubt;
He murmurs, rails, and brings his reas'ning out:
'If thou art God, then save thyself, and we—
'Why should we hang here dying on this tree?'

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 What diff'rent views the other thief had gain'd—
Ah; he reviles no more, tho' scourg'd and pain'd!
He saw 'twas just that he should feel the rod,
And found his dying Friend to be th' eternal God,
6 Who prov'd his sov'reign pow'r when on the tree;
One thief he damns; the other thief sets free;
Almighty thus to save, and thus condemn:
Ye wretched Arians, say, was this a mere man?
7 Yet, a man he was; he was Jehovah too,
For he did that which only God could do!
'This day,' says Christ, 'thou shalt in glory be.'
Oh, dying thief, what gospel news for thee!
8 Jehovah Jesus knew, ere worlds were made,
For whom he came to live, to die, to bleed;
The plan laid out by the eternal Three,
Was ratify'd and seal'd upon the tree.
9 He knew for whom he undertook to die;
He had each soul's salvation in his eye;
He turn'd, and saw the dying thief was one,
And instantly the work of grace begun.
10 'Tis whom he will, (who dare dispute his right?)
Tho' fallen man against his grace may fight;
But ah! one look from Christ—the soul feels joy and
grief;
And ev'ry one who's sav'd is sav'd just as the thief.

Without Shedding of Blood is no Remission. Heb. ix. 22.

- 1 Had not the Saviour's blood been shed,
My soul had dwelt among the dead,
In everlasting woe;
But Jesus dy'd that I might live,
Thro' him God does my sins forgive,
And conquers ev'ry foe.
2 Without the shedding of his blood,
The world had sunk into a flood
Of wrath, in hell's dark prison;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- But Jesus liv'd, and Jesus dy'd,
In him the soul is justify'd;
Rejoice, the Lord is risen!
- 3 There's no remission of man's sin,
But thro' th' atoning blood of him
Who groan'd upon the tree;
Amazing love, beyond compare!
That rescu'd man from dark despair—
And all this mercy free!
- 4 Here Jewish rites and shadows fly;
The incarnate Jesus stoops to die;
(The substance of them all)
Here God made known his ancient love
In coming from bright worlds above,
And hell and Satan fall.
- 5 'Tis thro' this blood that I'm set free,
The blood that ran at Calvary;
There hung the sinner's All;
O sinner, look; behold the Lamb!
Who was, and is, the great I AM!
Before whom angels fall.
- 6 Poor bankrupt soul; thy case is bad;
Here free salvation may be had;
Here none can ever fail;
Turn but faith's eye to Calv'ry's cross;
Look and admire; look and rejoice;
His merits must prevail.

Perfection in Christ. Col. ii. 10.

- 1 Complete in Christ—transporting thought!
A sinner vile, and good for nought,
Yet sav'd by sov'reign grace;
Here angels wonder and adore;
Such love was never known before,
As shines in Jesus' face.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 Complete in Christ—'tis heaven's wonder!
Poor sinners screen'd from Sinai's thunder,
And all the craft of hell;
This makes redeemed souls rejoice;
Christ crucify'd becomes their choice;
Of this they love to tell.
- 3 Complete in Christ—this is the way;
'Tis not because I fast or pray
My standing's made secure:
'Tis Jesus' strength that makes me strong;
Eternal love shall be my song;
Christ's balm has made the cure.
- 4 Complete in Christ—'tis there I'd rest;
Jehovah is my righteousness,
And all I want beside:
I feel my wretchedness within:
But Christ my surety had no sin,
Yet for my sin he dy'd.
- 5 Complete in Christ, in him I stand,
He leads and guides me by his hand,
Or I should soon go wrong;
But he's engag'd to bring me thro';
He gives me tokens, not a few,
Sin shall not vex me long.
- 6 'Complete in Christ?' some soul may say,
'It can't mean me, I cannot pray,
'For I'm hard-hearted still';
Poor doubting souls need not despair;
It is not yours, but Jesus' pray'r;
To save you was his will.
- 7 Complete in Christ before the fall,
Tho' Adam's sin infected all,
And in him all men dy'd;
But in thy glory, man, I stood;
Who waded thro' wrath's horrid flood,
To save his chosen bride.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 Complete in Christ before I liv'd,
And when this truth was disbeliev'd;
Discriminating grace!
For those he liv'd, for those he dy'd;
In him their souls are sanctify'd,
They shall behold his face.
- 9 Complete in Christ—'tis blessed news,
Tho' poor blind Pharisees refuse
Salvation in this way;
The poor lost sinners love it well;
Who feel and know they merit hell,
Which makes them groan and pray.
- 10 Complete in Christ by sov'reign choice,
'Tis chosen ones who should rejoice,
And magnify God's love;
God's choice was free, without condition,
To save the rebel from perdition,
And bring him safe above.
- 11 Complete in Christ—no other way;—
Christ teaches sinners how to pray,
And makes them feel their needs;
Christ knew what sinners we should be
Before he bled on Calvary;
For us he intercedes.
- 12 Complete in Christ, God's words declare;
Why should a sinner then despair,
Tho' he's as vile as hell?
Who made you feel the want of grace?
Who made you long to see Christ's face?
The heav'n-taught soul can tell.
- 13 Complete in Christ, whose grace is free,
Who paid the debt at Calvary,
And set my soul at large;
See justice harmonize with love;
The Spirit hasting from above,
To seal my sweet discharge.

HYMNS & POEMS.

14 Complete in Christ ere time began;
When time was born and God made man,
And man became a sinner,
To save was in th' eternal plan;
Jehovah stoops to be a man,
Thro' whom the soul's a winner.

15 Complete in Christ!—let Satan roar;
I'll plead and wait at mercy's door,
For Jesus brought me there;
I'll plead what Christ has done for me,
When hanging on th' accursed tree;
'Tis this shall be my pray'r.

16 Complete in Christ—ah, can it be,
Such heavenly joys design'd for me?
God's Spirit cannot fail;
He sees my saved, ransom'd soul,
Has got its name in heav'n's bright roll;
There Jesus must prevail.

17 Complete in Christ—I'll say no more;
Let sinners wait at mercy's door;
I know they'll find it true;
All you who would be sav'd this way,
Tho' sin and Satan may dismay,
Salvation is for you.

Eternal Life and Love.

1 Eternal life makes men and angels sing;
Eternal life's the gift of Christ our King;
Eternal life flows from eternal love;
Eternal love brought Jesus from above.

2 Eternal life—ah, what a word is this!
Eternal love provides eternal bliss
For wretched ruin'd man, who's doom'd to die;
Eternal love brought Jesus from on high.

3 Eternal life flows from the eternal Three,
One God in essence from eternity:

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Jehovah lov'd unholy, ruin'd man;
Before man sinn'd he view'd salvation's plan.
- 4 Eternal love stupendous wonders wrought!
Eternal love was not an after-thought;
It had its being in th' eternal mind;
Fix'd was this love, unalterably kind.
- 5 Eternal life—that soul can never die;
Because Christ lives, it lives eternally.
'I give unto my sheep eternal life,'
Tho' Satan wages war, Christ ends the strife.
- 6 Eternal life is sure to all Christ's seed;
To make all sure, behold the Saviour bleed;
Eternal love made Christ to bear my sin;
Christ bore it all, and did the vict'ry win.
- 7 Eternal life will bring eternal joy;
Eternal love did hell and sin destroy;
Eternal love eternal bliss prepares;
Eternal love forbids man's soul despair.
- 8 Eternal life eternally remains;
Eternal love runs through Emanuel's veins;
Eternal love will live when sinner's die;
Eternal love will bring sav'd souls on high.
- 9 Eternal life out-lives the splendid sun;
Eternal life's the same when time is done;
Eternal life will live when all things die;
Eternal life and love both dwell on high.
- 10 Eternal life will triumph over death;
Eternal love breathes life in ev'ry breath;
Eternal life will live when sin is dead;
Eternal life is hid in Christ, the Head.
- 11 Eternal life originates in God;
Eternal love is oft behind the rod;
Eternal life makes sinners dead to live;
Eternal love did all my sins forgive.
- 12 Eternal life dwells in th' eternal Three;
The Father, Son, and Spirit, all agree

HYMNS & POEMS.

- To give eternal life, to all decreed,
Who from law, sin, and hell, by love are freed.
- 13 Eternal glory must be sure to all
Eternal love had plann'd in time to call;
The time when, where, and how, the way, the end,
Eternal love had fix'd the time to send.
- 14 Eternal life, when once enjoy'd within,
Will make a man fall out with self and sin:
Eternal love will surely win the day;
It is eternal love makes sinners pray.
- 15 Eternal glory to th' eternal Three,
Who took my ransom at mount Calvary;
While here below, of this I'd love to tell,
My Jesus dy'd to save my soul from hell.
- 16 Eternal praises are Jehovah's due:
Eternal life and love bring sinners thro;
Eternal Comforter! to thee I'd give
Eternal praise; thro' thee I move and live.
- 17 Eternal glory fills the heav'nly choir;
Eternal love angelic hosts admire:
Redeemed souls eternal praise will sing,
Eternal praise, to Christ th' eternal King.

The World too mean for the Soul.

- 1 Alas, what is this world,
With all its flatt'ring toys,
But momentary things,
But transitory joys?
The things that seem to please to-day,
To-morrow wing, and fly away.
- 2 How great the folly, then,
To stoop to things so mean,
And gratify the mind
With this poor changing scene!
When ev'ry object that I see,
Says, 'Happiness is not in me.'

HYMNS & POEMS.

3 How vain the help of man,
So very apt to change!
To-day he'll seek your good,
To-morrow seek revenge.

Whoever seek their joys below,
Will surely meet an overthrow.

4 Look higher, then, my soul;
Lord, give me faith to see
That perishable things
Were not ordained for me;
One view of Him who bled and dy'd,
Is better far than all beside.

5 I'll envy, then, no more,
The men possess'd with gold;
The riches I've in view,
Are more than can be told;
I'll rest in hope, and wait the day
When I shall be as rich as they.

6 How blessed is that man
Who's in a pardon'd state!
But 'tis not so with those,
However rich and great,
Who know not God, nor seek his face,
Who never felt the pow'r of grace.

7 Then rest contented, soul,
Tho' poor and mean thou art,
For happy thou shalt be,
Who hast but Mary's part;
For Jesus calls upon the poor,
But passes by the rich man's door.

8 At Mary's house he call'd,
And stoop'd to be a guest;
He loved such as they,
And Laz'rus with the rest:
To-day his love is just the same;
Let sinners triumph in his name.

HYMNS & POEMS.

The Bloody Issue healed. Matt. ix. 22.

- 1 Behold what Christ can do! read and adore;
Rely on Christ for cure, he wants no more;
He does all free when all physicians fail;
Who seeks from Christ must certainly prevail.
- 2 Read but the case we have before us now;
The bloody sore was healed, most will allow;
Tho' twelve long years her bloody issue run,
Christ's garments were but touch'd—the cure was done!
- 3 Why did she stay so long before she came?—
She long had heard (no doubt) of Jesus' fame—
God's time is best his mercy to reveal;
This was the time the Lord design'd to heal.
- 4 Altho' she heard what Christ had done for many,
Yet Christ might go whilst she had got one penny;
When all was gone, (physicians all proved vain)
She came to Christ to heal her of her pain.
- 5 Altho' she stole the blessing like a thief,
God's purpose was fulfilled, is my belief;
The time, the place, and how, were fore-ordained;
God gave her faith; that faith the cure obtain'd.
- 6 Who touched me? says Christ. How strange this
Especially to her who had the wound: [sound!
Did he not know, who made the worlds on high,
That she was one for whom he came to die?
- 7 Altho' Christ was a man, yet let man know
He was th' eternal God while here below,
Who did what was design'd ere time began;
To save this woman was in th' eternal plan.
- 8 What made this woman tremble, fear, and quake?
The Lord had heal'd for his own mercy's sake;
She felt, poor soul, what was unknown before,
A love that made her tremble and adore.
- 9 Methinks I hear her say, 'How oft, dear Lord,
'I've heard thy fame! but slighted every word;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- ‘ For twelve long years I roam’d from place to place,
‘ But now I feel the healing pow’r of grace.
10 ‘ Thy drawings brought me here, or I had dy’d;
‘ The virtue came from thee, by thee apply’d;
‘ I’m heal’d, dear Lord, the multitude may see;
‘ Lord heal ten thousand more as well as me.’
11 But hear the Lord of life and glory speak,
Who heals poor sinners for his own name’s sake;
He calls this woman ‘ Daughter,’ to her face;
God here display’d his free and sov’ reign grace.
12 ‘ Thy faith has made thee whole; that faith I gave;
‘ I am the Lord Jehovah who doth save;
‘ Now go in peace—my grace has made thee whole;
‘ I soon shall die to ransom thy poor soul.’

Christ opens the Eyes of the Blind. John ix. 1. 7.

- 1 Whoever reads God’s word, therein may find
There was in days of old a man born blind;
We also read the blind was made to see,
By him who bled and dy’d on Calvary.
2 Who but a God could give a blind man sight,
Who, born in darkness, liv’d in years of night?
Christ did the deed, but how it matters little;
(Unlikely means) the Lord us’d clay and spittle.
3 But ah! the poor self-righteous Pharisees—
It being sabbath day, they are displeased;
For eyes they had but yet they never saw:
All that they boasted of was Moses’ law.
4 But hear the man whose night was turn’d to day;
Hear what this blessed man had got to say:
‘ Altho’ I once was blind, I now can see,
That what Christ does is sov’ reign, rich, and free.
5 That I was blind there’s many here can tell,
But now I see the path that leads to hell;
Proud Pharisees despise—and Jews reject—
But now I see that I am God’s elect.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 6 I once was blind, but now I see the way
To be thro' Christ, tho' Pharisees gainsay;
But little of his worth my tongue can tell,
But 'tis my Jesus who does all things well.
- 7 I once was blind to sinful self within,
But now I feel the power of pardon'd sin;
I was a wretch, in soul and body blind,
But now I see how Jesus can be kind.
- 8 I once was blind to what my sin deserves,
But Jesus saves the souls whom he reserves;
Siloam's pool was God's appointed place,
Where I must wash my eyes and taste his grace.
- 9 I once was blind to Adam's horrid fall,
But now I see my Jesus all in all;
I was born blind, but Christ has made me see;
All this my Jesus did entirely free.
- 10 I once was blind, and inwardly polluted
By Adam's sin, which was to me imputed;
But now I see salvation's full and free,
Thro' Christ who suffer'd, bled, and dy'd for me.
- 11 I once was blind to God Jehovah's grace,
But now I see salvation in Christ's face;
I had no hand in this: Christ did it all,
Because God saw me his before the fall.
- 12 I once was blind, as all the world are born,
Tho' Jews may laugh, and Pharisees may scorn,
For blind they are, and blind they must remain;
The way they seek they never can obtain.'

God First and Last in a Sinner's Salvation.

- 1 There are a few love God; and what's the cause?
Since man by nature hates Jehovah's laws;
Man's born in sin; the devils can't be worse;
If man loves God, then God must love man first.
- 2 All those who love the Lord, remember well
When they pursu'd the path that leads to hell;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Who stopp'd them then?—Why did they not go on?
Because they are the souls Christ fix'd upon.
- 3 Then you who love the Lord remember this,
God is the author of eternal bliss;
If man possess one heaven-born wish or thought,
It is a cov'nant blessing Christ has bought.
- 4 Since all like wand'ring sheep have gone astray,
Man never of himself could find the way,
Till Christ the blessed Shepherd finds him out,
And what was fore-ordained is brought about.
- 5 The ancient counsel of th' eternal Three
Was ratify'd and settled on the tree;
Christ knew for whom he there should groan and
bleed;
There's nothing else lost man has got to plead.
- 6 Altho' this glorious truth runs thro' God's book,
Yet 'tis a truth that man most overlook,
And ever will, till God the Spirit shine,
And help the man to say 'The Lord is mine.'
- 7 O ye whom heaven has taught this truth to know!
Jehovah was your Friend and sin your foe;
But if through grace you trust to Christ for all,
Then God hath chosen you before the fall.
- 8 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have you;
'I have ordain'd to save my chosen few;
'Go, bring forth fruit, and run the heav'nly race;
'Trust not yourselves, but my almighty grace.
- 9 'My chosen ones are sinners, like the rest;
''Tis all of sov'reign grace that they are bless'd;
'I fore-ordain'd that they should all believe;
'All others left, whom Satan will deceive.'
- 10 The counsels of Jehovah, they must stand;
Ten thousand fiends are held at his command.
The depths of sov'reign grace no soul can tell;
'Tis only sov'reign grace that saves from hell.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 11 Oh God! unfold salvation's glorious plan;
That covenant of peace for dying man;
That fathomless abyss of love and grace,
That only can be seen in Jesus' face.
- 12 'Tis all of grace from first to last, I see;
All cov'nant blessings flow entirely free;
They follow God's eternal love and choice;
God's purpose stands—let this my soul rejoice.

'Come ye Blessed', &c. Matt. xxv. 34.

- 1 Come, O ye blessed of my Father, come,
Ye chosen ones in God's eternal Son;
Come, blessed souls, draw near—behold my face,
And taste the fruits of my electing grace.
- 2 Before the world was made, or stars gave light,
You were my crown, my joy, and my delight;
Come, now, receive a crown, my ransom'd throng;
Salvation thro' the Lamb be all your song.
- 3 Come, my redeemed souls, whose sins were laid
On me; I all your debts have fully paid:
My love is ancient as eternity;
I dy'd to save your souls effectually.
- 4 A kingdom now is yours, prepar'd by me;
You were and will be mine eternally;
I ever lov'd your souls; to prove it true,
I left these worlds on high, to die for you.
- 5 Ye blessed of my Father and the Son,
With Father, Son, and Spirit, you are one;
To save your souls was the eternal plan;
To pay your ransom, God became a man.
- 6 Come, blessed souls, the myst'ry is made plain;
Christ took your curse, and bore your sin and pain;
For the elect th' incarnate God did this:
Come enter into my eternal bliss.
- 7 When you were trav'ling tribulation's road,
I strength and grace on ev'ry step bestow'd;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Each trial I appointed by the way ;
I heard your groans and taught your souls to pray.
8 Come enter in—you ever were my choice ;
Now sing my praise—for evermore rejoice ;
For death, and hell, and sin,—I conquer all ;
Come, enter in, and crown me Lord of all ;
9 Come enter into joys that never cloy,
And drink your fill of everlasting joy ;
The work I finished on Calv'ry's mount,
Come see it all put down to your account.
10 Come now, my chosen ones, come enter in ;
I bore your curse, and paid for all your sin ;
Enormous was your debt—I paid it all ;
Come, enter in, and shout me Lord of all.
11 I dy'd that you might live for evermore ;
To make you rich, I was made mean and poor ;
Come, see my wounds, my hands,— my feet, my
side,
I bore all this to save my chosen bride.
12 Come, hallelujahs sing for evermore,
The Father, Son, and Spirit to adore,
World without end ; come sing my matchless grace :
'Tis of free mercy you behold my face.

' It is I ; be not afraid.' Matt. xiv. 27.

- 1 Who loses the sight of his Guide
Is perplexed with doubts and with fears,
He scruples the love of his God,
Which causes him thousands of tears.
2 But tho' thus perplexed with fears,
Our Jesus is ready at hand ;
And let him but say ' It is I,
' Who tempests and storms can command—'
3 And when the Lord straightway is come,
The soul shall assuredly find,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- That Jesus is ever the same,
Eternally loving and kind.
- 4 Tho' winds, seas, and tempests may rage,
And the bark appear totally lost,
If Jesus but say, 'peace, be still,'
The bark shall no longer be tost.
- 5 The tempestuous waves must be still;
When Jesus commands it, they die;
So hell, sin, and Satan must fall,
When Jesus once says, 'It is I.'
- 6 'Twas Jesus who made Samson strong;
Strong ropes burst before him like tow;
He stript the strong man of his hair;
The mighty man then was brought low.
- 7 Who made the young stripling so bold,
As to march, with his stone and his sling,
To meet the proud tyrant of Gath,
Assur'd that his head he should bring?
- 8 When Jesus once says, 'It is I,'
The soul can then walk on the wave;
But Jesus must hold; or he'll sink,
And cry out (like Peter) 'Lord! save!'
- 9 Then let not the wisest man boast
Of his powers to do this or that,
For man independent of God,
Indeed is as blind as a bat.
- 10 But whom the Lord deigns to instruct,
And by his own Spirit to call,
The strongest and wisest, will say,
Without Christ they are nothing at all.
- 11 Let Jesus but say, 'It is I,'
The man can perform very well;
And when his Lord Jesus is near,
He fears neither sin, death, nor hell.

HYMNS & POEMS.

The doubting Christian's Hopes and Fears.

- 1 Why did th' incarnate Jesus die?
Oh, tell me—tell me—tell me why;
Ah! did he die for me?
I know Christ dy'd for helpless man,
And such Jehovah knows I am;
O would he set me free!
- 2 But O my soul! remember this;
Before Christ dy'd th' elect were his;
He dy'd to make it sure;
And tho' they feel the plague of sin,
Christ shed his blood to wash them clean,
Their sin-made wounds to cure.
- 3 But O my God; why am I thus?
I often think I'm worse and worse;
I'm full of guilt and sin:
But sure 'tis Christ has made me feel;
I'm sure 'tis Christ alone can heal;
The Lord must work within.
- 4 But why is my poor heart so hard,
Gospel and law to disregard?
Is this the work of God?
Did ever one who's sav'd by grace
Go mourning thus God's veiled face,
And feel his angry rod?
- 5 Where are the scriptures that declare
But mourning sinners may despair,
Who wish to love God more?
I think it never yet was known
That God did ever one disown,
Who waited at his door.
- 6 Then wait, my soul, his promise plead,
View Calv'ry's mount and see him bleed,
And that for sinners too;
Then, tho' thou art as vile as hell,
His love is such, that none can tell
It will not reach to you.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 7 Lord Jesus, draw away the veil,
And make thy mighty grace prevail,
And let me see thy face;
Then I can sing, rejoice, and pray,
And to my fellow trav'lers say,
'I feel his quick'ning grace.'
- 8 But now he hides his glorious face,
Yet 'tis but for a moment's space—
He's on the wings of love;
He'll come with his angelic band,
And take his ransom'd by the hand,
And land them safe above.
- 9 Lord Jesus, give me faith to trust,
E'en when I feel the very worst,
When darkness fills my soul,
(For thou hast conquer'd sin and hell,
And thou can'st conquer me as well,)
My raging sins control.
- 10 But if he leaves me to myself,
I'm soon envelop'd in a gulph
Of wretchedness and woes;
I have no strength, no pow'r, no will,
Nor can the least command fulfil,
And that my Jesus knows.
- 11 But, helpless as I am, and weak,
To him I'll go—to him I'll speak
My spirit's sore complaint;
He knows for what I mourn and sigh,
To run the race that brings me high,
To walk and not to faint.
- 12 Then draw me, Lord, that I may run;
Thou hast the work of grace begun
Within my wretched heart:
No more let darkness fill my mind,
But let me feel thee always kind;
No more from me depart.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 13 But if, dear Lord, I am deceiv'd,
If I have never yet believ'd,
Oh help my unbelief!
'Tis thine to make the dead to live;
All that I want is thine to give;
Then send my soul relief.
- 14 And if thou wilt but shew thy face,
And let me feel thy pard'ning grace,
I'll never cease to sing;
While here below I'll sing aloud,
And when above I'll join the crowd;
A beggar's made a king!
- 15 I'll lay my crown at Jesus' feet;
In him I ever was complete;
But ah! I could not tell
How very far I'd gone astray;
But Jesus brought me in the way,
And has done all things well.

Mercy Discriminative.

- 1 No man can know what gospel tidings mean,
Until he sees mount Calv'ry's bloody scene;
There Jesus hung, and nonpluss'd hell's design;
There Jesus gave his life, to rescue mine.
- 2 Before man sin'd, it was Jehovah's plan,
Thro' mercy rich and free to save lost man;
In God's eternal mind this mercy lay,
Till Jesus dy'd this mercy to display.
- 3 When Adam fell—ah! view the guilty creature;
Asham'd to see his God, his great Creator,
He strives to hide himself; Jehovah views,
And hastens to the man with gospel news.
- 4 Hear what the Lord of life and glory said;
'The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head.'
Jehovah knew the way he meant to save;
God's own elect cannot be Satan's slave.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 Tho' man by sin was sunk in sad disgrace,
Yet mercy triumphs in a Saviour's face ;
God had his eye on his eternal choice ;
Redeeming love made heav'n and earth rejoice.
- 6 For mercy had secur'd God's own elect,
And mercy never will that soul reject ;
Them in his mercy God ordain'd to save,
And Jesus dy'd to ransom from the grave.
- 7 'Twas mercy view'd poor helpless ruin'd man,
Lost in himself, but safe in Christ the Lamb ;
Tho' led astray by Satan's artful guile,
Yet mercy view'd God's chosen with a smile.
- 8 Tho' Satan triumphs in the sinner's fall,
He's lost his aim, for Jesus is man's all ;
Here Satan is defeated of his plan,
For mercy had ordain'd to save lost man.
- 9 For mercy runs thro' God's electing line ;
Jehovah must and will to those be kind ;
His mercy is an everlasting spring ;
He smiles to see a beggar made a king.
- 10 'Twas mercy saw the thief upon the tree :
' This day thou shalt with me in glory be ;'
Here sov'reign mercy, and eternal choice,
Look'd on the thief, and made his soul rejoice.
- 11 'Twas mercy made poor Peter mourn and weep,
For mercy knew he was a chosen sheep ;
'Twas mercy melted Peter into tears :
'Twas mercy look'd and conquer'd all his fears.
- 12 'Twas mercy found its way to David's heart,
Tho' he was found to act the murd'rer's part ;
He was a sheep before he kill'd Uriah ;
'Twas sov'reign mercy sav'd him from hell fire.
- 13 'Twas mercy stopp'd the proud blood-thirsty Saul ;
'Twas mercy made him preaching, praying Paul ;
No longer now he seeks to slay the man
Who seeks salvation thro' God's chosen Lamb.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 14 'Twas mercy brought Zaccheus to the tree;
'Twas mercy made him wish the Lord to see;
For mercy's hour of grace was now at hand,
And mercy brought him down at his command.
- 15 'Twas mercy made the blind men cry for sight;
'Twas mercy heard and sav'd from endless night;
'Twas mercy op'd their eyes, and made them see
That all Christ does is sov'reign, rich, and free.
- 16 'Twas mercy brought the woman with her wound;
'Twas mercy's time to make this woman sound:
She prest to touch Christ's garment if she could,
For mercy had ordained to her good.
- 17 'Twas mercy saw poor Mary drench'd in sin;
'Twas mercy found her out, and made her clean;
'Twas mercy kept this sinner from despair;
She wash'd Christ's feet, and wip'd them with her hair.
- 18 'Twas mercy brought the man to Jordan's stream;
'Twas mercy wash'd his leprous body clean;
Damascus' stream was not the place appointed;
He wash'd in Jordan, nor was disappointed.
- 19 'Twas mercy saved Lot from Sodom's flame;
(They must be safe who trust in Jesus' name)
While Sodom burns, bless'd Lot can want no more,
For mercy leads him safe to little Zoar.
- 20 'Twas mercy stay'd the jailor's murd'rous arm,
And held his sword that he might do no harm;
For mercy had ordain'd to save this way:
'Twas mercy taught this rebel how to pray.
- 21 'Twas mercy heard and answer'd Moses cry;
He only groan'd, yet mercy heard on high;
'Why criest thou to me? Let Isr'el go;
'They shall be safe, for I will drown their foe.'
- 22 'Tis mercy saves from sin, from self, from hell;
For sov'reign mercy has done all things well;
'Tis mercy has secur'd God's own elect,
And mercy never will these souls reject.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 23 What mercy once begins, it will complete ;
'Tis mercy brings the soul at Jesus' feet ;
'Tis mercy tells the soul the gospel story,
And mercy fits the soul for endless glory.

Why was Peter saved, and not Judas? John xviii. 27.

Matt. xxvii. 5.

- 1 Amongst God's little church, God's word declares
The champion Peter did both lie and swear ;
And Judas sold his Lord for filthy gold,
And went and hung himself, as we are told.
- 2 Like Judas too, why did not Peter go
And hang himself? 'tis this I want to know :
According to their deeds they're on a level ;
They acted both like children of the devil :
- 3 For Peter did declare, 'Tho' all deny,
'I with my Lord will suffer, I will die :'
But little of himself did this proud creature know
Until he heard the preaching cock to crow.
- 4 How firm and bold poor Peter seem'd to stand ;
And well he might, when in his Master's hand ;
The Lord let go his hold—down Peter fell—
And why, I ask, did he not fall to hell ?
- 5 He was amongst the Lord's own chosen train ;
And tho' they fall, they surely rise again ;
Tho' Peter fell, he was a chosen sheep ;
One look from Christ made Peter mourn and weep.
- 6 But Judas never knew what Peter felt ;
His adamant heart did never melt ;
The plague of sin he never once could tel ;
At last he hangs himself, and goes to hell.
- 7 Why did not Peter go as well as he ?
Because Christ paid his debts at Calvary,
Where Jesus dy'd to ransom God's elect ;
This he believed, but Judas did reject.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 Then look, my Lord, and melt my heart of steel;
It was thy look that made poor Peter feel:
That sov'reign grace that sav'd the dying thief
Sav'd Peter too, it is my firm belief.
- 9 But some will say this doctrine leads to sin;
But if it does, 'tis what has ever been;
'Tis those who have not grace this truth to handle,
Who dare reproach free grace with such a scandal.
- 10 The Pharisee, and the self-righteous too,
They'll find at last their works will never do;
God never meant to save a soul this way;
For none are sav'd because they fast or pray.
- 11 Ye workers then, give up your boasting pleas;
God has a right to save just whom he please;
One thief to take—the other thief to leave;
Judas shall be harden'd—Peter shall believe.
- 12 Then say, redeemed soul, 'What has God wrought?'
'Twas Christ who to thy soul salvation brought;
Sought out of him ere Adam's horrid fall:
Let saved sinners crown him Lord of all.

Soliloquy.

- 1 Oh! could I fly to joys above,
And see th' eternal God of love,
I'd leave this world below;
But O my wretched earth-bound heart!
Ah! why so very loth to part
With this poor empty show?
- 2 O God! thou know'st I am but dust;
Without thy teaching, I shall trust
To vanity and lies;
Lord, take the rule and reign within,
And conquer ev'ry darling sin:—
My soul! from earth arise.
- 3 Oh could I wait with patient hope!
Why do I thus at noon-day grope?
46 Thy coming won't be long;

HYMNS & POEMS.

Lord, give me wisdom, strength, and pow'r,
To wait my Lord's appointed hour :

Free grace be all my song.

4 But now my Jesus hides his face
How can I sing the notes of grace ?

My harp is on the willows :

Let Jesus shine, and I'll begin,

And down I'll take my harp again,

And sing thro' storms and billows.

5 All this I'll do when Christ is near ;

But when he's gone, 'tis very clear

I can do nothing right :

I am a weak and helpless man,

Left to myself, do all I can ;

'Tis nothing in God's sight.

6 God views his own eternal Son,

And sees man sav'd ere time begun,

In Christ the Surety's face ;

'Twas God contriv'd, 'twas Jesus dy'd ;

There is no other way beside ;

And this is all of grace.

The Midnight Cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 Hark ! the midnight cry ! the Bridegroom's near !
Happy then for those whose lamps are burning clear !
Who in the Bridegroom's face can see a smile,
And find they have their vessels fill'd with oil.
- 2 But ah ! what then will foolish virgins do,
Who have no oil, and know not where to go ?
They then would buy, or beg ; but 'tis too late ;
Their lamps are out, and Jesus shuts the gate.
- 3 'Tis Jesus finds the oil, and fills the urn,
And sends the flame, and makes the lamp to burn ;
The foolish virgins thought their oil would last—
Their lamps go out, and leave the fools aghast !

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 It was their own good works which flare and blaze,
Which often puts the wisest in amaze;
But tho' it burns so bright, they little think
When night comes on 'tis out, and leaves a stink.
- 5 Just so the Pharisee—he makes a blaze,
And often puts the wisest in amaze
To see his splendid lamp, and blazing light,
Which after all won't last him out the night.
- 6 So when the Bridegroom comes to shut the door,
Where is his lamp and oil, his mighty store?
His oil is gone; his lamp is good for nought;
'Tis now too late; no oil is to be bought.
- 7 So those poor fools who trust their stock of grace,
With all their light will never see God's face;
The Bridegroom comes when they are not aware,
And then those fools will sink in sad despair.
- 8 So workers in our day will be deceiv'd;
For speak of God's free grace, 'tis disbeliev'd;
For either lamp or oil must be their own;
Before they'll give them up, they'll lose the crown.
- 9 But you who feel the plague of sin within,
And know that all you have and are is sin,
Your Bridegroom knows you well; he sees your
ways;
And he will heal and fill your souls with praise.
- 10 'Tis he who feels the wound, who wants the cure;
The Pharisee, he is already pure;
He earns the grace he's got; and when that's out,
He'll merit more he entertains no doubt.
- 11 Then, O my soul! take care of Satan's guile;
Ten thousand lamps are fill'd with Satan's oil,
That look so much like real, few reject;
None ever did or will, but God's elect.
- 12 Some trim their lamps as reason leads them on;
They pray—give alms—and this they rest upon:

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Some mix their own works with the Saviour's blood,
And so go on, and think they're very good.
- 13 And if they see a tempted christian fall,
They laugh and jeer, for they are strong and tall:
They have their stock in hand, they've nought to
fear,
And thus deceiv'd, they go from year to year.
- 14 But what will Jesus do with such? God's word is
plain,
He'll cast them down to everlasting pain:
'I naked was, and hungry I was oft;
'But at my poverty you laugh'd and scoff'd:
15 'I was in prison, but you never came;
'You scorn'd my low estate, despis'd my name:
'And now I hold you wretches in derision;
'Go down, ye rebels, into hell's dark prison.
- 16 'Come forward, ye my chosen ones, and stand;
'To help my needy ones you oft put forth your hand;
'I saw the cup you gave to mine, so free;
'And what you did for them, you did for me.
- 17 'Now enter into joys, my saved throng;
'Eternal hallelujahs be your song!
'Tis my free grace, my love, and free donation,
'That sav'd your souls, and screen'd you from dam-
nation.
- 18 'Come now, and sing my praise for evermore;
'Come, enter in, for ever to adore
'My sov'reign grace, and everlasting love,
'That chose you out, and brought you safe above.'
- 19 Worthy the Lamb (methinks the strains begin)
That sav'd me from myself, from hell, from sin;
My Jesus did all this, entirely free,
When groaning, bleeding, dying, on the tree.
- 20 Glory for ever to th' eternal three;
One chose—one dy'd—the other set me free;

The three-one God I now behold with joy ;
To praise and love is now my sweet employ.

The Sound Heart. Prov. xiv. 30.

- 1 A sound heart is the life of the flesh—
But where can a sound heart be found ?
Since the heart is the seat of all sin ;
How can such a heart then be sound ?
- 2 The heart that is broken by grace,
And heal'd by the blood of the Lamb,
Is the sound heart that scripture must mean,
That is made so by God, and not man.
- 3 When God opes the eyes of the blind,
To see what a wretch he has been,
He won't say he's got a good heart,
When the plague of his heart is but seen,
- 4 No, no ; of all men he's the worst,
This man will not scruple to say ;
He'll hasten to Christ with his wounds ;
For a sound heart he'll earnestly pray.
- 5 ' O look on the Lamb who was slain !
' For his sake shew mercy to me !'
This is the poor lost sinner's pray'r ;
He lives thro' Christ's death on the tree.
- 6 Thy life-giving grace let me feel,
That grace which will make a sound heart ;
For that will be life to my flesh,
For it cannot from Jesus depart.
- 7 'Tis grace that keeps flesh from its lust ;
Grace conquers the old man within ;
That heart which was broken it heals,
The sound heart that's fighting with sin.
- 8 Confounded the man oft appears,
When his heart feels so wretchedly vile ;
But Jesus, whose love is the same,
Makes the heart sound again with a smile.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 9 When tempted to stray from his God,
Which alas! is too often the case,
Ah! where would the poor sinner run,
Did not God prevent by his grace?
- 10 What God has implanted within,
Can never with sinners accord;
The sound heart can never comply,
To sin against Jesus the Lord.
- 11 Yet let the Lord hide but his face,
And leave the man to his own will,—
He won't do as Joseph once did;
Like David, he'll both lust and kill.
- 12 Lord, keep us, and we shall be kept;
Lord, draw us, and we shall go well:
Lord, give us to feel thou hast pow'r
To save us from self, sin, and hell.

The Sinner's Confession.

- 1 I know I am
A sinful man;
A sinner I was born:
Yet I have scope
To ground my hope—
That Christ my sin has borne.
- 2 I have no strength,
Yet Christ at length
Will make me strong as Paul;
For Paul was led
By Christ his Head;
Thro' him he conquer'd all.
- 3 The Pharisee
May laugh at me,
I care not what he say:
For what he seeks
He'll never meet;
He'll find that out one day.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 Christ must be all,
Or nought at all,
He won't be half a Saviour:
Too many trust
Be sav'd they must
Because of their behaviour.
- 5 The Lord has paid
(Himself has said)
His chosen people's score;
Then on him trust,
Tho' you're the worst,
For Jesus wants no more.
- 6 Tho' law condemn,
Christ was the man,
The great Jehovah too;
Whose precious blood,
'That crimson flood,
Has paid the law its due.
- 7 Tho' Satan tempt,
And hell invent,
To baffle my belief;
Christ bears me thro'
The hellish crew,
And flies to my relief.
- 8 Sometimes I think
That I must sink
Beneath my load of sin;
But when I see
Christ dy'd for me,
I soon the vict'ry win.
- 9 'Tis not of him
That thinks he'll win,
Because he runs the race;
'Tis God will give;
By him we live,
And so are saved by grace.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 10 By him upheld,
We shall not yield,
Whate'er the tempter say;
For if Christ draw,
We love the law,
And run the heav'nly way.
- 11 And if he teach,
The soul can preach,
And talk of Christ the Lamb,
Who is the same,
The Lord by name,
The glorious great I AM!
- 12 Who dy'd for man—
Ah, blessed plan!—
The heav'nly hosts adore:
The debt is paid,
Be not afraid,
For justice asks no more.

The Dying Christian.

- 1 Christ is my hope, and my salvation too;
I now am dying; 'tis all I have to do;
My hope is fix'd; I will not be afraid;
A sinner sav'd I am; my debts are paid.
- 2 I bid farewell to transitory things;
I'm going to dwell with Christ, the King of kings;
I know in whom my soul has long believ'd,
Into whose arms I soon shall be receiv'd.
- 3 Farewell, dear friends, whom I have lov'd so well;
May you escape the path that leads to hell:
Farewell, vain world, I've done with all your toys;
I'm going to enter into endless joys.
- 4 My soul is going to take its farewell flight;
I soon shall stand before the Lamb in white,
And sing the song of free and sov'reign grace:
Oh, how I long to see my Saviour's face!

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 My breath grows short; my glass is almost out;
Farewell to ev'ry fear, to ev'ry doubt:
O come Lord Jesus! hasten from above,
And bear my soul upon the wings of love.
- 6 Behold me, weeping friends! tho' death is near,
Salvation is secure; I've nought to fear;
I die to know what Christ for me has done;
Amongst redeemed souls, my soul is one!
- 7 Farewell, hard heart; farewell, my stubborn mind;
Self-righteous thoughts, I leave you all behind;
I'm going to praise free grace and dying love;
Weep not for me, when I shall sing above.
- 8 O could you know the transports of my soul!
My doubts and fears are gone at Christ's control;
I do believe I am Jehovah's choice;
I die to know his love, and to rejoice.
- 9 I leave behind this poor corrupted clay,
Intomb'd in earth, till the great rising day,
When Christ shall come; this body then shall rise,
And join the bless'd redeem'd above the skies.
- 10 Then you who stand around and see me die,
No longer mourn for me, no longer sigh;
Make him your friend who's been a friend to me,
And then you're safe to all eternity.
- 11 See me, a poor, old, helpless, dying man,
Whose only hope is in the bleeding Lamb;
I've trusted in his grace for time that's past;
'Tis only grace that saves my soul at last.

The Soul beclouded. Job. xxix. 2.

- 1 O that it were with me as in months past!
When, I conceiv'd, I held my Saviour fast;
A thousand foes intrude to break my hold;
'Tis grace experienc'd makes sav'd sinners bold.
- 2 What were they, Lord, that made my soul rejoice!
Ah, were they not the tokens of thy choice?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- When love constrain'd, and efficacious grace
Made me to see my pardon in thy face.
- 3 How is it, Lord, that I should wander thus?
For sure the poor outcast cannot feel worse;
I've lost my way, and know not where to go,
Plagu'd and assaulted by each hellish foe.
- 4 How long, O Lord, must I be captive led,
And mourn an absent God upon my bed?
No longer hide thyself from wretched me;
Unlock my chains, and set the captive free.
- 5 Why was my Jesus so profuse in love,
To give me tastes of ecstasies above?
And now to leave my soul in sad distress—
With none to pity—none to give redress—
- 6 What can the Bible mean, wherein we find
The Lord Jehovah represented kind
To poor lost men the law has doom'd to die?
I plead his word, and will he still deny?
- 7 Jehovah sought me out, and made me see
That his salvation was for such as me;
The vilest sinner has this plea to make,
That God would save his soul for Jesus' sake.
- 8 Then why not me, dear Lord?—thou know'st I am
A poor, unholy, helpless, wretched man,
Who knows that if salvation is for me,
It must be unconditionally free.
- 9 And if thou hadst design'd my soul should die,
Why didst thou send me blessings from on high,
When I could triumph in thy matchless grace,
And see Jehovah pleas'd in Jesus' face?
- 10 Then why, dear Lord, must I be thus enslav'd?
O let me know I am a sinner sav'd;
For all my righteousness is dung and dross;
Salvation is the fruit of Calv'ry's cross.
- 11 I once suppos'd I could do something good,
And thought it was by grace *improv'd* I stood;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- My stock ran out, and Jesus hid his face,
That I might know salvation is of grace.
- 12 If 'tis by grace alone, why did I dare
To God's own work to add my puny share;
God's choice is free, without the least condition;
'Tis matchless grace that saves man from perdition.
- 13 Yet God is just to save a sinful man,
Who looks for mercy thro' a bleeding Lamb;
This is the way Jehovah had design'd;
Whoever seeks this way is sure to find.
- 14 I'll trust no more to what my hands can do;
I find 'tis Christ alone must bring me thro':
My pray'rs and tears, alas! what can they do?
In point of merit, all my trump'ry, go!
- 15 When Jesus shines, then I can pray indeed,
And plead his blood alone; then I succeed;
But when I trust myself, I'm sure to fall;
O may I then make Christ my all in all!
- 16 Oh holy Spirit! work within with pow'r,
And save me from temptation's darkest hour,
And keep me safe. Oh Jesus! hold me fast,
And help me to believe I shall be sav'd at last.

The Preacher's Commission. Isaiah xi. 4.

- 1 Go, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord;
Go forth, ye heralds, preach my precious word;
Go, tell poor ruin'd, helpless, dying man—
Go, preach salvation thro' a risen Lamb.
- 2 Go, preach Jehovah's everlasting choice;
Go, preach my love, that sinners may rejoice;
Go, preach good news; salvation's plan declare;
Go, tell my chosen they should not despair.
- 3 Go, tell this truth: God saves without condition;
Go, preach of Christ, who saves man from perdition;
Go, preach deliv'rance from the pit of hell;
Go, tell the world Christ has done all things well.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 Go, preach Jehovah's everlasting plan;
Go, tell the world what God has done for man;
Go, preach redemption absolutely free;
Go, point poor sinners to mount Calvary.
- 5 Go forth, ye heralds, and proclaim my name;
Go, tell despairing sinners of my fame;
Go, preach salvation to my own elect;
Go, preach God's word, whoever may reject.
- 6 Go, preach my justifying righteousness;
Go, tell lost men this is the wedding dress;
Go, tell the world I give this garment free;
Go, preach my love from all eternity.
- 7 Go, tell the Pharisee his sad mistake;
Go, preach a sinner sav'd for Jesus' sake;
Go, hold me forth, the saved sinner's all;
Go, preach my word, as preach'd by blessed Paul.
- 8 Go, preach the law fulfill'd, since Jesus dy'd;
Go, preach a precious Jesus crucify'd;
Go, preach God's justice, now the sinner's friend;
Go, preach the sinner's hope, his way, his end.
- 9 Go, preach to men—whatever men may say—
Go, tell of Christ, the life, the truth, the way;
Go, preach this truth—if nothing else to tell—
Go, preach God's sov'reign grace that saves from hell.
- 10 Go, preach salvation, not by works of man,
Go, tell the people this is hell's dark plan;
Go, preach salvation finish'd on the tree;
Go, tell my people 'tis entirely free.
- 11 Go, tell the world the glories of the Lamb;
Go, preach him as the glorious great I AM!
Go, preach him as the man who dy'd for sin;
Go, preach his glorious righteousness brought in.
- 12 Go, preach the glories of a triune God;
Go, preach salvation thro' his precious blood;
Go, preach the Lamb before whom angels fall;
Go, hold him forth; and crown him Lord of all.

HYMNS & POEMS.

God teacheth how to pray.

- 1 Who ever sought the Lord in vain,
Since Jesus is the seeker's gain?
None ever sought, and lost his aim,
Who trusted in Jehovah's name.
- 2 But who are those who seek this way?
The souls whom Christ has taught to pray:
Where he directs, there he'll be found;
He always dwells on praying ground.
- 3 'Tis God who makes the sinner seek;
And God alone supports the weak;
He never sends that soul away,
Whom God the Spirit helps to pray.
- 4 Sought out through efficacious grace—
These are the souls who seek his face;
'Tis not because they seek or pray;
No; Jesus saves another way.
- 5 Then call upon him while he's near;
God loves his people's pray'rs to hear;
Because they are his own elect,
He never will their pray'rs reject.
- 6 They are his own eternal choice;
In time he makes their souls rejoice;
Preserv'd in Christ and call'd by grace—
These are the souls who seek his face.
- 7 For how came they to pray at all?
Since thousand sinners never call;
But as they're born, they live, they die;
This is the truth none can deny.
- 8 What law requires, that Jesus gives;
'Tis through free grace one sinner lives;
What ever untaught sinners say,
'Tis God the Spirit helps to pray.
- 9 There's many say their pray'rs indeed;
But ah, how very few succeed!

- And why? Because they hate their task;
They think they merit what they ask.
- 10 On Jesus sinners have rely'd;
They look to Christ the crucify'd
For all they want; to him they plead;
These are the souls who will succeed.
- 11 Self-righteous souls with all their boast,
Will only get a name, at most;
That name will rot, and so will they;
God never taught their souls to pray.
- 12 But those who feel the plague of sin—
This is the work of God within:
Sometimes they seem as hard as steel;
'Tis Jesus only makes them feel.
- 13 These are the souls who pray indeed;
These are the souls who must succeed;
Because they trust alone in him
Who did this work of grace begin.
- 14 That soul is in a blessed state,
Who pleads and prays for Jesus' sake;
This is the way that Christ doth teach;
This is the way to pray or preach.
- 15 Lord teach my soul this way to pray;
Lord put me in the narrow way;
And lead me on, and lead me through,
For none can lead me on but thou.
- 16 Lord, when I call, be always near,
And drive away my slavish fear;
Lord, let thy efficacious grace
Appear to me in Jesus' face.

Inviting Christ.

- 1 Come, dear Lord, thyself reveal;
Come, and make each heart to feel;
Come, and warm each frozen heart;
Come, and bless us ere we part.

- 2 Come, and ease each burthen'd breast;
Come, and we shall all be blest;
Come, and speak a word of peace;
Come, and make our faith increase.
- 3 Come, and ransack ev'ry heart;
Come, and act the Sov'reign's part;
Come, and drive all doubts away;
Come, and teach our souls to pray.
- 4 Come, and put our souls in tune;
Come, and with each soul commune;
Come, and melt our hearts with love;
Come, and draw our souls above.
- 5 Come, and raise the downcast mind;
Come, and leave sweet joys behind;
Come, and drive the world away;
Come, and say—"I am the way."
- 6 Come, and give fresh hopes and grace;
Come, and let us view thy face;
Come, O God, and let us see,
Come, and shew us Calvary.
- 7 Come, and bless us, tho' but few;
Come, and say—"I ransom you;"
Come, and bid each soul rejoice;
Come, and say—"thou art my choice."
- 8 Come with us, whene'er we meet;
Come, and bless us as thy sheep;
Come, our God, our strength, our all,
And we'll crown thee Lord of all.

God all in all.

- 1 Dear Lord, where can thy people go,
But to their Father's feet;
Tho' in themselves as vile as hell,
In Christ they're all complete.
- 2 Our souls are sadly out of tune,
When Jesus hides his face;

HYMNS & POEMS:

- There's nothing, Lord, that we can plead,
But free and sov'reign grace.
- 3 Lord, when thou draw us, we can run;
When left, we stand quite still,
We have no power to move one step;
Sometimes we have no will.
- 4 And now we've brought our bodies here,
Alas! what can we do;
Let thy commanding voice be heard,
"Loose them and let them go."
- 5 Tho' bound in chains of sin and hell,
At thy commanding voice
Our souls shall live in spite of hell,
And in thy grace rejoice.
- 6 Lord, conquer then our unbelief
That gives to God the lie,
And robs our souls of joy and peace,
God's faithfulness deny.
- 7 O Lord, each heart that's here to night,
Is plagu'd with unbelief;
We bring our bruised mangled souls
To Jesus for relief.
- 8 Each case is known to thee, O God,
Come visit ev'ry heart,
And say "I'm thine and thou art mine:
Thus bless us ere we part.

God ever with his People. Matt. xviii. 20.

- 1 O blessed God, we know this truth,
Tho' sin perplex and tease;
That God the Comforter will come
And bless his twos and threes.
- 2 Lord bless the little out-cast few,
The two or three who're here;
The world and sin must fly away,
If Jesus but appear.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 Lord help us then to come this night
Believing on thy name,
That tho' we feel no better, Lord,
Yet still thou art the same.
- 4 The same in love, the same in pow'r,
The same in mercy still;
Because thou lov'd without a cause,
To love us was thy will.
- 5 The same before the world was made,
When all was embryo:
Thou saw'st how sadly man would fall,
And who would be thy foe.
- 6 The same in purposes of grace,
Towards elected man;
Ten thousand thousand ages past,
Ere God made known the plan.
- 7 The same when sin had made its way,
To poison human race,
God meant to magnify his love,
In saving man by grace.
- 8 Then may we trust him in the dark,
As well as in the light,
Because God views us in his Son,
All precious in his sight.
- 9 Our frame may fail, and feelings die,
And hopes seem dying too;
This is the way the Lord mark'd out
For his elect to go.

The Same.

- 1 Where two or three together meet
To seek the Lord by pray'r:
Whatever unbelief may say,
The Lord is surely there.
- 2 Lord, look on two or three this night,
Who're come to seek thy face;

H YMNS & POEMS.

- Thou know'st our hope, our only hope,
Is grounded on thy grace.
- 3 We come all wretchedness within,
Our hearts as hard as steel:
Lord shine upon each soul this night,
And make each heart to feel.
- 4 Ten thousand wants we bring to thee,
And lay them at thy feet;
Because thou art our Father-God,
And we thy chosen sheep.
- 5 Tho' darkness often fills our souls,
We know our Saviour's voice;
Lord, give a Father's look to-night,
And make us all rejoice.
- 6 Hadst thou design'd our souls should die,
Who could have taught us this,
That God is Christ, and Christ is God,
The way to endless bliss?
- 7 This is our hope, this is our rock,
That hell can never shake;
And all the blessings that we want,
We ask for Jesus' sake.
- 8 Then help us Lord to ask in faith,
Take unbelief away;
For what thou hast design'd to give,
Give us a heart to pray.

Longing to see God.

- 1 Behold dear Lord we come again,
To supplicate thy grace;
We feel our meanness, and our wants,
We want to see thy face.
- 2 Thou know'st, dear Lord, for what we're come,
Each heart is known to thee;
Lord loose each burthen'd soul this night,
And bid us all go free.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 We've nothing of our own to plead ;
We come just as we are ;
And who can tell but God may bless,
And drive away our fear.
While one is pleading with our God,
May each one wrestle too ;
And may we feel the blessing come,
And cheer us ere we go.
- 5 Lord, grant each soul may find this night,
Sweet tokens of thy love.
Thus we may see our righteousness,
Safe lodg'd with Christ above.
- 6 Then shall we sing of sov'reign grace,
And feel its pow'r within ;
And glory in our surety, Christ,
Who bore our curse and sin.
- 7 For this we come, for this we plead ;
In spite of ev'ry foe ;
Until thou give this blessing Lord,
We would not let thee go.

Waiting for Answers to Prayer.

- 1 The appointed hour, to meet our God,
Is now return'd again,
Lord come and meet our souls this night,
Or we shall meet in vain.
- 2 The Lord knows best for what we're come ;
We thank him for the will ;
We feel within an empty void,
Which God alone can fill.
- 3 Come then, dear Lord, and fill our souls,
And make old Satan fly ;
And cause our dying hopes to live,
Our unbelief to die.
- 4 Lord thou hast bid us seek thy face,
And call on thee by pray'r ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And where thy children meet for this,
Thou'st promis'd to be there.
- 5 Before this lower world was fram'd,
Before the morning light,
The very wants our souls now feel,
Were present in thy sight.
- 6 Then what thou hast decreed to give
In thy eternal will,
Help us to wait with patience, Lord,
Thy promise to fulfil.
- 7 Tho' darkness for a night endure,
The morning light will come;
For our salvation was made sure
By Christ the eternal Son.
- 8 O may each soul believe, this night,
We are Jehovah's choice;
Then while we stay, we'll sing thy praise,
And when we go, rejoice.

Sin destroyed by Christ alone.

- 1 O what a wretched plague is sin,
What woeful curses it brought in:
See Jesus hanging on the tree,
To set the wretched sinner free.
- 2 God saw his people all undone,
And laid the help on God the Son;
Tho' Adam fell, our Surety stood,
And bought our souls with his own blood.
- 3 The Father was well pleased with this,
And took this ransom for man's bliss;
He gloried in th' eternal plan,
To save poor ruin'd, helpless man.
- 4 Astonish'd angels view the deed,
To see the incarnate Jesus bleed:
They gaze, they wonder, and adore,
They know 'tis love, they know no more.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 At the set time the Saviour's come,
Th' elect of God, th' eternal Son,
God's fellow, and God's equal too;
What God decreed, God came to do.
- 6 Behold him live, behold him die,
Behold him rise above the sky;
He conquer'd hell, he conquer'd sin,
And did the glorious vict'ry win.
- 7 The Spirit brings the blessings down,
Finds out the heirs unto the crown,
And brings them to their Saviour's feet,
In whom they ever stood complete.
- 8 Preserv'd in Christ before the fall,
Each one shall hear Jehovah's call:
The place, the means, and where, and how,
Is present with Jehovah now.
- 9 What God has done, is ever done,
He views all finished by his Son;
The Spirit flies with hasty pace,
With tidings to the chosen race.
- 10 He finds them rolling in their blood,
Averse to God, and all that's good:
He opes their eyes, and makes them see
Salvation is entirely free.
- 11 This is the way the Lord doth choose,
This is the way proud men oppose,
This is the way my soul admires,
This is the way my soul desires.

Saints subject to Sin, but safe through Grace.

- 1 God's own elect,—how oft they fall,
As often rise again;
Not one shall ever fall to hell,
For Christ bore all their sin.
- 2 God's own elect like others feel
Averse to all that's good;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And, till electing love is known,
They hate the ways of God.
- 3 But when the appointed hour is come,
The sinner that was dead,
Is made to live, and kept alive,
Thro' Christ the living Head.
- 4 Altho' he falls ten times a day,
(Which often his the case,)
These falls will make him cry to God,
To hold him up by grace.
- 5 Tho' sin is what his soul abhors,
He's often captive led;
And then he feels his heart grows hard,
Affections cold and dead.
- 6 God often leaves his chosen ones,
For whom Christ did atone;
That they may know they cannot go
One single step alone.
- 7 Then tho' I feel both dark and dead,
And can do nothing well;
I cannot find 'tis so with those
Who're going down to hell.
- 8 Then, O my soul, take courage then,
Thy God permits all this,
To prove that he has chosen thee
For everlasting bliss.
- 9 The dead can't feel, the dumb can't cry,
The blind can't see thy face:
But we can see, and feel, and cry,
And this is all of grace.

Christ the only Way to Life.

- 1 Tho' some may boast of what they are,
Of what they do, or say,
We would renounce all boasting, Lord,
Except of Christ the way.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 We know salvation is of grace,
And not at all of man ;
We trust Jehovah's ancient love,
Who laid the glorious plan.
- 3 Jehovah first, Jehovah last,
In saving such as we,
Who once were blind and dead to God,
But now behold we see.
- 4 We see ourselves as vile as hell,
By nature quite undone ;
We see salvation made complete,
Thro' Christ th' eternal Son.
- 5 We see we had no hand in this,
The Lord has done it all ;
We see Christ as our surety stands,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 We see th' eternal love of God
Stood fix'd on fallen man ;
We see our souls elected stood
In the eternal plan.
- 7 We see the wonders of God's grace
Display'd, in saving man ;
We see the bless'd eternal deed,
The everlasting plan.
- 8 We see the justice of our God
To save us thro' the Son :
We know the Lord will carry on
The work he has begun.

Christ the Believer's Brother.

- 1 It is enough, our Joseph lives,
And lives for evermore ;
Our brother Joseph keeps the keys
Of all our heav'nly store.
- 2 It is enough, tho' famine rage,
There's plenty in his hand ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- We come to Joseph then this night,
It is the Lord's command.
- 3 It is enough, he bids us come,
He is our Brother still:
Our wretchedness God over-rul'd,
To bring about his will.
- 4 It is enough, tho' we are poor,
He will not let us die:
Our brother Joseph's heart is mov'd,
To hear his brethren cry.
- 5 It is enough, for Joseph lives,
And therefore we shall live;
And tho' we all deserve to die,
Yet Joseph doth forgive.
- 6 It is enough, our Jesus reigns,
The Lord of all, on high;
Who once on Calv'ry's bloody tree,
Did for his brethren die.
- 7 It is enough, he once was dead,
And lives for evermore;
Come hungry, starving, famish'd souls,
Behold your Brother's store.
- 8 It is enough, O blessed thought,
Our Joseph keeps the key
Of all the heav'nly stores of grace,
For such poor souls as we.

Seeking Pardon for Sin.

- 1 Dear Lord we venture here again,
For what we hardly know;
We feel a want of something, Lord,
That is not found below.
- 2 We come all overspread with sin,
From head to foot the same;
O may we find the healing balm,
That's found in Jesus' name.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 And can we come in vain to God,
When God has bid us come?
O may the blessing come this night,
Thro' Christ th' eternal Son.
- 4 Each heart is open to thy view,
Thou seest what lodges there:
There's nothing but thy special grace,
Could keep us from despair.
- 5 Self-mov'd, thou fix'd thy love on us,
Before this world was built;
To pay off our enormous score,
The blood of God was spilt.
- 6 Our soul's salvation there was seal'd,
With Christ's own precious blood;
To save poor sinking helpless souls,
Must be the work of God.
- 7 Then may our doubts perplex no more,
For we are sav'd by grace;
Tho' sin, and hell, and Satan rage,
We shall behold Christ's face.
- 8 Then may we trust to what is done,
Man's merit we would scorn;
The price of blood was paid for us,
Before that we were born.

The Presence of Christ desirable.

- 1 If Jesus is here,
All things will go right,
We all shall rejoice,
We came here this night:
But if he should leave us
To work our own way,
There's not one among us
That knows how to pray.
- 2 But 'tis on the promise
Of God we rely,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Because Jesus lives,
Our souls cannot die:
He conquer'd for us,
When he hung on the tree,
For justice took Jesus,
That we might go free.
- 3 Then why should we fear?
Tho' feel as we may;
The Lord knows quite well,
We've nothing to pay:
We come poor and wretched,
Cast down and dismay'd,
The world, sin, and Satan
Oft make us afraid.
- 4 But this is our folly,
Our guilt, and our sin,
To judge of our state,
By what's felt within:
The old man will fight
With the new man of grace;
But vict'ry is sure,
To the Lord's chosen race.

Social Prayer.

- 1 Lord, bless this little handful, here,
That's come to seek thy face;
Renew the tokens of thy love,
Sweet tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Thou read'st the heart, thou know'st the wish,
Of ev'ry soul that's here;
Ah Lord, our souls are oft cast down,
Thro' unbelief and fear.
- 3 What are we all when left to self,
Good God! what can we do;
Directly run away from God,
And careless where we go.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 And is it so with you, my friend?
I find it so with me;
My soul must sink to hell at last,
Was not salvation free.
- 5 The old man drags the spirit down,
Thro' horrid unbelief;
The sinner that is sav'd by grace
Will feel himself the chief.
- 6 But when the Spirit shines within,
Which sometimes is the case,
'Tis then he glories in the thought,
A sinner sav'd by grace.
- 7 Then he upbraids his foolish heart,
And wonders as before;
'Tis then he tells his Father God,
That he will doubt no more.
- 8 But ah! how soon he doubts again;
Alas! who can but doubt,
When all within is dark and dead,
Ten thousand foes without.
- 9 But God is love, and changes not,
And all our changes prove
That we are God's peculiar choice,
Because we want to love.

Christ the Way of Life.

- 1 There's not a man that's born of God,
But readily will say,
"If ever my poor soul be sav'd,
'Tis Christ must be the way."
- 2 There's not a man that's born of God,
But feels the plague of sin;
And if he keeps his outside clean,
He feels the filth within.
- 3 The old man struggles hard to gain
The conquest over grace.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And oft he seems to gain the field,
When Jesus hides his face.
- 4 His heart feels hard, affections dead,
No pow'r to will or do:
I ask each soul that's here this night,
Is this the case with you?
- 5 Supposing, then, this is the case
Of ev'ry soul that's here;
The old man would not plague us thus,
If grace was absent there.
- 6 No, no, poor soul, take courage then,
'Tis what the Lord has done;
He makes us feel the plague of sin,
The curse, laid on his Son.
- 7 In him he views our souls complete,
On him our sins were laid;
Tho' hell and sin be in a rage,
We need not be afraid.
- 8 God knows we can do nothing well,
He knows we are but dust;
He came to seek poor sinners out,
And you, and I, the worst.

Prayer for the Aid of the Spirit.

- 1 O Lord, we come once more to thee,
For what can scarcely tell;
But yet we would rejoice in this,
That we are out of hell.
- 2 But is this all? no, blessed God,
We would rejoice in this,
That God should fix his love on us,
As heirs of endless bliss.
- 3 Not unto us, not unto us;
To grace be all the praise:
O may the Spirit come this night,
Our gratitude to raise.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 But O, our God, we've still to mourn
Our barrenness within :
'Tis those that are redeem'd by blood,
'Tis those, are plagu'd with sin.
- 5 We feel that all which Adam had,
From us is wholly gone :
But grace and glory were secur'd
In God, th' eternal Son.
- 6 Secur'd in Christ, the glory man,
Secur'd, for you and I ;
For God the Father had agreed
That God, the Son, should die.
- 7 Th' eternal God had plan'd all this
In unknown ages past ;
That love which brought all this about,
That love will ever last.
- 8 Ah what had man to do in this,
Poor helpless ruin'd man ;
Who cannot bear salvation free,
Till God reveals the plan ?
- 9 But when the Spirit comes with pow'r
To teach the sinner's soul ;
'Tis then he sees salvation free,
And feels its sweet control.
- 10 O let that sweet controlling pow'r
Be felt by us this night !
In what, O Lord, thou see'st we're wrong,
We pray to be set right.
- 11 Lord, keep us by thy mighty pow'r,
Or we shall go astray :
We fix our hope on Christ alone,
The poor lost sinner's way.

Longing after God.

- 1 Come, thou Almighty Comforter,
And bring upon thy wing.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Sweet consolation to each soul,
That we may praise and sing.
- 2 We want to feel, we want to see,
We want to know thee more;
We want sweet foretastes of thy love,
As we have had before.
- 3 And shall we come in vain to God?
Dear Lord, that cannot be;
Thy promise stands engag'd to come
And bless e'en two or three.
- 4 Come, Lord, and grant each soul to feel
Its int'rest in thy grace;
And give us faith, and hope, and love,
And strength to run the race.
- 5 For if thou draw'st us we can run,
Upheld by thee we stand:
Lord, work in us to will and do,
And lead us by thy hand.
- 6 If thou should'st leave us, we must fall,
Without thee, cannot rise;
For when our Jesus hides his face,
Our hope and comfort dies.
- 7 Lord, give more faith, more solid faith,
More confidence in thee;
Break off our legal chains, O God,
And let our souls go free.

The Will to serve God, his own Gift.

- 1 O Lord, we know that only thou
Cau'st teach our souls to pray;
Come, O thou blessed Spirit, come,
And tell us what to say.
- 2 Our wants are many, each one feels,
But where can we begin?
Thou know'st the state of every one,
How we are plagu'd with sin.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 If we are thine, redeem'd by blood,
Why are we tempted thus?
Borne down by Satan's fiery darts,
Why is it so with us?
- 4 Thou know'st the pow'r of all our foes:
Thou know'st our weakness too;
We sometimes take the tempter's part,
And join in what he do.
- 5 But O the love, the love of God,
It runs beyond our guilt;
It was laid up for us in Christ,
Before this world was built.
- 6 Then, tho' the old man roar and rage,
And often wound us deep,
He would not plague us as he does,
Were we not chosen sheep.
- 7 Tho' Satan rage, he can't destroy;
This is our comfort still,
That tho' we have no pow'r to do,
Bless God we have a will:
- 8 A will, to trust our all with God,
A will, to love him more,
A will, to call upon his name,
And wait at mercy's door.

The Sinner's Safety from Christ.

- 1 The word of God declares,
Whatever may betide,
The soul is safe, and must be safe,
For whom the Saviour dy'd.
- 2 But ah, how shall I know
That Jesus dy'd for me?
For I am groaning under sin,
And long for liberty.
- 3 But I feel still so dead,
So barren still within;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Sure God's elected chosen sheep,
Are not so plagu'd with sin.
4 Sometimes, no heart to pray,
And sometimes when I try
Clouds overspread my mourning soul,
I cannot pray, but sigh.
5 Ah, you that know the Lord,
Say, is it so with you?
If this is what God's chosen feel,
I find but very few.
6 Some seem to know no change,
From year to year the same;
While I am stung to death by sin,
They're neither halt nor lame.
7 Sometimes I can rejoice,
Salvation is so free;
And when I read the worst are sav'd,
I say, 'Lord, why not me?'
8 I would adore his name,
For what's already done:
I know salvation is complete
By God th' eternal Son.
9 Then if I perish, Lord,
I'll perish at thy feet;
I wish to spend my time below
Among thy chosen sheep.
10 This will must come from thee;
In Christ I would rejoice:
Methinks I hear the Spirit say,
"Thou art Jehovah's choice."

Prayer for Liberty from the Bondage of Sin.

- 1 Dear Lord, where'er thy people meet,
Thou hast engag'd to be;
Unrivet, Lord, our chains this night,
And make us all go free.

HYMNS & POEMS

- 2 Thou know'st the burden of each mind,
And what hath brought us here;
We come with dark beclouded minds,
Lord make the sun appear.
- 3 The work is thine, thou didst begin,
Or we had laid and dy'd;
Lord let the blessing come to us,
Thro' Christ the crucify'd.
- 4 Thou art our Father and our God,
For we have prov'd thee so;
For when we've try'd to run away,
Thou wouldst not let us go.
- 5 'Tis thou hast brought us here this night,
Thou know'st for what we're come;
We want to see the debt-book cross'd,
By Christ the eternal Son.
- 6 Then can we sing, then can we pray,
When we can see thy face;
Lord let us feel and know this night,
That we are sav'd by grace.
- 7 Then shall we say, 'tis not in vain,
To meet to sing and pray,
But bless and praise the God of grace,
Who brought us in the way.
- 8 And when we go, we shall rejoice,
And long to come again,
And thro' the pow'r of mighty grace,
The victory obtain.

Saints the Sons of God, by Purchase.

- 1 Why should the heirs unto a crown,
Be scar'd at Satan's rage;
For they are princes in disguise,
King's sons—yet under age.
- 2 And their inheritance is sure,
For God hath made it so;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- For their salvation was made sure,
And settled long ago.
- 3 Before all worlds the glorious plan,
The bless'd eternal deed,
Was settled by th' eternal Three,
That Christ for man should bleed.
- 4 Astonish'd angels stand amaz'd,
That Christ should die for man;
This proves th' eternal love of God,
Who glory'd in his plan.
- 5 But what can poor lost sinners say,
When once they get a view,
And hear the blessed Spirit say,
"All this was done for you?"
- 6 Why me, why me, O blessed God,
Why such a wretch as me?
Who must for ever lay in hell,
Was not salvation free.
- 7 I never thought of being sav'd
In such a glorious way,
Till God's almighty Spirit came,
And turn'd my night to day.
- 8 'Twas then I saw the horrid plan
Proud Pharisees invent:
Who say, that God will save the soul,
Because the man repent.
- 9 Who can repent and turn to God?
Alas! who can repent?
'Twas God that drew my soul to him,
Or I had never went.
- 10 'Tis God is first, and God is last,
'Tis God the work begins;
Not all the pray'rs and tears of man,
Will wash away his sins.
- 11 All those that God had fore-ordained,
These shall and must believe;

HYMNS & POEMS.

Not all the craft of earth and hell,
Shall one of these deceive.
12 God is their leader and their guide,
And their salvation too;
God saves them for his mercy sake,
And not for what they do.

*“All things work together for Good.” Romans
viii. 28.*

- 1 All things work together for good,
Said Paul to the Romans of old;
Most men will acknowledge it so,
When rolling in silver and gold.
- 2 All things work together for good,
Tho' troubles and sorrows increase;
To whom is this promise made true?
To all the redeemed by grace.
- 3 All things work together for good,
And answer Jehovah's design;
If poor and afflicted below,
Rejoice if salvation is thine.
- 4 All things work together for good,
But not to all men, it is true;
But if you can trust Christ for all,
They surely will work so for you.
- 5 All things work together for good,
Tho' Jacob hears Joseph is dead;
The God of old Jacob well knew
That he would be starving for bread.
- 6 All things work together for good,
Tho' crosses lay thick in the way;
Poor Joseph could not be destroy'd,
For Joseph could trust God and pray.
- 7 All things work together for good;
Th' old patriarch experienc'd it so,

HYMNS & POEMS.

Tho' dark as that providence seem'd,
To let little Benjamin go.

8 All things work together for good,
The sons of old Jacob found out ;
What little conception they form'd
Of what God was bringing about.

9 All things work together for good,
Altho' 'tis by many deny'd ;
None ever yet trusted in God,
But God was their help till they dy'd.

10 All things work together for good,
Tho' ruin may seem in the rod ;
There's nothing that takes place by chance,
But all is appointed of God.

11 All things work together for good,
Tho' the cross we may anxiously shun :
Ah, what could poor Abraham feel,
When God bid him slay his dear son ?

12 All things work together for good ;
The things that oppose our desire ;
Dear Abra'm experienc'd this truth,
When travelling up mount Moriah.

13 All things work together for good ;
'Tis God's own determined plan ;
See the altar, the wood, and the knife,
But see in the thicket a ram.

14 All things work together for good ;
The ram sent to take Isaac's place ;
Behold here the love of your God,
A typical token of grace.

15 All things work together for good ;
The malice of hell is defeated ;
See Jesus on Calvary's mount,
See there your salvation completed.

16 All things work together for good,
To those who love Jesus their friend ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- For God having loved them first,
His love for them never can end.
- 17 All things work together for good,
However things go here below;
Tho' your enemy's arm's lifted up,
Your Jesus will ward off the blow.
- 18 All things work together for good,
Tho' all things appear to oppose;
That man who has God for his friend,
Shall stand against thousands of foes.
- 19 All things work together for good,
But only to God's own elect;
God's blessings are curses to some;
A sentiment most men reject.
- 20 All things work together for good,
Whether men will believe it or not;
The Lord will take care of his own;
But the name of the wicked shall rot.

The Man made Preacher.

- Deny thyself—take up thy cross:
With this our pulpits ring;
They tell the dead to work and pray,
The dumb to praise and sing.
- 2 “Repent, and turn, and mend your lives,
And cleanse yourselves from sin;
Keep God's commands in ev'ry point,
That heaven you may win:
- 3 “And if you're tempted, don't comply,
But strive against all sin:
Man has a pow'r to do all this,
From grace received within.
- 4 “Come cleanse yourselves from all your filth,
In flesh, and spirit too;
You must do this, if you'd be sav'd:”—
The preacher tells you so.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 Thus blind men lead the blind, to go
A path that leads to hell;
And many call it gospel too,
And like it very well.
- 6 God doth pronounce a heavy curse
Against such men as these,
Who aim at little else beside,
But Pharisees to please.
- 7 So if they keep their outsides clean,
They go as holy people;
Ten thousand such amongst *non-cons*,
As well as in the steeple.
- 8 They cry up do—'tis all do, do,
And when they've done their all,
There's few do less than these men do,
Some, nothing do at all.
- 9 Is this the news the gospel brings?
Can this support the weak?
Is this the food ordain'd for lambs?
Is this to guide the meek?
- 10 Sad tidings these, for sin-sick souls,
Who feel their broken bones;
Who mourn and sigh, lament and cry;
Whose pray'rs are mostly groans!
- 11 What did Paul mean, when he complain'd
He could do nothing well?
And when he try'd, the flesh oppos'd;
The same can thousands tell.
- 12 To hear the preacher cry, "Obey
In word, in thought, and deed:"
This is to knock the weaklings down,
And make their hearts to bleed.
- 13 Is this to comfort those who mourn?
Are these good tidings, pray?
If this is gospel, I'm deceiv'd,
I scruple not to say.

- 14 To tell the lame man, he must walk,
 Tho' he has got no feet;
 This is the gospel of the day;
 'Tis neither milk nor meat.
- 15 To tell a man, that has no strength,
 Take up that cross and carry;
 And if he stumble, or should grumble,
 At last he may miscarry.
- 16 His tale of brick is much increas'd,
 Yet he must find the straw:
 Sometimes they tell you, 'tis of grace,
 And sometimes, by the law.
- 17 If this is right, then I am wrong,
 For mine's a helpless case;
 And if my precious soul is sav'd,
 It must be all of grace.

“ Wait on the Lord.” Psalm xxxvii. 34.

- 1 Wait on the Lord, and keep his ways,
 And then, tho' hell oppose,
 That God that brought thee in the way,
 Will conquer all thy foes.
- 2 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
 And keep the end in sight;
 Christ is the way, the only way,
 That leads a sinner right.
- 3 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
 Make him thy trust, thy all;
 He is the way, the truth, the life,
 Before whom angels fall.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
 Thy all to him resign;
 And thou shalt hear thy Father say,
 “ Poor sinner, thou art mine.”
- 5 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
 Keep Calv'ry's cross in view;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Trust not thy wisdom, or thy strength;
'Twas Jesus dy'd for you.
- 6 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
Jehovah will direct;
You can't go wrong with such a Guide,
Nor sink while he protect.
- 7 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
And rest assur'd of this,
Christ is the only way that leads
To everlasting bliss.
- 8 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
Tho' Satan may suggest;
Yet should he tempt, he can't destroy;
Christ is the way to rest.
- 9 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way;
While standing on this rock,
Stand you shall, and stand you must,
'Gainst hell's malignant shock.
- 10 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
Let not thy sins affright;
God casts them all behind his back,
For ever out of sight.
- 11 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
His way is right, and best;
The feeblest soul that's in this way,
Will find eternal rest.
- 12 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
No other way pursue;
Tho' thousands go the downward road,
Yet what is that to you?
- 13 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
The way that most reject;
None ever yet found out this way,
But those of God's elect.
- 14 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
Tho' you may seem alone;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- No one did ever miss this way,
For whom Christ did atone.
- 15 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
Tho' Pharisees may laugh;
For all their pray'rs and splendid deeds,
Will fly away like chaff.
- 16 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
Trust nothing else at all;
However weak, that soul shall stand,
That crowns Christ Lord of all.
- 17 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
Your faith and hope shall last;
'Tis Christ that gives you faith and hope,
'Tis Christ that holds you fast.
- 18 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
Lie passive at his feet:
In Christ alone Jehovah views
His people all complete.
- 19 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
And venture wholly here;
From all the pow'rs of earth or hell
You've nothing then to fear.
- 20 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
And rest upon that arm
That holds the tyrant Sin in chains,
And silence hell's alarm.
- 21 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
With Christ and home in view;
Then, as thy day thy strength shall be,
For Christ will bring you thro'.
- 22 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
And bear this on your mind,
That if you seek to self for peace,
Then peace you'll never find.
- 23 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
The way of holiness;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 'Tis not your works that make you so,
Christ is your righteousness.
- 24 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
Attend the gospel story;
Christ is the way from sin and hell,
To everlasting glory.

Justification.

- 1 'Tis the justify'd man that has cause to rejoice;
When God gives him faith to believe it;
But justify'd sinners are just like the rest,
Till God gives them faith to receive it.
- 2 But when does this justification take place?
And how can God justify man?
Because he believes, and repents, and obeys?
—This is the blind Pharisee's plan.
- 3 But Jehovah loves with an eternal love,
The souls he has chose for his bride;
Then if they were lov'd, they were justify'd too,
This pulls down the Pharisee's pride.
- 4 If 'tis for believing God justifies man,
Arminians may well run so fast;
But if 'tis my faith that will justify me,
My justification won't last.
- 5 How oft I'm envelop'd in dark unbelief,
And feel myself hard as a stone;
Then where is my justification for faith,
When all my believing seems gone.
- 6 No, justification stands firmer than this,
It stands with an eternal date;
It began when Jehovah chose out his elect;
Time-justification's too late.
- 7 But faith is a grace that Jehovah bestows
On justify'd sinners; therefore,
Because they are justify'd, God gives them faith
To believe that they want nothing more.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 'Tis not man's believing that changes God's mind,
That ever remaineth the same;
God fix'd upon sinners before time began;
In eternity wrote down each name.
- 9 If they were elected, and chosen, and lov'd,
I think they were justify'd too;
Faith credits the news and believes the report,
And this is the most faith can do.
- 10 For when our dear Jesus stood forth and engag'd,
When the sinner's salvation was plan'd,
He stood as the surety of all the elect,
Not one of them e'er could be damn'd.
- 11 All this was completed before we believed;
In Christ we were justified then;
For at the set time, Christ was born, liv'd, and dy'd,
To finish this eternal plan.
- 12 If God view'd his own with delight and with love,
All fair and complete in his Son;
Then they must be justified long before time,
For Christ and his people are one.
- 13 'Twas he took their curses, their guilt, and their
shame,
And wash'd away all with his blood;
And when God the Spirit shines into their soul,
The man then has peace with his God.
- 14 'Tis not his believing, 'tis not his repenting,
That alters Jehovah, at all;
For God had determin'd to save his elect,
And that long before Adam's fall.
- 15 No, 'tis not the faith, or the act of the creature,
That man stands complete in God's sight;
But to his own chosen, by almighty grace,
He turns them from darkness to light.
- 16 His eyes being open'd, the man can now see
What he could not credit before,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- That those who climb up, by their faith or good works,
They cannot come in by the door.
- 17 All such are but robbers and thieves at the best,
Whatever pretensions they make;
Whoever relies on their faith or their works,
Will meet with a damning mistake.
- 18 Whoever God teaches, he'll teach them to know
That faith is the gift of God's grace;
'Tis not for their faith, or their works, they are
lov'd,
'Tis Jesus that stands in their place;
- 19 In whom they stood justify'd, ere worlds were
made,
When Jesus agreed to the plan;
That he would take flesh, and would die on the
cross;
In him they were justify'd then.
- 20 Then, you that have faith to believe the report,
Bless God for this token of grace;
Because you were chosen, and lov'd, and redeem'd,
You now long to see Jesus' face.
- 21 But you that are looking for justification
Because you repent and obey;
Remember poor Judas, I'm sure he repented,
And some think could both preach and pray.
- 22 But view on the cross the poor justify'd thief,
For God made it evident there,
That none might presume on their faith or good
works,
That none might have cause to despair.
- 23 But let not the man that is harden'd in sin,
Make boast of his justification;
For justify'd sinners, God calls by his grace,
Being heirs of eternal salvation.
- 24 But cause and effect God has blended together;
89 Who dare then to put them asunder?

HYMNS & POEMS.

Some put the effect as the principal cause :

Here Pharisees make a sad blunder.

25 Some think that their reason will guide them the way,

And so go to work for salvation ;

They think they believe, and repent, and obey,

And here rest for justification.

26 Thus all will go wrong, till the Lord sets them right,

When set so, must keep them so too :

The wisest and best men were never yet sav'd,

For the best works they ever could do.

27 Was justification by works of the law,

Then verily Christ dy'd in vain :

But those who were justify'd Christ dy'd to save,

These only salvation obtain.

28 God so lov'd his people, before time was born,

That he gave his own co-equal Son,

To honour his law, and gave justice its due,

For Christ and his people are one.

Sanctification.

1 On sanctification, ah ! what can I say ?

For I feel myself loaded with sin ;

So little of sanctification I feel,

So vile and so wretched within.

2 But who are the sanctify'd souls, I would ask,

That are bless'd with this sanctification ?

Ah, sure they are those that are plagu'd with their sins,

And harrass'd with Satan's temptation.

3 'Twas sanctification that stopp'd bloody Saul,

And brought that proud Pharisee down ;

He boasted of sanctification before,

But not after he fell to the ground.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 It was sanctification that made him lament,
And groan out with, *O wretched man!*
From whom could this sanctification proceed,
But from Jehovah-Jesus the Lamb?
- 5 It was sanctification that made him to feel,
And cry out with his body of death;
He felt that salvation was wholly of grace;
This he preach'd with his last dying breath.
- 6 Then sanctification must mean something more
Than most of our preachers will say,
Who tell us that sanctification means this,
To get holier every day.
- 7 'Tis those that the Father gave up to his Son,
When the plan of redemption was laid;
'Tis these are the sanctify'd souls, in my view,
Whose debts of obedience Christ paid.
- 8 These sanctify'd ones, whom the Father has chose,
The Son has redeem'd by his blood;
They all stand complete in their cov'nant Head,
Because they're the chosen of God.
- 9 There was sanctify'd Jonah, and sanctify'd David,
And sanctify'd Peter and Paul;
There was poor filthy Mary, and bloody Manassah,
In Christ they were sanctify'd all.
- 10 So all the redeemed, are sanctify'd too,
In Christ is their sanctification;
God quickens their souls by his spirit and grace,
As heirs of eternal salvation.
- 11 They ever were lov'd and were sanctify'd too,
And given to Christ to redeem;
'Tis Christ that obey'd and bore all they deserv'd:
Let this be the poor sinner's theme.
- 12 For sanctification is wholly of God,
And is more than man's pray'rs or his tears;
For these he may have, and know nothing of God,
And do all his works from his fears.

HYMNS & POEMS:

- 13 If Jesus is holy, his people are holy,
For Christ and his people are one;
As Jehovah's gift in the counsels of old,
Ere creation's work was begun.
- 14 Let sinners look here for their sanctification,
Who feel themselves burden'd with sin;
Too many are pleas'd with a painted outside,
Who know not their blackness within.
- 15 The self-righteous Pharisee knows nought of this,
He'll seldom experience vexation;
He prays and he reads, he sighs and he sobs,
And this is *his* sanctification.
- 16 And these are the sanctify'd ones in our day,
Who know not the plague of their heart;
They will not submit to be saved by grace;
In salvation they will have a part.
- 17 If outside appearance is sanctification,
There's sanctify'd people a plenty;
'Tis here and there one that can trust Christ for all;
But ah, 'tis not one out of twenty!
- 18 How happy that man, who can venture his soul
Alone upon Christ for salvation!
While Pharisees boast of their pray'rs and good
works,
May Christ be my sanctification.

"Look unto me.—" Isaiah xiv. 22.

- 1 "Look unto me, and be ye sav'd,
Poor wretched sinners, look;
Look unto me who bore your sins,
And all your sorrows took."
- 2 "Look unto me, ah look and live,
Ye dying sinners, look;
I see your names wrote down with blood,
In my eternal book."

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 "Look unto me, for life and peace
For joys you never knew;
Look unto me, you shall be sav'd:
My promise must be true."
- 4 "Look unto me for righteousness,
And ev'ry grace beside,
Whoever looks is sure to have
The blessing of my bride."
- 5 "Look unto me, ye doubters, look,
Look all your doubts away;
Look unto me for grace and strength,
For pow'r to trust and pray."
- 6 "Look unto me, ye troubled souls,
Who mourn, and grieve, and sigh;
Look unto me, I'll raise you up:
A looker shall not die."
- 7 "Look unto me, howe'er distress,
Tho' in a hopeless case;
Look unto me who dy'd to save
A guilty, helpless race."
- 8 "Look unto me, tho' in a pit
Of filthy mire and clay;
Look unto me, benighted soul,
I'll turn thy night to day."
- 9 "Look unto me for all you need,
I'll give you all that's best;
Look unto me for solid peace,
For true substantial rest."
- 10 "Look unto me, I'll guide your feet
The way I'd have you go;
Look unto me, and rest assur'd
I'll conquer ev'ry foe."
- 11 "Look unto me, when Satan tempts,
And harrass you with fears:
Look unto me in all your straits,
I'll wipe away your tears."

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 12 "Look unto me, for I am God,
Who have done all things well;
Look unto me, and be ye sav'd
From sin, from self, and hell."
- 13 "Look unto me for pow'r to look,
I'll give you eyes to see
That all your debt of sin was paid
By Jesus, on the tree."
- 14 "Look unto me, on Calv'ry's mount,
There dying in your stead;
Look unto me, the mighty God,
Who dwelt amongst the dead."
- 15 "Look unto me, enthron'd above,
Your God, your surety stand;
Look unto me, you shall be sav'd,
And sit at my right-hand."
- 16 "Look unto me, backsliding souls,
Who run away from God;
Look unto me to bring you back;
I'll lay aside my rod."
- 17 "Look unto me, poor sin-stung souls,
Who feel sin's plague and sore;
Look unto me, to heal your wounds,
And health and peace restore."
- 18 "Look unto me, when all friends fail,
And hope seems almost gone;
Look unto me, I am the rock
To rest your hope upon."
- 19 "Look unto me, dejected soul,
In all your deep distress;
Whate'er the cause from which it springs;
Ah, look to me for rest."
- 20 "Look unto me the King of kings,
The Lord of glory too;
Look unto me, ah look and live,
'Tis all you have to do."

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 21 "Look unto me, poor trembling soul,
O give me but a look,
And see your name (before all worlds)
Recorded in my book."
- 22 "Look unto me, look no where else,
Ah look to me alone;
For ev'ry soul will look to me,
For whom I did atone."
- 23 "Look unto me, ah turn your eye
To Calv'ry's bloody scene,
And when you feel the plague of sin,
You'll know what Calv'ry mean."
- 24 "Look unto me, the dying Lamb,
The God who dy'd for man;
Who was, and is, and is to come,
Jehovah great I AM."
- 25 "Look unto me, tho' wounded deep,
And stung to death by sin:
Look unto me your dying Lord,
Who did the vict'ry win."
- 26 "Look unto me, and be ye sav'd,
Thro' earth's remotest bounds;
Ah look, and see the guilt of sin,
The Son of God it wounds."
- 27 "Look unto me, who bore these wounds,
That lookers might go free;
Whoever looks, shall see his debts
Paid off at Calvary."
- 28 "Look unto me with all your wounds,
However sick or sore;
And when you have no pow'r to look,
Then lie at mercy's door."

"Acknowledge me in all your Ways." Proverbs iii. 6.

- 1 "Acknowledge me in all your ways,"
Says God to helpless man;

- “ For my own arm will bring about,
My fix’d, eternal plan.
- 2 “ Acknowledge me in all your ways,
To be your God and Guide;
Then, tho’ the spring be dried up,
Jehovah will provide.”
- 3 “ Acknowledge me in all your ways,
I will thy path direct;
For such as trust to me alone,
I surely will protect.
- 4 “ Acknowledge me in all your ways,
Jehovah Lord of all;
And rest on my unchanging love,
And you shall never fall.
- 5 “ Acknowledge me in all your ways,
The sinner’s constant Friend;
And cast thy burden at my feet,
Thy hope, thy way, thy end.
- 6 “ Acknowledge me in all your ways;
You cannot be mistaken;
And trust to Christ for righteousness;
Such never were forsaken.
- 7 “ Acknowledge me in all your ways,
From whom salvation springs;
And trust a God in Christ, your all;
In him rejoice and sing.
- 8 “ Acknowledge me in all your ways,
For all I do is just;
I take the lofty from his seat,
And place him in the dust.
- 9 “ Acknowledge me in all your ways,
However dark within;
Remember Christ thy surety stood,
And bore thy curse and sin.
- 10 “ Acknowledge me in all your ways,
And trust my providence;

HYMNS & POEMS:

- I fix the place where sparrows fall;
I will be thy defence.
- 11 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
When going in, or out:
My own eternal fix'd decree,
My arm will bring about.
- 12 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
When storms and tempests roar;
When winds blow high, and hopes run low,
Then wait at mercy's door.
- 13 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
In glorious essence One;
Great Three in One, and One in Three,
Before the world begun.
- 14 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
The Author of thy peace;
And when thy faith seems almost gone,
I'll cause it to increase.
- 15 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
Jehovah, great I AM;
Who veil'd himself in flesh and dy'd,
To save elected man.
- 16 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
And count this world but dross:
If you would know the love of God,
Then turn to Calv'ry's cross.
- 17 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
And trust not self at all;
But trust to reigning sov'reign grace,
Thro' Christ the Lord of all.
- 18 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
Eternally the same:
I save from sin, from self, from hell;
For Jesus is my name.
- 19 " Acknowledge me in all your ways;
Seek me for your Director;

HYMNS & POEMS.

Tho' hell and all the world oppose,
I'll be thy sure Protector.

20 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
Who saves for my name's sake;
Trust not your frames, your pray'rs, or tears—
Here thousand souls mistake.

21 " Acknowledge me in all your ways;
Count not this world your gain;
There never was a sinner yet,
That sought the Lord in vain.

22 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
Let things go as they may;
I always have an ear to hear,
The soul I teach to pray.

23 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
When you can't pray at all;
'Tis often so with mine elect,
And has been, since the fall.

24 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
Who plan'd the way to save.
And sent mine own eternal Son,
To ransom from the grave.

25 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
And trust me for my grace;
And you shall see your pardon clear,
In your Redeemer's face.

26 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
And make not flesh your trust:
What's all this world without my grace,
But vanity and dust?

27 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
However dark and dead;
Remember that your life is hid
In Christ, your living Head.

28 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
Be still, for I am God;

HYMNS & POEMS.

I had decreed, before all worlds,
Man's everlasting good.

29 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
Leave but your all with me,
I cross'd out your enormous debt,
When hanging on the tree.

30 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
When either sick or well;
For I can wound, and I can heal:
I have done all things well.

31 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
And you shall have to tell,
That, thro' my efficacious grace,
You conquer sin and hell.

32 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
When doubts and fears creep in;
Christ took thy sorrows and thy griefs,
And dy'd to save from sin.

33 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
Believe my record true,
That what I did on Calv'ry's cross,
I did it there for you.

34 " Acknowledge me in all thy ways;
Commit thy all to me;
For thou art mine, and shall be mine,
To all eternity.

35 " Acknowledge me in all your ways,
And doubt and fear no more;
But, when thou know'st not what to do,
Then call at mercy's door."

The Lord will provide. Gen. xxii. 14.

1 The Lord will provide,
'Tis the Lord that hath said it;
O could I but always
God's promises credit!

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Tho' his ways are mysterious,
And his path I can't see,
The Lord will provide,
And that's plenty for me.
- 2 The Lord will provide,
'Tis his own declaration;
To scruple or doubt it,
Is Satan's temptation:
But curs'd unbelief,
How it robs me of peace;
Lord Jesus look down,
That my faith may increase.
- 3 The Lord will provide
Both for body and soul;
Tho' hell may assault us,
Yet Christ will control:
Tho' my foes are so mighty,
And many beside;
Let this be my comfort,
The Lord will provide.
- 4 Tho' the meal's almost done,
And the oil nearly out,
Who knows what Jehovah
Will soon bring about?
All creatures may change,
Yet his word will abide:
However distressed
The Lord will provide.
- 5 The Lord will provide,
Tho' you can't see your way:
Tho' the sun may be clouded
Throughout the whole day.
"All things are against me,"
Old Jacob once cry'd,
But he found to his comfort,
The Lord did provide.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 6 When Abraham stood
With his uplifted hand,
To slay his dear son,
At Jehovah's command ;
The blow was prevented,
Or Isaac had died ;
But a ram in a thicket,
The Lord did provide.
- 7 Then look, doubting soul,
To the conquering Lamb ;
That Saviour provided,
For ruin'd, lost man :
To ransom poor sinners,
The Lord Jesus dy'd ;
And this was a Saviour,
The Lord did provide.
- 8 Then let this encourage
Poor sinners to trust,
Tho' they of all sinners
May think they're the worst :
God's promise can't fail,
Nor his pow'r be defeated ;
The Lord will provide,
For salvation's completed.
- 9 The Lord will provide,
Tho' my doubts may increase :
For Christ was lead captive,
To gain my release :
Tho' I'm bound with sin's fetters,
In unbelief's prison ;
The Lord will provide,
For my Jesus is risen.
- 10 The Lord will provide
Ev'ry grace I can need :
When he draws by his love ;
I can fly, I can speed ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

But when he withdraws,
I'm as dead as a stone;
But this is my comfort,
Christ's blood did atone.

11 The Lord will provide
All things that are best;
Then let the poor sinner
Contentedly rest,
And commit soul and body,
And all at Christ's feet;
For the Lord will provide,
For his own chosen sheep.

12 The Lord will provide
For young ravens that cry;
Till God gives commission,
A sparrow can't die;
He numbers our hairs,
And can read all our sighs;
His people's petitions
He never denies.

13 The Lord will provide;
Let the Pharisee laugh,
Whose hopes will forsake him,
Like wind-driven chaff:
But those who can venture
On Jesus to call:
Are sure to succeed,—
That can trust Christ for all.

14 The Lord will provide:
Then begone anxious care;
God does not approve
That his creatures despair:
Of those that could trust him,
It never was said
That they were forsaken,
Tho' begging of bread.

15 The Lord will provide
 What he sees for the best ;
 Be thankful for present,
 And trust for the rest :
 God will not withhold
 What his own people need ;
 Then plead but his promise,
 You're sure to succeed.

16 The Lord will provide,
 Both for young and for old ;
 The half of God's mercies
 Were never yet told :
 Each day brings new blessings,
 Each night proves his care :
 Tho' poor and distress'd,
 Yet never despair.

The Hiding Place. Psalm xxxii. 7. cxix. 114.

- 1 Amidst the sorrows of the way,
 Lord Jesus teach my soul to pray ;
 And let me taste thy special grace,
 And run to Christ my hiding place.
- 2 Thou know'st the vileness of my heart,
 So prone to act the rebel's part ;
 And when thou veil'st thy lovely face,
 Where can I find a hiding place ?
- 3 Lord guide my silly wand'ring feet,
 And draw me to thy mercy seat :
 I've nought to trust but sov'reign grace ;
 Thou only art my hiding place.
- 4 O Lord, subdue my unbelief,
 O grant my sinking soul relief,
 O quicken, Lord, my sluggish pace,
 And let me reach my hiding place.
- 5 Why should I wander here and there,
 Forgetful of thy tender care ?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Thou hast upheld me by thy grace,
I'd seek no other hiding place.
- 6 How soon my resolutions fail,
And cursed unbelief prevail,
And leave my soul in sad disgrace,
Because I've lost my hiding place.
- 7 O how unstable is my heart!
Sometimes I take the tempter's part,
And slight the tokens of thy grace,
And seem to want no hiding place.
- 8 But when thy Spirit shines within,
And makes me feel the plague of sin;
Then how I long to see thy face,
'Tis then I want a hiding place.
- 9 O tell me, is it thus with you,
Ye number'd, chosen, blessed few?
Ye heav'n-born souls, is this your case?
Do you neglect your hiding place?
- 10 O sad effects of Adam's sin,
Ah, what a curse has it brought in!
There's nothing, nothing else but grace,
Can ever be my hiding place.
- 11 Ten thousand snares are spread around,
And poison covers all the ground;
Yet here I seek with hasty pace,
And oft forget my hiding place.
- 12 When shall I feel my sin subdu'd?
When shall I feel my soul renew'd?
O could I turn away my face,
From all but Christ my hiding place.
- 13 Lord Jesus shine, and then I can
Feel sweetness in salvation's plan;
And as a sinner, plead for grace,
Thro' Christ, the sinner's hiding place.
- 14 But when thou turn'st thy face away,
Then I can neither praise nor pray;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- How oft, dear Lord, this is the case !
I seem to have no hiding place.
- 15 But still thy promise is my trust,
Altho' of sinners I'm the worst ;
I know that nothing else but grace,
Can be to me a hiding place.
- 16 But O, my Lord, I want to feel
Thy pard'ning love, thy Spirit's seal,
To witness that I'm sav'd by grace,
Complete in Christ my hiding place.
- 17 O what an enemy is sin !
But my worst foe still dwells within ;
My heart so hard, so vile, so base,
Quite careless of its hiding place.
- 18 O Jesus look, and melt or break,
And save my soul for thy dear sake ;
If left, I sink in sad disgrace ;
With thee, I have a hiding place.
- 19 If thou had'st meant my soul should die,
Why do I sometimes mourn and cry,
And long to see my Jesus' face,
And feel I want a hiding place ?
- 20 Ah, when my Jesus shines within,
'Tis then I feel and hate my sin ;
I then can triumph in free grace,
And glory in my hiding place.
- 21 Tho' hell, and sin, and Satan roar,
I'll tremble at their threats no more ;
While I can see in Jesus' face,
My pardon and my hiding place.
- 22 Stretch out thine own victorious arm,
Defend my soul from hell's alarm ;
Mountanous sins must fall apace,
Before my blessed hiding place.
- 23 Let Satan marshal all his pow'r,
And plague and tempt me ev'ry hour ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- In Christ my surety's lovely face,
Methinks I see my hiding place.
- 24 Lord, make my ev'ry doubt to fly,
And raise my hopes above the sky,
And let me hear those words of grace,
Which say, "I am thy hiding place."
- 25 Then, tho' ten thousand foes engage,
And all the world be in a rage;
I'll boldly look them in the face,
Because I've got an hiding place.
- 26 Had God appointed to destroy,
Why do I sometimes feel such joy?
Ah, when I feel thy sweet embrace,
'Tis then I love my hiding place.
- 27 But when thou art behind the cloud,
And I am mix'd among the crowd
Of those who scorn thy sov'reign grace,
'Tis then I loose my hiding place.
- 28 Lord, save from sin and sinners too,
And work in me to will and do;
For, independent of thy grace,
I have no hope, no hiding place.
- 29 But thou art faithful, just, and true,
Thou hast engaged to bring me through;
Where thou begin'st the work of grace,
To those, thou art a hiding place.
- 30 On thee I'd rest my hope, my all,
In all my straits to Jesus call;
And bless and praise him for his grace,
And trust him as my hiding place.
- 31 But, O my God, I cannot stand,
Unless I'm guarded by thy hand;
I'm often worried in the chace,
And seem to lose my hiding place.
- 32 Then Satan threatens to devour,
And boasts he's got me in his pow'r;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Till Jesus shews a smiling face;
And says, "I am thy hiding place."
- 33 When will these changing scenes be o'er,
And I mistrust my God no more?
Not till I stand before thy face,
My God, my hope, my hiding place.
- 34 But while I'm in this horrid land,
Lord, hold me by thy mighty hand,
And grant me ev'ry moment grace,
Safe shelter'd in my hiding place.
- 35 For if thou leav'st me but one hour,
I fall a prey to Satan's pow'r;
Unnumber'd foes are in the chace,
To drive me from my hiding place.
- 36 Then hold me, Lord, that I may stand;
My foes must fly at thy command;
Lord, draw me by thy special grace,
That I may prize my hiding place:
- 37 And trust no more to creature aid,
But glory that my debts are paid;
My sins all cancel'd by thy grace,
And God, in Christ, my hiding place:
- 38 Here let me live, here let me die,
And other refuges deny;
A sinner sav'd by sov'reign grace,
And Christ alone my hiding place.
- 39 I've nothing of my own to plead,
Nor do I want, Christ did succeed;
He took my ruin'd, wretched case,
And dy'd to be my hiding place.
- 40 Here I would leave my load of guilt,
Where my dear Jesus' blood was spilt,
At Calv'ry's cross—O blessed place!
'Tis there I find my hiding place.
- 41 'Tis there my peace was seal'd with blood,
My dying Friend, the Son of God,

- There finished the plan of grace,
Which was to be my hiding place:
- 42 And shall I ever doubt again,
Since Jesus suffer'd all this pain,
To save a ruin'd wretched race,
And be to them a hiding place?
- 43 Yes, Lord, unless thou guid'st my way,
I doubt before another day;
Such is my heart, so vile, so base,
I soon forget my hiding place.
- 44 But ah, my Lord, thou know'st my frame,
A poor lost sinner is my name;
'Tis only sinners want thy grace;
To them thou art an hiding place.

“Come unto me.—” Matthew xi. 28.

- 1 “Come unto me,” 'tis God the Almighty speaks,
The offended party, to the offender seeks;
The King of kings, the eternal great I AM,
Proclaims his love to ruin'd helpless man.
- 2 “Come unto me, tho' crippled by the fall,
Those ransom'd by my blood shall hear my call;
Tho' burthen'd with your sin, your guilt, and
shame,
I lov'd your souls, I still remain the same.
- 3 “Come unto me, and taste my sov'reign grace,
Come, laden souls, my promise meets your case;
However desperate that case may be:
Come, fetter'd souls, and I will set you free.
- 4 “Come unto me, the worst of sinners, come;
Within my tender arms there yet is room;
Come young, come old, come lame, come halt
and blind,
Ah, come and prove the Lord Jehovah kind.
- 5 “Come unto me, tho' dark as hell within,
Come unto me, I'll cleanse your souls from sin:

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Come unto me, ye slaves of sin and hell,
Come unto me, I have done all things well.
- 6 "Come unto me, I will not cast away,
This is the accepted time, the gospel day;
My promise warrants you shall be receiv'd,
A coming soul was never yet deceiv'd.
- 7 "Come unto me, whatever you may feel,
Altho' your heart feels harder than the steel;"
The adamant shall melt when Jesus speaks,
Jehovah heals the heart his Spirit breaks.
- 8 "Come unto me, ye poor backsliders, come,
See how the father lov'd his prodigal son;
Tho' all was spent, and rags his only dress,
Yet see him cloth'd in God's own righteousness.
- 9 "Come unto me, ye broken hearted, come,
I ever lov'd poor sinners in my Son,
In whom I am well pleas'd, in him I see
My whole elect from all eternity.
- 10 "Come unto me, I am the only way;
All other guides will lead the soul astray;
There never was a coming soul rejected,
Then if you come, it proves that you're elected.
- 11 "Come unto me, I'll heal your broken bones,
I've heard your sad complaints, your sighs, and
groans;
Come as your are, don't stay to mend your state,
However wretched, 'tis not yet too late.
- 12 "Come unto me, 'tis now the gospel day;
I teach my children how to come and pray;
I answer their requests, I see them weep,
I seek them out, because they are my sheep.
- 13 "Come unto me, when all things here below
Seem pictur'd out for misery and woe;
Come, heavy-laden souls, come taste my rest,
Renounce thyself, in me you shall be blest.

- 14 "Come unto me, my burthen'd, mourning sheep,
Unbosom your complaints, no longer weep;
Your sighs have reach'd my ears, come and re-
joice,
These sighs and tears prove you're Jehovah's choice.
- 15 "Come unto me, redemption's work is done;
My people are complete in God the Son;
Here's your discharge, tho' hell and sin assail,
Venture thou wholly here, thou cannot fail.
- 16 "Come unto me, tho' loaded down with guilt,
It was for you my precious blood was spilt;
Come, lay your burden down at Calv'ry's cross;
The sick of sin, are sure Jehovah's choice.
- 17 "Come unto me, ye helpless, needy poor,
There's help for such as you, at mercy's door;
My oath and promise, warrants your success;
Come, burthen'd souls, you're sure to find redress.
- 18 "Come unto me, my burden is so light,
And learn of me, I teach the way that's right:
My yoke is easy, my salvation free,
For Jesus liv'd and dy'd for such as thee."

Upon the Conclusion of the old Year.

- 1 Another year has almost run its race,
And death has altered many a lovely face,
Since this old year begun;
Ten thousand thousand souls have wing'd their
way,
And some enjoy an everlasting day,
Where Jesus is the Sun.
- 2 How rapidly our days and years go round,
And ev'ry turn but points us to the ground,
Where rich and poor must lie:
Lord, help us then to number ev'ry hour;
The greedy grave both young and old devour,
This tells us, all must die.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 Then while we contemplate the year that's gone,
Lord grant the next may prove a better one,
For soul and body too;
And then let it run on its rapid pace;
Time-things are dross when Jesus shews his face,
'Tis then we long to go.
- 4 O could we know what's taken place this year,
The hardest heart would melt and drop a tear,
To know what sin had done;
Some heads, some hearts, some souls oppress with
grief,
Days, weeks, and months roll on, and no relief,
And thus their moments run.
- 5 Then why, dear Lord, so merciful to me?
How is it, Lord, that I a wretch go free,
From such a scene of woe?
Is it because that I deserve it less?
Good God before thy throne I would confess,
And humbly answer, no.
- 6 Then what's the cause? ah, here I must be still,
No other cause but thy own sov'reign will,
Can ever be assign'd;
God spares his own elect, till they shall know
His efficacious grace while here below,
And learn Jehovah's mind.
- 7 O may the year that's hast'ning on the wing,
Bring gospel light, that thousand souls may sing,
And I amongst the throng;
May thousand sinners taste of pard'ning grace,
And see old Satan's kingdom fall apace,
And Christ be all the song.
- 8 Then let the wheels of time go faster still,
The soul that's marching up mount Zion's hill
Cares not how fast they go;
They know they are immortal! death can't come
Till the fix'd time to take the ransom'd home,
And slay their ev'ry foe.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 9 Then what are days, or months, or years below ?
We only live to die ; and die, to know
What is eternity !
Where grace shall be full-blown, and sin shall cease,
The joys of God's elect will but increase—
There live no more to die.

“ Kept by the Power of God.” 1 Peter i. 5.

- 1 Kept by the power of God, are all God's sheep,
Atho' thro' slavish fears they often weep ;
Still they are safe, if God himself engage
To keep them safe, tho' sin and hell may rage.
- 2 Kept safe thro' all assaults of earth and hell ;
With ev'ry chosen sheep, it shall go well,
Tho' Satan roars, and all the world combine,
The branch is safe, united to the Vine.
- 3 Kept by the pow'r of God, the trembling saint,
Who feels himself so wretched, weak, and faint,
Who dares not trust himself, he knowing well
'Tis all of grace that he is out of hell.
- 4 Kept by the pow'r of God in sore temptation,
Who feels sin's plague, and sighs in sad vexation ;
Allur'd by sin, its flatteries deceive,
Without God's pow'r he finds he can't believe.
- 5 Kept by the pow'r of God, is ev'ry one
Who sees himself complete in God the Son,
And knows the way Jehovah has appointed,
To save the sinner thro' his own Anointed.
- 6 Kept by the pow'r of God are God's elect ;
A chosen soul God never will reject ;
They are redeem'd by God's eternal Son,
And by eternal union are but one.
- 7 Kept by the pow'r of God in infant days,
Before their tongues are taught to lisp his praise ;
Kept for Jehovah's purposes of grace,
The purchas'd of his blood shall see his face.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 Kept by the pow'r of God, until the day
 God means to teach the soul to seek and pray ;
 When efficacious grace is felt within,
 God keeps the soul from ev'ry damning sin.
- 9 Kept by the pow'r of God thro' precious faith,
 And that's the gift of God, the scripture saith ;
 'Tis God that keeps the soul from first to last,
 'Tis God's almighty arm that holds them fast.
- 10 Kept by the pow'r of God, in darkest hours,
 When Satan tries his most infernal pow'rs
 To sink the soul in unbelief and doubt ;
 'Tis God that keeps the soul and brings it out.
- 11 Kept by the pow'r of God when billows roll,
 When sin and darkness overwhelm the soul ;
 A sense of guilt obliterates his joy,
 Yet God will keep him, Satan shan't destroy.
- 12 Kept by the power of God, or all must fall ;
 How soon the strongest saint would cease to call,
 And run from God, and shelter in the creature,
 Was he not kept by God his great Creator.
- 13 Kept by the pow'r of God thro' cov'nant love ;
 God has engag'd to bring that soul above,
 Who rests his all on Calv'ry's bloody scene,
 And knows what Christ's expiring language mean.
- 14 Kept by the pow'r of God, whose potent arm
 Will guard the soul secure from ev'ry harm ;
 Tho' foes within and foes without assail,
 Kept by the pow'r of God you cannot fail.

Cast down but not destroyed. 2 Corinthians iv. 9.

- 1 Cast down but not destroyed—no, blessed God,
 Who wraps eternal love beneath his rod ;
 Cast down but not destroy'd, the reason's this,
 Christ dy'd to make secure eternal bliss.
- 2 Cast down but not destroy'd ! O glorious plan,
 See heaven's wonder dies—behold the Man !

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Cast down beneath my sins, enormous sum !
A load that none could bear but God the Son.
- 3 Cast down but not destroy'd—Christ took the cup,
And bore the wrath of God, and drank it up ;
The sin of all the world of God's elect ;
'Twas Jesus bore them all, nor did reject.
- 4 Cast down but not destroyed—tho' sin and guilt
Bear hard upon the soul, Christ's blood was spilt
To set the guilty free from slavish fears ;
Cheer up, desponding souls, dry up your tears.
- 5 Cast down but not destroyed, nor never can ;
Not all the powers of hell can shake the plan ;
Jehovah is well pleas'd with what is done,
And views his own complete, in God the Son.
- 6 Cast down but not destroy'd—let Satan roar,
The soul for whom Christ dy'd can need no more ;
Come venture here, poor soul, you cannot fall,
For he that holds you up is Lord of all.
- 7 Cast down but not destroy'd—sad unbelief !
Of all God's people's sin, that is the chief,
That darling sin of hell, that gives the lie
To God's own word, for which ten thousands die.
- 8 Cast down but not destroy'd—'tis God takes care
Of his elect that they should not despair ;
Or they (with all the rest) would sink and die,
But Jesus has their names enroll'd on high.
- 9 Cast down but not destroy'd—'tis not man's pow'r
That keeps his standing sure, a single hour,
The strongest sheep of Christ would go astray,
And never of himself find out the way.
- 10 Cast down but not destroy'd—tho' Satan try ;
It never was ordain'd one sheep should die ;
They are sav'd in Christ their constant Friend
Who guides and guards them safe unto the end.
- 11 Cast down but not destroy'd—tho' in-bred sin
Will make him feel his wretchedness within ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

Cast down on this account, ten thousands are,
For which they sigh and mourn, but shan't de-
spair.

12 Cast down but not destroy'd—there's outward evil,
Ten thousand enemies beside the devil,
That plague God's own elect both night and day,
But God permits all this to make them pray.

13 Cast down but not destroy'd; O blessed truth,
'Tis God protects the old, and guards the youth;
God's own elect are safe, and must be so,
Against the pow'r of hell and ev'ry foe.

14 Cast down but not destroy'd; but who are they?
God's own elect, 'tis they are taught the way
To trust to Christ alone for pard'ning grace;
These are the only souls shall seek his face.

15 Cast down but not destroy'd; poor Peter fell,
And Satan thought perhaps he'd fall to hell;
But Jesus knew what was in Peter's heart,
Left of his God, he'd take the tempter's part!

16 Cast down but not destroy'd—no, Jesus pray'd
That God would keep those safe whose debts he
laid

On him the Son of God; O blessed Lamb,
Behold him veil'd in flesh, the great I AM!

17 Cast down but not destroy'd—ah read poor David,
A wretched murderer, yet he was saved;
One after God's own heart, how could that be,
But as beloved from eternity?

18 Cast down but not destroy'd—we read of Saul,
Who was by mighty grace made praying Paul;
Cast down he was, poor wretch, at Jesus' voice,
Why persecute thou me, thou art my choice.

19 Cast down but not destroy'd—see angry Jonah,
Tho' swallowed up of hell—the dear Atoner
Attended to his cry, and brought him out,
To prove salvation free without a doubt.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 20 Cast down but not destroy'd, the cause is this,
God is the Author of eternal bliss;
His own eternal choice may often fall,
But they shall rise, and crown him Lord of all.
- 21 Cast down but not destroy'd—see Moses stand
Encompass'd round with foes on every hand;
A mighty host behind, proud Pharaoh's band—
A raging sea before—rocks on each hand.
- 22 Cast down but not destroy'd—the sea shall part
For those that lay so near Jehovah's heart;
The enemy shall see what God will do,
Proud Pharaoh must let God's own people go.
- 23 Cast down but not destroy'd, for if they could,
How is't the weakest sheep has ever stood
Against the powers of hell and Satan's art,
Ten thousand foes, the worst a wicked heart.
- 24 Cast down but not destroy'd—'tis God will keep,
And give eternal life to all the sheep;
Not one shall ever miss the crown at last,
'Tis God begins the work, God holds them fast.
- 25 Cast down but not destroy'd, take courage then,
Salvation is of God, and not of men;
'Tis not of him that will, nor him that run,
I am the way, says Christ, the only one.
- 26 Cast down but not destroy'd; cast down you may,
But blessed is that fall that makes you pray;
For God delights to hear his people's cry,
For such he'll teach to pray, they cannot die.
- 27 Cast down but not destroy'd—the Lord's own
sheep,
How oft they sigh and mourn, lament and weep,
Because they feel a law that works within,
Which shews a damning pow'r to ev'ry sin.
- 28 Cast down but not destroy'd—the debt is paid,
But till the soul feels this, it is afraid;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- But when it gets a glimpse at Calv'ry's cross,
It counts all things but Christ, as dung and dross.
- 29 Cast down but no destroy'd; no, tempted soul,
Thy Jesus has thy foes at his control;
Altho' he seems to frown, 'tis not the case,
He loves the soul from whom he hides his face.
- 30 Cast down but not destroy'd—God changes not;
Thy sighs, and tears, and groans are not forgot;
The Lord that first began, will carry on;
His promise is enough to rest upon.
- 31 Cast down but not destroy'd; no, not one
That has an int'rest in th' eternal Son,
Who bears their names on high, their surety stand,
And represent them all at God's right hand.
- 32 Cast down, but not destroy'd, O blessed fact!
Jehovah God himself will counteract
The schemes that hell invent, and overthrow;
He's Lord of heav'n above, and hell below.
- 33 Cast down but not destroy'd—the weakest lamb
Has got for his defence, the great I AM;
The devils tremble at his mighty voice;
Redeemed sinners in his grace rejoice.
- 34 Cast down but not destroy'd—there's not a case
Of one who miss'd the prize, that run the race,
Who while he runs he looks to Christ for grace,
And faith to trust, and strength to run the race.
- 35 Cast down but not destroy'd—however weak;
God puts his mark upon his weakest sheep:
The strongest are made strong by his own pow'r;
No one could keep himself a single hour.
- 36 Cast down but not destroy'd, for they are bless'd,
Who see their need of Christ, and on him rest;
This is a token of Jehovah's grace,
These are the chosen souls shall see his face.
- 37 Cast down but not destroy'd—the world may shake
Before the Lord will one poor sheep forsake;

HYMNS & POEMS.

The ransom'd of the Lord shall shout and sing,
Victorious grace, thro' Christ th' eternal King.
38 Cast down but not destroy'd, here let me rest,
If God is mine, I am, and must be bless'd;
Tho' hell be in a rage, my soul oppose,
Christ conquer'd hell, and sin, and all my foes.

*The Soul that believeth. Isaiah xxviii. 16. Mark
xvi. 16.*

- 1 The soul that believeth shall surely be sav'd,
Tho' hell, sin, and Satan oppose;
Tho' not *for* believing, yet 'tis *thro'* believing
He's enabled to conquer his foes.
- 2 The soul that believeth shall never make haste,
To credit what Satan suggest;
'Tis God that gives faith, and will bless his own
gift,
And crown it with eternal rest.
- 3 The soul that believeth is made to believe,
By a pow'r that is wholly divine;
'Tis God is the author and finisher too;
The glory is God's, and not thine.
- 4 The soul that believeth, what does he believe?
What is the report that he credits?
That sinners are sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb,
Sav'd freely, and not for their merits.
- 5 The soul that believeth, is built on a rock
That shall stand when this world is on fire;
Upheld by the arm of omnipotent grace,
That arm that shall raise them up higher.
- 6 The soul that believeth he shall not make haste
To run here and there for a friend;
He knows that his Surety has paid off his debts;
He's safe, and that world without end.
- 7 The soul that believeth, is safe and secure,
He rests on the words of his God,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Who'll hedge up his foes, that they cannot break thro',
And put blessings in ev'ry rod.
8 The soul that believeth, ah, let him stand still,
And see God's salvation for man;
God draws him, he runs—God holds him, he stands,
And this is Jehovah's own plan.
9 The soul that believeth, has God for his friend,
Who loved him before he believed;
And because he has lov'd, he has tokens of grace,
That Satan can never deceive.
10 O may I believe that these blessings are mine,
Thro' Christ the adorable Lamb;
And may the bless'd Spirit but whisper to me,
And sweetly say—thou art the man.

“What I would do, that do I not.” Romans vii. 15.

1 I would, but cannot sing;
I would, but cannot pray;
My wretched, wicked, foolish heart,
Would seek some other way.

2 I would, but when I try
To seek the Lord by pray'r,
Ten thousand foolish things intrude,
As soon as I come there.

3 I would give up this world,
And seek for better things;
But when I try to soar above,
Guilt clips my spreading wings.

4 I would rejoice in God,
I would both praise and pray;
But when I go about this work,
My heart is gone astray.

5 I would not trust myself,
Nor all that I perform;

- I find 'tis Christ must wholly save,
And bring me thro' the storm.
- 6 I would renounce my rags,
With all I ever did,
And take salvation as a gift
Thro' Christ the cov'nant Head.
- 7 I would not trust my heart,
I feel its sad deceit,
A wretched proneness still to stray,
Just like a silly sheep.
- 8 I would, but cannot rise
From this poor dying frame;
I would extol the blessed Lamb,
And glory in his name.
- 9 I would rejoice and sing,
Altho' 'tis dark as night;
But who can praise, or pray, or sing,
When Christ is out of sight.
- 10 I would, but cannot feel
The melting pow'r of grace;
I would see God well pleas'd with me,
In my Redeemer's face.
- 11 I would, but cannot trust,
When darkness spreads my soul,
I would believe, sin, death, and hell
Are held at Christ's control.
- 12 I would, but cannot run,
I seem to stand quite still;
Yet I'd adore my Father God,
For giving me a will.
- 13 I would, but have no pow'r;
I would refrain from sin;
But ah, I find it still a plague
That lurks about within.
- 14 I would the gospel hear,
I glory in the sound;

- But most who preach in this dark day,
Do burden, kill, or wound.
- 15 I would extol the men
That preach up Christ the way;
I know salvation is of grace,
Whatever they may say.
- 16 I would avoid those men
Who preach up works and grace,
And say Christ dy'd to save the whole
Of Adam's fallen race.
- 17 I would embrace the truth,
All error I'd reject,
I love to hear the gospel preach'd;
'Tis sweet to God's elect.
- 18 I would not dare condemn
The vilest wretch I see,
But hope he may be lov'd of God
From all eternity.
- 19 I would with patience wait;
When God's own time is come,
There's not one soul but shall believe,
That's found in God the Son.
- 20 I would rejoice in this,
That God has fore-ordain'd,
That 'tis by grace, and not by works,
Salvation is obtain'd.

The Author's Nativity.

Born to know and feel the plague of sin;
Born to feel its poison work within;
Born in sin, without a good desire;
Born as bad as those in Tophet's fire;
Born to live a rebel against God;
Born deserving law's vindictive rod;
Born dead and blind, and dead and blind remain'd;
Born to hear a Saviour's name proclaim'd;

HYMNS & POEMS.

Born to credit God's electing love ;
Born to feel sweet drawings from above ;
Born to taste the sweets of sov'reign grace ;
Born to see God pleas'd in Jesus' face ;
Born to hear redemption's glorious plan,
Born to know it finish'd by the Lamb :
Born to know God's choice entirely free ;
Born to know Christ dy'd for such as me ;
Born to see a God in Christ my friend ;
Born to taste that love that ne'er will end ;
Born to know temptation's darksome hour ;
Born to feel enslav'd by Satan's pow'r ;
Born to know my wretched heart's deceit ;
Born to find this world an empty cheat ;
Born to mourn and sigh, lament and weep ;
Born to know the sorrows of Christ's sheep ;
Born sometimes to mourn, sometimes rejoice ;
Born to know I am Jehovah's choice ;
Born to triumph in God's special grace ;
Born to mourn, when Jesus hides his face ;
Born to feel the pow'r of in-bred sin ;
Born to find grace will the vict'ry win ;
Born to feel sin's captivating pow'r ;
Born to know I cannot stand an hour ;
Born to feel I stand by grace alone ;
Born to find Christ did for me atone ;
Born to see salvation's glorious plan ;
Born to know it finish'd by the Lamb ;
Born to see redemption's work complete ;
Born to see myself a ransom'd sheep ;
Born to see a Saviour on the tree ;
Born to find salvation wholly free ;
Born to know 'tis not by works of man ;
Born to hate and loath the cursed plan ;
Born to see my sin's enormous debt ;
Born to find God works, and none can let ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

Born to see my sins all wash'd away ;
Born to know Christ's blood the only way ;
Born to feel the helpless state I'm in ;
Born to find my Surety took my sin ;
Born to hear the schoolmen of the day ;
Born to hear they learn to preach and pray,
Born to hear they learn to pray at schools,
Born to say such are but letter'd fools.
Born to hear the ignorant made wise ;
Born to find the lame man take the prize :
Born, sometimes to feel my soul set free ;
Born to tell Christ Jesus dy'd for me ;
Born to know the hidings of his face ;
Born to know I'm wholly sav'd by grace ;
Born to know some seek some other way ;
Born to know a dead man cannot pray ;
Born to know God's love did ne'er begin ;
Born to know 'twas Christ who took my sin ;
Born to know the gospel's blessed story ;
Born to know Christ is the way to glory ;
Born to see proud Pharisees increase,
Born to hear their preachers cry, peace, peace ;
Born to see Arminians lofty looks,
Born to hate their sermons and their books ;
Born to hear free-willers boast and say,
Born to hear them preach up works the way ;
Born to hear what wonders they'll perform ;
Born to know they never felt the storm :
Born to see some men extol the steeple ;
Born to hear some men despise those people ;
Born to see some others that dissent ;
Born to hear those preach, God never sent ;
Born to find but here and there a man,
Born to hear but few extol the Lamb ;
Born to hear but few that preach the truth,
Born to see such scorn'd by age and youth ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

Born to see the blind lead forth the blind;
Born to see professors gripe and grind;
Born to see religion quite a fashion;
Born to see some bigots in a passion;
Born to live in this ungodly day;
Born to hear but few preach Christ the way;
Born to hear some mix up works and grace;
Born to find this suits the human race;
Born to live in days of sad declension;
Born to see the gospel's slight attention;
Born to see what crowds attend on error;
Born to find but few who love the marrow;
Born to see the day that thousands preach;
Born to find but few the Spirit teach;
Born to hear too many preach up self;
Born to find their sermons on the shelf;
Born to know the gospel's charming voice;
Born to love its preachers, and their choice.

The Necessity of the New Birth. John iii. 3.

- 1 Ah! view the helpless creature, man,
 Whatever he obtain,
 No peace, no joy, no hope, no God,
 Till he is born again.
- 2 For, sin, that hellish monster, sin,
 Has poison'd ev'ry vein;
 A stranger to himself and God,
 Till he is born again.
- 3 However learned or devout,
 The scripture makes it plain
 He knows not God, nor yet himself,
 Till he is born again.
- 4 How can this be? The carnal mind
 Could never yet obtain:
 But 'tis enough; the Lord declares,
 Ye must be born again!

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 Methinks some poor distressed soul
Is fill'd with fear and pain,
Judging from what he feels within,
He can't be born again.
- 6 Ten thousand foes assault his soul;
He strives, but can't obtain
That satisfying hope he wants,
That he is born again.
- 7 I once was blind, the man will own,
Fast bound in Satan's chain;
But now I'd give ten thousand worlds
That I were born again.
- 8 I've often heard, eternal life
None ever could obtain,
Unless renew'd by sov'reign grace,
Unless they're born again.
- 9 But as for me, I am so weak,
Each trifle gives me pain:
Ah! would this be the case with me,
If I was born again?
- 10 At other times I feel inclin'd;
Oh! could I but obtain
Some certain evidence within,
That I am born again.
- 11 Sometimes I think I should be glad
Some comfort to obtain;
I look within; all black as hell:
Can I be born again?
- 12 Can such a wretch, so plagued with sin,
Salvation e'er obtain?
Ah did I know for certainty,
That I am born again!
- 13 But ah! my hopes are very faint,
I feel sin's horrid stain:
Can such a crimson sinner, then,
Dare think he's born again?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 14 It cannot be, some may reply,
I fear I shan't obtain;
And yet I hope, and long, and wish,
That I were born again.
- 15 Let Paul decide this doubtful case;
Paul makes the matter plain:
The man will never mourn his sins
Till he is born again.
- 16 Rejoice, ye trembling, tempted souls,
Tho' sin may give you pain:
This would not be the case with you,
Were you not born again.
- 17 The flesh is only flesh at best,
Till we the spirit gain:
There's nothing to oppose the flesh
Till we are born again.
- 18 Flesh won't oppose the flesh, you know;
This truth doth Paul explain,
That Satan, hell, and sin oppose
The man that's born again.
- 19 Paul felt sin's rankling poison run,
And that thro' ev'ry vein;
But never once complain'd of sin
Till he was born again.
- 20 Why persecute thou me? says Christ,
Thy journey is in vain.
Who art thou, Lord? behold, he prays,
For he is born again.
- 21 The Pharisees, however good,
Tho' at a gnat they strain,
Yet God declar'd to one of them,
Ye must be born again.
- 22 Then, you who have but little faith,
Don't little faith disdain;
For where God puts a grain of grace,
The soul is born again.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 23 For little faith, and little hope,
And little grace shall gain
Salvation, thro' the blood of Christ,
Since they are born again.
- 24 O ! what a blessing 'tis to know,
A blessing to obtain
A sure and certain hope of this,
That I am born again.
- 25 But you that have no hopes nor fears,
But just the same remain ;
I tell you, from the word of God,
You are not born again.

To be carnally minded is death. Rom. viii. 6.

- 1 The carnal mind, God's word declares,
Is in a state of death ;
There may be flesh, and bone, and skin,
But ah ! there is no breath.
- 2 No, not one breathing after God
Throughout the fallen race,
Till God restores new life within,
By his almighty grace.
- 3 The carnal mind is carnal still,
And will remain the same,
It will oppose the work of grace,
And hate the Saviour's name.
- 4 Then, you whom God has made to feel
This wretched carnal mind,
Bless God, this is the proof at least,
You are not wholly blind.
- 5 You once were blind ; ah ! worse than blind ;
You once were wholly dead ;
This was the state of Adam's sons ;
They died in him their Head.
- 6 Not one of Adam's fallen race,
The scriptures plainly tell,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- If not redeem'd and call'd by grace,
Can ever 'scape from hell.
- 7 Methinks I hear some soul reply,
I wish I could believe :
If this is your experience, soul,
Then you begin to breathe.
- 8 The carnal mind is carnal still,
And will be carnal too,
And will oppose the Spirit's work
In all you say or do.
- 9 The things I would I cannot do,
Because the flesh oppose;
And what I would not that I do,
Through these my carnal foes.
- 10 I often feel another law,
By which I'm captive led :
But should I mourn my wretched state.
If I was wholly dead ?
- 11 Whate'er oppose the carnal mind
Cannot be carnal too ;
'Tis flesh oppose the new-born soul
In all the Spirit do.
- 12 Flesh never lusts against the flesh ;
No, no, my christian brother :
'Tis flesh and grace commence the war ;
'Tis these oppose each other.
- 13 But shall the carnal mind prevail
And conquer sov'reign grace ?
This is the lie that came from hell :
It never was the case.
- 14 Shall Satan ever have to boast
Of one that fell from grace ?
I'd tell the man who dare say so,
He's one of Satan's race.
- 15 If one might fall, then all might fall,
But ah ! that cannot be !

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Will Jesus lose the souls he lov'd
From all eternity ?
- 16 No, no, our Jesus knows them well ;
He bought their ransom dear :
He hears their ev'ry groan and sigh,
And bottles ev'ry tear.
- 17 He makes them feel their carnal mind,
And mourn because of sin ;
God sees his grace within their souls,
Contending there with sin.
- 18 Hell, sin, and Satan all combine
To conquer little faith ;
The carnal mind will join the crew,
And love what Satan saith.
- 19 But those who feel the old man rage,
There is a new man there ;
Though hell and sin may plague and vex,
That soul shall not despair.
- 20 Though you may cry, O ! wretched man !
God knows this language well :
Whoever feels as Paul has felt,
Shall never go to hell.
- 21 But those who never felt their sins,
Are destitute of grace ;
The soul can feel no love to God
Till Jesus shews his face.
- 22 But when the soul once gets a view
Of Calv'ry's bloody tree,
Ah ! then the soul begins to learn
Salvation must be free.
- 23 'Tis then he feels his carnal mind,
Himself a lump of sin ;
But this is what he never felt
Till grace was wrought within.
- 24 Great numbers say, they can't believe ;
I wonder if they could :

HYMNS & POEMS.

- The creature has no pow'r for this;
No, that's the work of God.
- 25 Whoever say they can believe,
Are unbelievers still;
Though they may boast of nature's pow'r;
They've neither pow'r nor will.
- 26 But those who feel their carnal mind
Opposing all that's good,
Let Pharisees say what they will,
This is the work of God.
- 27 The old man won't oppose himself;
His goods are all in peace;
But when the new man enters in
The warfare will increase.
- 28 Then, you who feel this war within,
Will understand me well,
Your sins would never plague you much
If you were bound for hell.
- 29 Then, you who mourn from day to day,
Your wretched carnal state,
Rejoice, poor soul, that now you love
What carnal creatures hate.
- 30 Salvation now is joyful news,
Salvation full and free:
Though all the powers of hell may rage,
Salvation is for thee.
- 31 That God that makes you feel your sin
Will make you feel his grace;
A few more wars from sin and hell
And you shall see his face.
- 32 Ye babes, ye lambs, ye weaklings, then,
Regard not Satan's lies;
For you shall soon ascend, and sing
With Christ above the skies.

HYMNS & POEMS.

The blessed Man. Psalm xxv. 11.

- 1 How blest and happy is the man
Who knows his dear Redeemer's voice;
Though troubles now perplex his soul,
He soon shall triumph and rejoice.
- 2 Though now, like David, he may mourn,
Because he feels his sins so great;
He cries, Lord, pardon them, I pray;
O! pardon them, for thy name sake.
- 3 Unfold thy secrets to my soul,
And let me feel thy cov'nant love;
According to thy mercy, Lord,
O draw my wand'ring soul above.
- 4 A few more days of sorrow here,
And then to all below, farewell!
No more perplex'd, no more cast down,
No more assaults from earth and hell.
- 5 O happy, happy, happy day,
When fetter'd souls shall be releas'd:
Lord, till that period roll about,
May little faith be much increas'd.
- 6 For, Lord, thou know'st I sometimes doubt,
And when I would, I can't believe;
O God forbid I should at last
My ever precious soul deceive.
- 7 Ah! those who hear their Saviour's voice
Are in an ever blessed case;
But as for me, I sometimes fear
I am a stranger still to grace.
- 8 I want to hear the voice of love,
In those dark paths I often tread;
I want to know the reason why
I am so wretched, dark, and dead?
- 9 I want to know, my dearest Lord,
Why hidest thou thyself from me?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- I am a sinner, Lord, I know;
I know salvation must be free.
10 And as thou giv'st salvation, Lord,
So full, so absolutely free,
Thou sav'st the vilest of the vile;
Amongst the vilest, why not me?
11 If I am wrong, O blessed God,
Direct my wand'ring feet aright;
And if my heart does not deceive,
Sure Christ is precious in my sight.
12 Hide not thyself, O God, from me;
I want to see my Saviour's face:
Why travel I so much alone
In this dark dismal wilderness?
13 Unfold the secrets of thy heart,
And let me taste thy cov'nant love;
Unrivet this poor mind of mine,
And draw my earth-bound soul above.
14 There's nothing, Lord, can ease my mind
When thou art clouded from my sight:
The world may frown, the world may smile,
Yet, Lord, there's nothing, nothing right.
15 I can do all things by thy grace:
When that's withheld, I sink, I fall;
For when I'm left unto myself
I then can nothing do at all.
16 O yes I can, I can rebel,
I can backslide far from my God;
And then I tremble, fear, and dread,
Because I fear my Father's rod.
17 Is this the path I've got to tread?
What, nothing, Lord, but sigh and groan?
Ah! sure this is the case with me,
When I am left to go alone.
18 I know thou bid'st me not to fear:
Who can but fear in such a state?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- My foes so mighty and so strong,
And I so helpless and so weak.
- 19 I know there's no where else to go;
Sometimes I seem inclin'd to try;
What can a helpless creature do,
When all his graces seem to die?
- 20 Ah! you that travel in this road,
You understand my meaning well:
Altho' it is a gloomy path,
'Tis not the road that leads to hell.
- 21 No, blessed be our changeless God,
Tho' darkness thus endure the night,
The morning shall appear again,
And we shall see that all was right.
- 22 Then hush these murmurs and complaints;
'Tis what thy Lord has fore-ordain'd,
Thro' tribulation's path to go,
Our bless'd inheritance to gain.
- 23 Be still, my soul, and wait, and hope,
The promis'd blessing's on the wing;
Altho' the blessing tarry, wait;
Thy Lord will soon salvation bring.
- 24 Then shall we see that all was right;
Eternal love ran thro' the whole;
This was the way our Lord decreed
To save each precious blood-bought soul.

Peter's Fall. Matt. xxvi. 69—72.

- 1 Who would have thought that such a man
As Peter would have fell?
But fall he did, and foully too,
But could not fall to hell.
- 2 See here a proof, my soul, admire;
Ah! read poor Peter's case;
For sure it proves, beyond all doubt,
Salvation is of grace.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 What! Peter curse, and lie, and swear?
Great God! can this be true?
Yes, yes, my soul, and wast thou left,
'Twould be the case with you.
- 4 See what the strongest man can do
Without God's mighty pow'r;
However strong man thinks himself,
He cannot stand one hour.
- 5 Ah! hear the boasting Peter brag,
"Tho' all men should deny:"
How soon did Peter curse and swear,
And back it with a lie!
- 6 Ah! see him lurking far behind,
Then sneak into the hall,
There, jump'd into the devil's sieve,
'Tis there he gets his fall.
- 7 Can this be Peter? O my soul!
What, Peter now afraid
To own his Lord and Master now,
Before a silly maid?
- 8 Is this the man that told his Lord,
"Tho' all men should deny,
Yet I will follow thee to death,
If I am sure to die?"
- 9 Ah! see him standing in the porch:
What bus'ness had he there?
He got upon the devil's ground,
And there did curse and swear.
- 10 Three times he had deny'd his Lord;
With oaths he back'd his lies:
Until he heard the cock to crow:
O what a dread surprize!
- 11 Then he remember'd what had past;
His Lord had told him twice,
That ere he heard the cock to crow
He would deny him thrice.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 12 See how he hangs his head, poor wretch :
He now begins to weep ;
Altho' he thus denies his Lord,
He was a chosen sheep.
- 13 'Twas not the crowing of the cock
That made poor Peter cry ;
No, no, it was a look from him
Who did for Peter die.
- 14 " I've pray'd for thee," O blessed pray'r,
A pray'r that must prevail ;
Let Satan sift the chosen soul,
His faith shall never fail.
- 15 For grace that's treasur'd up in Christ
The devil can't come at ;
Some trust their own inherent grace,
The devil will have that.
- 16 Ah ! where was Peter's stock of grace,
When he could swear and lie ?
Not in himself, I'm very sure,
'Twas treasur'd up on high.
- 17 How great the folly, then, to trust
To feeble self at all ;
For he that trusts himself the most,
Is nearest to a fall.
- 18 The boasting Peter found this out,
He found it to his cost :
Had not salvation been of grace,
Poor Peter had been lost.
- 19 But Peter ne'er would boast again,
Unless it was of grace :
How sweet could Peter preach to those
Who were in such a case !
- 20 Go, feed my lambs ; go, feed my sheep ;
Go, tell them of my grace ;
Go, tell the poor backsliding soul
Of your own wretched case.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 21 Go, tell them you deny'd your Lord,
And yet you mercy found ;
Go, Peter, spread my fame abroad
To sinners all around.
- 22 Go, tell them Christ, and Christ alone
Can conquer hell and sin ;
Go, preach a word of peace to those
Who feel sin's plague within.
- 23 Go, preach the righteousness of Christ ;
That Christ you thrice deny'd ;
Go, point poor, helpless, ruin'd man,
To Christ the crucify'd.
- 24 Go, feed my lambs ; go, feed my sheep,
With bread that comes from heav'n ;
Preach grace, free grace, salvation grace,
Unmix'd with human leav'n.
- 25 Go, preach God's everlasting love,
For you have found it so ;
Preach Christ the Lord, the sinner's friend,
Preach this where'er you go.
- 26 The stubborn Jews shall hear the sound,
And feel the piercing dart ;
I'll clothe thy words with mighty pow'r ;
I'll prick them to the heart.
- 27 Go, Peter, preach ; regard it not,
Tho' thousands may reject ;
Go, tell the world, Christ died to save
God's chosen and elect.
- 28 Go, tell the weak and helpless man,
That mourns, and weeps, and sighs,
Go, tell him he is one of those
For whom your Master dies.

The Uncertainty of Things below. Luke xii. 40.

1 Suppose we turn our thoughts to-night
On nature's wretched state ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- We cannot think of it too soon,
Some think of it too late.
- 2 Suppose the summons now should come
To call our souls away;
Is Christ our refuge and our friend,
Who reigns above the sky?
- 3 The day, the hour, the time, the place,
That you and I must die,
Are fix'd, unalterably fix'd,
In God's decrees on high.
- 4 We know not when, we know not where;
But this we know quite well,
That we must leave this world to go—
Where to? to heaven or hell!
- 5 How will it stand with you and I
At that tremendous day?
We must appear before God's bar;
What shall we have to say?
- 6 We may deceive each other now,
But God we can't deceive;
He knows each plague his children feel,
He knows they would believe.
- 7 Then you who wish to know the way,
God's word has made it plain;
The rich are empty sent away,
The poor the prize obtain.
- 8 Ye helpless, weak, and mourning souls,
Who're plagu'd to death with sin,
Who want to know the way to God,
But feel so hard within;
- 9 Take courage, O ye seekers, then,
You shall not seek in vain;
And you that long for pard'ning grace,
Shall pard'ning grace obtain.
- 10 Not for your seeking; no, my friends;
God saves another way;

HYMNS & POEMS.

The soul is sav'd before it seeks,
Is what the scriptures say.

11 There's nothing that the creature does
Can alter God's design :
God's love is fix'd ; he makes it known
By calling them in time.

12 Then blessed are the call'd of God ;
They are Jehovah's choice :
But till the soul is call'd by grace,
That soul cannot rejoice.

13 But some of you may often fear
You are not call'd at all :
Why should the man that never stood,
Be fearful of a fall ?

14 Suppose you are in prison still,
Yet longing to be free ;
This proves beyond a doubt, poor soul,
Salvation is for thee :

15 For can you now delight in sin,
As once you us'd to do ?
No, no, methinks I hear you say,
I hate and shun it too.

16 But yet I'm often led astray,
Through my deceitful heart ;
But ah ! the time was once, I know
I took the devil's part.

17 Fear not, poor soul, the work's begun ;
This would not be the case :
For fears and doubts, and groans, and sighs,
May prove the work of grace.

18 The Pharisee has little change,
He is not plagued so ;
But those who have the grace of God
Will meet with many a foe.

19 But death is conquer'd, hell subdu'd,
Salvation made complete.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- For all the ransom'd of the Lord,
For all the chosen sheep.
- 20 All ye who trust your all to Christ,
Jehovah, God, the Lamb,
I say to each, as Nathan did,
I say, Thou art the man.
- 21 Then think of death, and hell, and sin,
And think of devils too;
If Christ is yours, you need not fear
What death or hell can do.
- 22 Let devils roar, the old man rage,
Which often is the case;
This is the christian's anchor hold,
A sinner sav'd by grace.
- 23 A sinner sav'd, a sinner call'd,
And shall be glorified;
All this was made secure to those
For whom the Saviour died.
- 24 And you that ground your only hope
On Cal'vry's bloody tree;
The word of God declares to such,
Salvation is for thee.

O that I knew where I might find him. Job xxiii. 3.

- 1 O that I knew where I might find
My Father and my God;
I'd plead his everlasting love,
Tho' now I feel his rod.
- 2 I'd tell him of his former love,
I'd plead his special grace:
But ah! he's gone, my Lord is gone;
His ways I cannot trace.
- 3 I forward go, but he's not there;
I backward go again;
I seek him on the right and left,
But seem to seek in vain.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 Sometimes I seek him in his house,
Where others sing and pray;
I oft go mourning to his house,
And mourning come away.
- 5 Sometimes I seek him in his word,
But almost in despair;
O what a dreadful path is this;
Ah! was you ever there?
- 6 Sometimes I feel no heart to pray,
And think to pray no more;
And then again I think I'll try
Once more at mercy's door:
- 7 I go; but still no comfort find;
My soul as dark as night;
How dark and dismal is the road
When Christ is out of sight.
- 8 Then Satan vaunts, and tells my soul
That I'm a cast-away:
Ah! who in such a frame as this
Can either praise or pray?
- 9 In this sad state I've often been;
Then like poor Job I've cry'd,
O that I knew were I might find
Some shelter where to hide!
- 10 But Jesus knows my wretched case,
He knows I fear the rod;
Ah! sure the Lord has found me out;
But I can't find my God.
- 11 But when my Jesus shines again,
His presence makes me bold;
Ah! then I see God's furnace is
To purify the gold.
- 12 Lord, cleanse my poor polluted soul
From dross and filth within,
And let me feel thy furnace, Lord,
Burn nothing but my sin.

HYMNS & POEMS.

The Desire of the true Worshipper of God.
Psalm lxxii. 6.

- 1 May God the Spirit now descend,
Like a refreshing show'r ;
O may we feel the dews of heav'n
In this appointed hour.
- 2 Lord, water our poor parched souls ;
Now let the rain descend
Upon our barren scorched hearts :
Come, thou Almighty Friend !
- 3 Thy holy law has cut us down ;
We feel ourselves undone :
No help within, no hope without,
Unless in God the Son.
- 4 We we're alive without the law,
Till the commandment came ;
And then, alas ! all hope was gone
But in the Saviour's name.
- 5 Our works, alas ! what filthy rags ;
Nay, worse than dung and dross ;
God clothes us in that precious robe,
Wrought out on Calv'ry's cross.
- 6 Ah ! Lord, we're like the parched ground,
When thou withhold'st the rain ;
Dried up and barren as a heath,
No trace of life remain.
- 7 But when fresh showers of grace descend,
Then, tho' we feel our sin,
We feel there's life within the root,
There's something lives within.
- 8 Day after day the scorching sun
Beats hot upon our head ;
Like barren mountains we appear,
Dried up, and almost dead.
- 9 No prospect of a future crop,
Tho' once so fair and green ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Mown down, dried up, and scorch'd with heat;
O what a barren scene!
10 And shall it perish now, and die?
God's shall must come to pass:
God will come down upon the soul
Like rain upon the grass.
11 And then it springs and grows again,
From heav'n's refreshing dew:
O may a show'r descend this night
On me and each of you!

The Lord will seek out his Chosen. Ezek. xxxiv. 16.

- 1 I will! You shall! Who speaks these words?
Jehovah, Lord of all.
Hell trembles at his mighty nod
And angels prostrate fall.
2 I will seek out poor ruin'd man,
The object of my choice;
I will restore poor wand'ring man,
And mourners shall rejoice.
3 I will bind up their broken bones,
Their fainting souls revive;
I'll put my grace within their hearts,
And keep it there alive.
4 I'll make my chosen people know
I save, entirely free;
I save, because I lov'd their souls
From all eternity.
5 I'll make the weak to stand the test
Of hell's infernal blast,
Because I've pardon'd all their sins,
The present and the past.
6 I found them in a desert land,
Both naked and undone;
I lov'd them in this filthy state,
And chose them in my Son.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 7 I saw them in their wretched state,
In sin's dark wilderness;
Ah! then I view'd them all complete
Drest in my righteousness.
- 8 I make them see how vile they are,
I make them mourn their sin;
I make them know that grace alone
Can conquer what's within.
- 9 I make them mourn, lament, and sigh,
I make them to rejoice,
I make them know I call by grace,
Because they are my choice.
- 10 I make them glory in the plan,
Salvation wholly free;
I shew them where their debts were paid,
On Calv'ry's bloody tree
- 11 I shew them how my holy law
Was fully magnified;
There's not a single mite to pay,
For Christ the Saviour died.
- 12 But some will boast of nature's pow'rs,
And others of free will;
The law is held up as their rule;
They cleave to Moses still.
- 13 Tho' Christ has fully kept the law,
Yet they will keep it too;
But they forget they break the law
In (almost) all they do.

Eternal Life the Gift of Christ. John x. 28.

- 1 Eternal life, O what a gift
To wretched ruin'd man!
My soul, admire salvation's scheme,
Salvation's glorious plan.
- 2 Eternal glory to the Lord,
Who did a Lamb provide;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- To make eternal life secure
This Lamb on Calv'ry died.
- 3 Eternal glory to the Lamb
Who took our cause in hand;
For those he paid the price of blood
Can never be condemn'd.
- 4 The law has nothing to demand;
There's not one mite unpaid;
And you that owe five hundred pence,
The law cannot upbraid.
- 5 No; who dare bring a second charge
Against a chosen sheep?
Cloath'd in the righteousness of God,
The sinner stands complete.
- 6 I give eternal life, says Christ:
Who does he give it to?
To those who trust to Christ alone;
But not for what they do.
- 7 This life was hid with Christ in God
Before the world begun;
And all that ever will be sav'd
Were chose in God the Son.
- 8 Eternal life is for that man
Who mourns his wretched case;
Who sees salvation's not by works,
But all of special grace.
- 9 Fear not, poor soul, to venture here;
You need not fear at all;
For He who gives eternal life
Has rais'd you from the fall.
- 10 Renounce yourself, your sinful self,
Your righteous self as well:
The best of works you can perform
Would only lead to hell.
- 11 But those who trust in grace alone
Shall never be condemn'd:

- Ten thousand devils cannot pluck
 One sheep from Jesus' hand.
- 23 Then let the weaklings of the flock
 For evermore rejoice;
 Christ gives to them eternal life,
 As God the Father's choice.
- 24 They stand for ever, ever safe,
 And shall for ever stand
 Secure from hell's infernal pow'rs,
 Secure in Jesus' hand.

Isaiah lvii. 18.

- 1 The heart of man is like the sea
 That casteth up its mire;
 There's not a heart, 'till chang'd by grace,
 That has one good desire.
- 2 Thus saith the high and lofty One,
 Who dwells in endless light,
 I'll put my fear within their hearts,
 And guide their footsteps right.
- 3 I've seen their evil crooked ways;
 My Spirit shall reveal;
 Altho' they're stung to death by sin,
 I've seen, and I will heal.
- 4 I'll lead them into paths of peace,
 My comforts I'll restore;
 I hear their groans and sighs come up,
 When waiting at my door.
- 5 But ah! how oft the child of God,
 Like Ephraim, goes astray;
 Corruptions foam and rage within,
 And all his comforts slay.
- 6 'Tis then he feels his wretched heart
 Just like the troubled sea;
 It casteth up its mire and dust:
 This doth Jehovah see.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And will he heal a wretch so vile?
Was ever love like this?
See here the boundless love of God,
He ever had for his.
- 8 'Not unto us', will be our song,
If he has healed us;
By nature (I can testify)
The devils can't be worse.
- 9 What I, a wretched sinner, sav'd?
Shall I forbear to tell
The love of my Jehovah, Christ,
In saving me from hell?
- 10 And shall I ever sin again?
Ah! Lord, I blush to tell,
My nature is no better yet:
It loves the road to hell.
- 11 O wicked heart, polluted flesh!
What depths of sin lay there:
'Tis grace, free grace, that saves my soul,
And keeps me from despair.
- 12 All this, and more than this, my God,
Thy grace has made me feel;
But all the wounds that sin has made
Thy promise is to heal.
- 13 Lord, heal each soul that's present here;
Each soul is known to thee:
Knock off their chains, and heal their souls,
Loose them, and set them free.
- 14 Apply to ev'ry wounded heart
The blood-atoning balm;
Control the raging waves within;
Lord, speak them to a calm.
- 15 Subdue that ugly monster, sin;
That rebel, unbelief;
We would be sav'd just in the way
Thou sav'dst the dying thief.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 16 That all the glory may be thine,
We would not take a part:
Lord, take the glory to thyself,
And with it take each heart.

The Stony Heart. Ezek. xi. 19.

- 1 This wretched, wicked heart of mine,
Seems cas'd with harden'd steel:
Hard as it is, the love of God
Has pow'r to make it feel.
- 2 Lord, take this flinty stone away,
Or melt it down with grace:
Hard as I am, (I think) I long
To see my Jesus' face.
- 3 Why am I like the barren heath,
Or like the scorched ground?
I cannot help myself, O Lord;
In thee my help is found.
- 4 Oh, pour thy Spirit down this night,
That we may softer feel;
Some tokens of thy pard'ning love
To ev'ry soul reveal.
- 5 We would rejoice, but can't rejoice:
We would stand still and see
That great salvation thou hast wrought
For wretches vile as we.
- 6 The time has been we could rejoice,
And triumph in thy name;
But now 'tis night, dark night indeed;
But Jesus is the same.
- 7 We wait thy coming, blessed Lord;
O make no long delay;
Lord Jesus, come, O quickly come,
And turn this night to day.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 Lord keep us at the fountain head,
Let broken cisterns go;
'Tis these beguile our foolish hearts,
When after them we go.
- 9 O give that peace which those enjoy
Whose minds are stay'd on thee;
For tho' in fetters we are bound,
One look will set us free.
- 10 We would not let thee go, O God;
The blessing we must have;
From Satan, self, from hell, and sin,
'Tis thou can'st only save.
- 11 And shall we mourn our hearts so hard,
And we remain so still;
We know we have no pow'r to do;
Bless God we have a will.
- 12 Lord take our stony heart away,
And give a heart of flesh;
Lord keep our faces Zion-ward,
And set us off afresh.

Jonah.

- 1 Whoever reads poor Jonah's life,
Does well to recollect
That God will take a special care
Of all his own elect.
- 2 Altho' they sadly go astray,
And woefully rebel,
Yet God will take such charge of them,
Not one shall stray to hell.
- 3 Poor Jonah stands a proof of this,
And so do you and I;
He tried to run away from God;
God watch'd him with his eye.
- 4 See Jonah sinking in the deep,
With weeds wrapp'd round his head;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Who would have thought but there he would
Be number'd with the dead ?
- 5 However deep poor Jonah sinks,
Poor Jonah shan't despair ;
Tho' at the bottom of the sea,
The grace of God was there.
- 6 Ah ! Jonah's soul began to faint
Indeed, and well it might ;
Tho' mountains were about his head,
He still was in God's sight.
- 7 Ten thousand seas can't drown a soul
That's in Jehovah's hand :
Tho' Jonah disobeys his God,
God brings him safe to land.
- 8 Poor fretful Jonah, after all,
Was safely brought to shore ;
Yet after all the Lord had done
Was fretful as before.
- 9 Ah ! see what nature is at best ;
See it in Jonah's case ;
God drag'd him by the gates of hell ;
How wonderful his grace !
- 10 See Jonah cast into the sea,
Envelop'd in the deep ;
There in the jaws of death he cried ;
And why ? He was a sheep.
- 11 Tho' earth, and sin, and hell, combine
To drag a sheep to hell,
They might as well attempt to drag
Our Jesus there as well :
- 12 For Christ is gone with all their names,
And Jonah's name was there ;
And while our Jesus lives and reigns,
God's Jonahs need not fear.
- 13 And is there nothing then to fear ?
Remember Jonah's case ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- He sinn'd away all nature had
But not away his grace.
- 14 Tho' nature fall, yet grace must stand
Against hell's fiercest shock:
What was the reason Jonah stood?
He was upon a Rock.
- 15 That Rock is Christ, th' eternal God:
This Rock for ever stands;
And all God's chosen stand as safe,
For they are in his hands.
- 16 Not all the schemes hell can invent
God's people to oppose:
No, Jesus never lost one soul
Whom God the Father chose.

The Mourning Soul. Psalm xxxviii. 6.

- 1 How long shall I go mourning here?
No sun from day to day:
With long and gloomy darksome nights,
No star to guide my way.
- 2 Is this the path that pilgrims go?
Can this be Zion's way?
Then, Christians, God must lead and guide,
Or who can help but stray?
- 3 What, this the way to Zion's hill?
What, such bad road as this?
No sun, no moon, no star, no light:
What, this the way to bliss?
- 4 Ah! tell me, you that know the road,
Say, Am I right or wrong?
Is this the path I've got to tread?
O tell me then how long?
- 5 When will the sun arise again,
That I may see my way?
How very long the night appears,
How very short the day!

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 6 But ah ! 'tis sin, 'tis cursed sin,
That clouds the blessed sun,
And veils my soul in darkness still ;
Can neither walk nor run.
- 7 O sin, thou art a plague to me ;
It oft my soul beguiles ;
But ah ! the danger is not seen
When the dread monster smiles.
- 8 Ten thousand forms this monster wears ;
It lurks within the heart ;
How often too, when unperceiv'd,
It takes the devil's part.
- 9 Sin, drest in a religious garb,
Just such the craft of hell ;
That man that's pleas'd with what he does,
Pleases the devil well.
- 10 And those who doubt from day to day,
Because they feel within
So dead, so dark, so vile, so base,
And mourn because of sin :
- 11 There is no cause for such a doubt ;
They prove God's work began ;
God makes his chosen feel their sins ;
This is Jehovah's plan.

*Look not upon me because I am black, for the Sun has
looked upon me. Sol. Song i. 6.*

- 1 Look not upon me because I'm black ;
I know my blackness well ;
Yes, black I am as Kedar's tents,
And black indeed as hell.
- 2 Look not upon me because I'm black ;
I own it is my case ;
Tho' black by nature, (blessed God)
I'm comely thro' thy grace.

HYMNS & POEMS:

- 3 Tho' now I mourn an absent God,
Yet will he ever stay?
No, no, I shall behold his face;
He will not cast away.
- 4 My blackness will not keep him back;
He knows how black I am;
Jehovah views me pure and white,
In Christ the blessed Lamb.
- 5 Tho' now he veils his lovely face,
He knows my sad distress;
He knows I glory in his name,
The Lord my righteousness.
- 6 Ah! I am black and you are black,
We all are black by sin;
But God, and only God, can know
How black we are within.
- 7 How black that sin of unbelief,
That wrangling brat of hell!
Ah! how it plagues the heav'n-born soul,
There's none but those can tell.
- 8 Ten thousand sins in ambush lay
Conceal'd within the heart;
And in an unbelieving fit,
Will take the devil's part.
- 9 Will Jesus ever look on such?
Yes, blessed be his name;
This is the state he found us in;
By nature still the same.
- 10 The sun has look'd upon our souls,
And made us feel and see
That if we're ever sav'd at all,
It must be wholly free.

The cry of the Righteous. Ps. xxxiv. 17.

- 1 The righteous cry; Jehovah hears;
O what a mercy this;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 'Tis God creates this cry within,
For God knows who are his.
- 2 Who are these righteous crying souls?
Look in the word and see;
'Tis those he fix'd his love upon
From all eternity.
- 3 Who makes them cry? what makes them cry?
Why do they cry at all?
Because the Lord has made them feel
The ruins of the fall.
- 4 When do they cry, poor helpless souls?
When God puts cries within:
'Tis then they cry, Lord, save my soul;
O save my soul from sin!
- 5 These are the souls that cry indeed,
For God has made them cry;
'Tis God that makes them feel their woe,
And does each want supply.
- 6 And can these righteous cry in vain,
Since God has made them cry?
'Tis God begins and carries on;
Their prayers he can't deny.
- 7 Tho' unbelief may plague the soul,
Which often is the case;
Ah! then the soul cries louder still
For God's supporting grace.
- 8 Ah! sure that is a proof of love,
That none will dare deny;
That when the Father hides his face
His children mourn and cry.
- 9 And can you bear an absent God,
And not heave up a sigh?
No, when you Father's out of sight,
You cannot help but cry.
- 10 The righteous cry; God hears their cry,
And helps in ev'ry need.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Where all the pow'rs of hell let loose,
These criers must succeed.
- 11 'Tis God that puts these cries within;
God doth their sins forgive;
'Tis God that makes them cry for that
God has design'd to give.
- 12 Then cry, poor soul, cry louder still;
You shall not cry in vain;
For what the Lord has made you ask,
You surely shall obtain.

Light is sown for the Righteous. Psalm xcvi. 11.

- 1 How long shall darkness veil my mind?
Lord, fan that heavenly spark:
Why grope I thus in darkness still?
Why walk I in the dark?
- 2 For light is sown; Lord make it spring;
Turn darkness into light;
That I may see my poor black soul
Stand righteous in thy sight.
- 3 Lord, let me see my state secure,
Salvation made complete;
This is the light that shall spring up
In all the chosen sheep.
- 4 Our life is hid with Christ in God,
In whom all fulness dwell;
And who shall take this life away?
Not all the pow'rs of hell.
- 5 Light, life, and joy, and endless peace,
Shall be the christian's lot;
'Tis God that sows the seed of grace;
'Tis God ensures the crop.
- 6 Here clouds will often intervene,
And hide the blessed Sun;
God stands engag'd to carry on
The work he has begun.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 7 There's not one promise God has made,
But is the christian's right;
They're made to them in Christ their head,
In whom God takes delight.
- 8 In him eternal life is sown,
And ev'ry grace complete,
To be bestowed as God sees best
On all the chosen sheep.
- 9 But some poor dark benighted soul
May say, This may be true;
But light is sown for new-born souls;
It may be sown for you;
- 10 But as for me, I'm dark as night;
I see no light within;
If light is sown, 'tis not come up;
I'm plagu'd to death with sin:
- 11 Light may be sown, and gladness too,
For the upright in heart;
That cannot be a wretch like me,
So blind, so dead, so dark.
- 12 Poor doubting soul, remember this,
Tho' unbelief reject,
This light is sown in Christ for you
As one of God's elect.
- 13 Christ is for you, that righteous One;
In him you righteous stand:
The soul that trusts his all in Him,
Can never be condemn'd.
- 14 Whence came that light that makes you see
The just deserts of sin?
Who told you, you was dead to God?
Who wrought this light within?
- 15 This is a light was sown for you
Before the world began;
And light is now sprung up, by which
You see salvation's plan.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 16 If any ask how this can be,
Then answer them, and say,
You're righteous in the Son of God;
There is no other way.

The Two Debtors. Luke vii. 41, 42.

- 1 O that the Lord would now look down
Upon each debtor here;
Since we confess we've nought to pay,
Lord Jesus set us clear.
- 2 We own our debt five hundred pence;
Ah! Lord, 'tis ten times more;
Ten thousand talents is our debt;
And yet how miserably poor.
- 3 We would not mitigate the sum,
But at thy foot we fall;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us both,
Since Jesus paid it all.
- 4 If fifty pence were all we owed,
We're debtors in thy sight;
However great the sum may be,
We cannot pay one mite.
- 5 O what a mercy 'tis to know
There's nothing left to pay;
When Jesus hung on Calv'ry's cross,
He took the debt away.
- 6 'Twas there he paid the price of blood,
On Calv'ry's cursed tree;
There Jesus died for such as you,
Such debtors too as me.
- 7 Lord, give us faith to see and know
Our ransom from the fall:
Christ took our sins upon himself
And freely paid them all.
- 8 See here redemption full and free
For ruin'd helpless man:

HYMNS & POEMS.

- O glorious everlasting love
That brought about the plan.
9 Who made it known to you and me?
Ah! sure we both can tell:
God sought us out when trav'ling in
The road that leads to hell.
10 He found us very deep in debt,
And knew we'd nought to pay,
That arm will safely lead us on
That brought us in the way.
11 For we had perish'd in our sins;
We lov'd our bondage well;
All praise to free and sov'reign grace
That snatch'd our souls from hell.
12 Let Simon sneer at Mary's tears;
Love melted Mary's heart:
While Simon thought his debt was small;
For that he'd paid a part.
13 How many Simons in this day
Are just in Simon's case;
They jeer at weeping Mary now,
And spurn at sov'reign grace.
14 And why? Because they never felt
The horrid plague of sin;
They try to keep their outside clean,
While black as hell within.
15 Tho' Simon entertain'd our Lord,
'Twas only as a guest;
And God had fore-ordain'd to go,
That Mary might be bless'd.
16 There Jesus prov'd his special grace,
But Simon could not see;
No, God had not design'd he should:
He was a Pharisee.

HYMNS & POEMS.

Strength in Weakness. 2 Cor. xii. 10.

- 1 When I am weak, then am I strong:
How can that be the case?
How strange a paradox to those
Who are not call'd by grace.
- 2 Strange as it is, Paul found it so,
And gloried in it too:
'Twas when he felt the galling thorn,
He found what Christ could do.
- 3 'Twas then Christ made his grace appear
Sufficient for poor Paul:
Tho' he was weak, his God was strong,
So he could never fall.
- 4 Ye babes, ye lambs, ye weaklings, then,
That have no strength at all;
If you are brought to see it so,
You stand as safe as Paul.
- 5 When once a man is made to feel
He has no strength at all,
I verily believe that man
To be as strong as Paul.
- 6 When I am weak, then am I strong:
'Twas Paul himself thus spake:
He found his strength was in his God,
Tho' he himself so weak.
- 7 The two poor debtors once, you know,
When they had nought to pay,
The creditors forgave them both,
And sent them free away.
- 8 Apply this, O ye weaklings, then,
Who know your helpless case;
That man who boasts one mite his own
Will never prize free grace.
- 9 Perhaps some weak ones may reply,
I'm sure I nothing have:

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Well then, you must be sure of this,
That Christ must fully save.
- 10 And have you not one single mite?
Not one good work to plead!
What, wholly sav'd by Christ alone,
Without one holy deed?
- 11 What, dare you venture on this ground?
What, sav'd entirely free?
I care not what Arminians say,
This is the way for me.
- 12 When I am weak, then am I strong;
This was th' apostle's boast;
And those who trust their all to Christ,
Will glorify him most.
- 13 Then, O ye poor distressed souls,
Who fear ye are not right,
Because so many lurking sins
Perplex you day and night:
- 14 And is it so with you, poor soul?
You're in a happy case;
A dead man never yet complain'd:
This is the work of grace.
- 15 You think your heart as hard as stone,
And callous like the steel;
But what a mercy 'tis, poor soul,
That you begin to feel.
- 16 Ah! feel indeed, some may reply,
I think 'tis worse and worse:
Well, bless the Lord you can say so;
'Tis grace has made you thus.
- 17 Thousands of thousands souls there are
Who feel no change at all;
And once it was just so with you,
And so it was with Paul.
- 18 Then let the weakest lamb rejoice,
There's strength in Christ your head;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- You would not mourn your wretched state
If you were wholly dead.
- 19 But some are ready now to say,
I don't know what I am;
Sometimes I can do nothing right,
Sometimes I think I can;
- 20 Sometimes I think I try to pray,
And then can't pray at all;
Sometimes I think there is no hope,
And then I cease to call;
- 21 Sometimes I think I'll try once more;
I go, with, Who can tell?
Because I've heard that pray'rless souls
Are sure to go to hell.
- 22 How many souls are harass'd thus;
'Twas once the case with me;
'Twas God that made me feel my chains;
'Twas God that set me free.

Vanity. Ecclesiastes i. 2 and ix. 13.

- 1 King Solomon declar'd a truth
Which some will dare deny;
That all this world calls good and great
At best is vanity.
- 2 He tried all sublunary things,
But found (to his confusion)
Vexatious vanity at best,
And all a sad delusion.
- 3 Ah! see the wisest, greatest man,
How oft he went astray;
And what he thought would gratify
Turn'd out but vanity.
- 4 If Solomon, so great, so wise,
Found this to be the case,
Then where's a man can guide himself,
Of all the human race?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 The great, the noble, and the poor,
By nature on a level;
By grace are made to serve the Lord;
By nature serve the devil.
- 6 Ah! hear how Solomon concludes:
This seems to be his plan;
Fear but the Lord, keep his commands:
This he enjoins on man.
- 7 But who are those that fear the Lord,
And keep e'en one command?
Not Solomon himself did this,
Which Moses doth demand.
- 8 Man is so sinful and corrupt,
And has been since the fall,
Instead of keeping God's commands,
He daily breaks them all.
- 9 How can it be the duty, then,
Of such a helpless creature,
To do what no man ever did,
But Christ as Mediator?
- 10 'Tis here the man, who, taught of God,
Sees all the work is done;
Whatever Moses may demand,
He finds in God the Son.
- 11 Whatever then the law requir'd,
Our Surety paid it down;
God views his own complete in him,
As heirs unto a crown.
- 12 'Tis only those will fear the Lord,
Those only can obey;
What Christ has done was done for those,
And nothing's left to pay.
- 13 How shall we work the work of God?
The Pharisees may ask;
Poor soul, his works are nothing worth;
His work is but a task.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 14 He never felt the plague of sin,
He knows not what we mean;
And all he strives to do is this,
To keep the outside clean.
- 15 He never had a broken bone;
He never had a wound;
But like the horse that's in the mill,
He goes a constant round.
- 16 Professors such as these abound,
But 'tis a dreadful omen;
For if you love the gospel sound,
You're call'd an Antinomian.
- 17 For Christ is hardly mention'd now;
'Tis mostly Christ and Co;
This is the doctrine you may hear,
And have not far to go.
- 18 For those who preach or hear the truth
Are now despis'd by many;
There are ten thousand sermons preach'd
Not worth a single penny.
- 19 They preach the law to sinners dead;
They call it gospel too;
The lame must walk, the blind must see,
Their duty is to do.
- 20 Who ever kept the law of God?
I never heard but one,
And that was Christ the sinners' Friend,
The eternal God, the Son.
- 21 All those for whom he bled and died,
He calls them to a man;
But when they're call'd, what can they do?
They can do nothing then.
- 22 And yet they do the work for God,
Jehovah has appointed;
For grace shall answer his design;
God is not disappointed.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 23 And those who work the best for God,
(I dare to speak for one)
Are those who see all finished
By God's co-equal Son.
- 24 They only keep the Lord's commands
In Christ their elder Brother:
This is the gospel that I love,
Tho' thousands preach another.

The New-year's Day.

- 1 Bless'd be the Lord, I live to see
Another new-year's day:
For all the mercies of the past,
Alas! what can I say?
- 2 I'll tell how good the Lord has been,
For many years now past;
I'll tell how kind He's been to me,
And that throughout the last.
- 3 For many years God held me up,
When wallowing in sin;
I ran the road that leads to hell,
And crowded to get in.
- 4 Year after year I thus rebel'd,
And thought I did no harm;
That God was seldom in my thoughts,
Who held me with his arm.
- 5 At last he made my soul to feel
My awful, wretched case;
And then he whisper'd in my soul,
Salvation was by grace.
- 6 Ah! then I felt my heart to melt,
But not till I could see
The sin-atoning Sacrifice
On Calv'ry's bloody tree.
- 7 'Twas there I saw the law fulfil'd
And justice satisfied,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- The law might call to me in vain,
Since Christ my surety died.
- 8 Now Moses might arrest my soul,
I fear not Sinai's smoke;
Since Christ made good that very law,
Which I, a wretch, had broke.
- 9 But as my years kept rolling on,
I often got a fall;
A darkness overspread my soul,
And then I doubted all.
- 10 In this sad state, where did I go?
With shame I now confess,
I ran unto the law again,
To Moses, for redress.
- 11 He flogg'd me well, and bound me down
Beneath his iron fetter;
He told me I must do or die;
Ah! do more works, and better.
- 12 Beneath this yoke in bondage held,
I labour'd many years,
And never once could do my task:
I'd nought but stripes and tears.
- 13 And here I'd lain, in this sad state,
Unto the present day,
Had not my Jesus come to me,
And said, "I am the way."
- 14 My heart had got as hard as steel,
While Moses was my master;
Not Moses' whip, but Jesus' voice,
That made my soul run faster.
- 15 Christ is the leader of his sheep,
All others go astray;
And those who make the law their rule
Will never find the way.
- 16 To hear Christ preach'd, and Moses too,
O how the soul is toss'd;

HYMNS & POEMS.

Suppose a man keeps half the law,
Yet still the man is lost.

17 But some may think they further go,
And nearly keep the whole,
And what they miss Christ will make up:
O poor deluded soul!

18 'Tis not of him who wills or runs,
However fast he run,
Salvation comes another way,
It comes thro' God the Son.

19 'Till Christ is known, 'till Christ is felt,
'Till Christ is all in all,
Man never will renounce his works
As nothing worth at all.

20 But when the Spirit shews the man
He's naked, blind, and poor,
Ah! none but Christ for such a man:
He'll trust himself no more.

21 Curs'd is the man who trusts in man,
And maketh flesh his stay;
He'll feel and find his sad mistake,
And that another day.

22 But blessed, blessed is the man
Whom God has made to see
Salvation is the gift of God,
And that entirely free.

23 Then let me live, and let me die,
A debtor to free grace;
And, as a sinner freely sav'd,
May I behold his face.

Longing after God. Psalm xlii. 2.

1 O could I, could I but declare
One half of what I feel:
Sometimes a little love for God,
Sometimes as hard as steel.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 Sometimes I'd give the world to pray,
But cannot pray at all;
Sometimes my mountain seems to stand;
And then again I fall.
- 3 Sometimes corruptions bear me down,
Such feelings none can tell
But those who know the wretched heart
Is like a little hell.
- 4 Sometimes I feel dispos'd to pray,
And feel a heavenly gleam;
But ah! these soul-refreshing views,
Alas! how short they seem!
- 5 Sometimes I see and can admire
Salvation's glorious plan;
Sometimes can neither feel nor see,
And care not what I am.
- 6 Sometimes I think to give up all,
But yet I can't give up;
Sometimes I see the reason why;
'Tis Jesus holds me up.
- 7 Sometimes I murmur and complain,
And thus I mourning go;
I'm hardly ever satisfied
With what my Father do.
- 8 Sometimes I think I must be wrong,
And never was set right;
Sometimes I see my state secure;
Again as dark as night.
- 9 Is this the road you ever trod?
Methinks I hear some say,
You are an Antinomian still,
And not in Zion's way.
- 10 My God abideth faithful still,
Fix'd in his firm decree
To save in his appointed way,
To save poor helpless me.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 11 Ah! me, the vilest of the vile,
A poor ungrateful man;
Yet, blessed be the Lord, I see
Salvation's glorious plan.
- 12 A sinner sav'd, completely sav'd,
And this I dare to tell;
'Tis wholly free, or I'd been lost,
I must have gone to hell.

The Mourning Soul's Confession. Psalm xxxii. 5.

- 1 O Lord, how many days are past
Since first I heard thy name;
A sinner then, a sinner now,
I still remain the same.
- 2 Why is it thus, O blessed God?
Ah! why so carnal still?
Sometimes I hardly move to God,
Nor hardly find a will.
- 3 I feel within an empty void?
Lord fill that vacant space;
For nothing, Lord, can satisfy,
But tokens of thy grace.
- 4 The world won't do, with all its toys;
I've tried, and tried in vain;
I've sought for peace ten thousand ways,
But never could obtain.
- 5 Lord now I seek it at thy foot,
O let the blessing come;
For if thou leav'st me to myself,
Alas! I am undone.
- 6 Cold, hard, and dead, I feel it so,
Yet sure it may be said
There is some little life within!
I can't be wholly dead.
- 7 For blessed be the Lord, I feel
Some love to Jesus' name;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- The God who chose me when quite dead,
His love is still the same.
- 8 'Tis unbelief, base unbelief,
That robs my soul of peace;
God saves me not because I feel,
He saves me by his grace.
- 9 Then let me look, and hope, and wait,
The Lord will come again;
I have his word that cannot fail,
That none shall seek in vain.
- 10 'Twas God inclin'd my heart to seek
In his appointed way;
He's promis'd to be present here,
Where souls are met to pray.
- 11 Lord bless this little handful here,
And make each one to know
That God the Spirit is come down
To bless us here below.
- 12 Then where we go, may Jesus go,
And stay with those who stay;
Lord, let thy Spirit rest on all,
Before we go away.

Who shall Stand in the Judgment? Daniel xii. 1.

- 1 O what a glorious blessed day
To all God's chosen sheep,
When Christ the Judge will then pronounce
His people all complete.
- 2 Complete they ever stood in him,
But this they could not see
'Till God reveal'd himself in love
And set the captives free.
- 3 When those dread books are open'd wide,
By which all will be tried
Who sought for life, but not thro' Christ,
Who for the chosen died.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 Who then will stand the dreadful test
Of God's most fiery law?
For law and conscience will condemn,
Where'er they find a flaw.
- 5 For hast thou lov'd the Lord thy God,
And that with all thy heart?
Thy conscience will condemn thee there:
The judge will say, Depart!
- 6 But those in whom the Lord was pleas'd
To manifest his grace,
God then will own his work of grace,
They shall behold his face.
- 7 Rejoice, ye weak and helpless souls;
God will not cast away;
No, God will own one spark of grace
At the tremendous day.
- 8 One hope, one wish, one firm desire,
The Lord will not reject;
These are the graces God bestows
Upon his own elect.
- 9 For nature never did produce
One breath that's heaven-ward;
'Tis only God, by his own grace,
Puts cries in for the Lord.
- 10 All those he makes to feel the load,
The grievous load of sin,
And only those are made to see
How black they are within.
- 11 'Tis such as these that Christ will own
At the tribunal day;
But those who're judged by the books
Will all be cast away.
- 12 Lord grant my worthless name may stand
Recorded in thy book;
The Lamb's own book that's writ with blood;
Who all my sorrows took.

HYMNS & POEMS.

True and False Hope. 1 Peter iii. 15.

- 1 What is our hope? we have some hope,
That's either right or wrong;
The hypocrite he has a hope
That will not last him long.
- 2 Suppose the question now were ask'd,
How matters stand within;
What do we ground our hope upon?
What do we think of sin?
- 3 There's not a sinner upon earth,
Not one within this place,
But certainly will go to hell,
If not redeem'd by grace.
- 4 What is your hope, poor doubting soul?
Methinks I hear you say,
I hope that God will save my soul
Thro' Christ, the truth, the way.
- 5 I hope sometimes, I think I hope;
But then again I doubt;
I know, whatever God begins,
The Lord will bring about.
- 6 I hope, some other soul may say,
Altho' my sins are great,
I hope the Lord will pardon me,
And that for Jesus' sake.
- 7 Another may reply, and say,
My state I cannot tell;
My fears, I think, surmount my hopes,
That I shall go to hell.
- 8 Whence came these hopes and fears? I ask,
Why do you hope at all?
The dead can neither hope nor fear;
They neither cry nor call.
- 9 The hope that's fix'd on Christ alone
Will stand the trying day;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Not all the pow'r or craft of hell
Can take this hope away.
- 10 Is this my hope? Is this your hope?
The question is but fair:
A hope that's grounded on this rock,
Will stand against despair.
- 11 But some there are, and many too,
Whose hopes were always strong;
But if they come and tell me so,
I'd say their hopes are wrong.
- 12 Whoever hopes, yet never felt
The galling plague of sin,
Their hopes are false, they never knew
The wretched state they're in.
- 12 Whoever feels the law condemns
And damns him justly too,
Is glad to hang his hopes on Christ,
And not on what he do.
- 14 When laden down by guilt within,
His terrors who can tell?
He knows that God is just to send
A guilty wretch to hell.
- 15 Where can this creature find a hope?
For if he looks within,
He finds his heart as black as hell,
Himself a lump of sin.
- 16 When God directs the trembling soul
To Calv'ry's bloody tree,
'Tis there he finds there's hope for such
A guilty wretch as he.
- 17 This is the hope will ever stand
Against hell's fiercest shock;
The weakest soul that has this hope,
Is built upon a rock.
- 18 But those poor hoping, fainting souls,
Who fear they are not right;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Ah ! tell such hoping souls as these,
They're precious in God's sight.
19 They hope in God's eternal love ;
They look to Calv'ry's tree :
A hope that's fix'd on Christ alone,
Ah ! that's the hope for me.
20 Some fix their hope on what they do,
And some will dare to say
That God is bound to save their souls,
Because they read and pray.
21 Ten thousand thousands hope like these,
They hope that all is well ;
Yes, thousands have such hopes as these,
Who hoping go to hell.

Nothing can satisfy but God.

- 1 How oft I grumble and repine
With blessings in my hand ;
There's nothing here can satisfy,
No, neither house nor land.
2 Sometimes the Lord bestows on me,
His fretful child, a toy,
On which I raise my prospects high,
And look for certain joy.
3 But soon there's something intervenes,
I've something else in view :
The former mercy is forgot,
And I want something new.
4 O this unstable heart of mine
Is like the troubled sea ;
The more I have, the more I want ;
When shall I settled be ?
5 I know this wretched world can't fill
This anxious soul of mine ;
O could I to my Father's will
My soul, my all, resign.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 6 Sometimes, alas ! I think I can,
I'll trust the world no more;
But when I meet some little cross,
I'm fretful as before.
- 7 Why am I captivated thus,
By such poor trifling toys ?
Alas ! how oft this wretched world
Destroys my better joys.
- 8 I want to trust, but cannot trust
A God of providence;
Altho' he bless from day to day,
I'm full of diffidence.
- 9 When troubles roll in thick and fast,
Ah ! then my faith gives way ;
Sometimes I think I cannot stand,
No, not another day.
- 10 Sometimes I feel my heart rebel ;
I cannot bear the yoke ;
I kick and murmur at the rod,
And shrink at ev'ry stroke.
- 11 But when my Jesus smiles again,
My folly I deplore ;
Then I can trust and hope and wait,
And think I'll doubt no more.

The Safety of God's Chosen. Zech. ii. 12.

- 1 How firm and safe that soul shall stand
That's fix'd upon a rock ;
Because Jehovah plac'd him there
With all the chosen flock.
- 2 Tho' winds may blow, and waves run high,
Which often is the case,
Ten thousand foes assault the soul
That's call'd by sov'reign grace.
- 3 While others walk an even path,
And feel no change at all,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- The pow'rs of earth and hell combine
To make the christian fall.
- 4 And does he fall? O ask that soul
That's travel'd Zion's way;
And some will own, I have no doubt,
They fall ten times a day.
- 5 Their unbelief, that brat of hell,
The devil's darling sin,
O how it plagues the christian's soul;
This monster lurks within.
- 6 'Tis here the chosen often fall,
While others think they stand;
But tho' he falls, he's sure to rise,
He's in Jehovah's hand.
- 7 Ah! Jesus lifts him up again,
And sets him at his feet;
For he's a brand snatch'd from the fire;
He is a chosen sheep.
- 8 Altho' he stands in filthy rags,
And Satan may accuse,
There is a garment for his soul
Jehovah won't refuse:
- 9 Jehovah Jesus wrought it out,
Jehovah brought it in;
The soul stands righteous in this dress,
Without one spot of sin.
- 10 Then, ye poor sin-distressed souls,
Who can't get on at all;
This is a proof your precious souls
Are ransom'd from the fall.
- 11 For blessed is the soul that mourns;
That soul shall soon rejoice;
There's none that mourn the plague of sin
But God's own special choice.
- 12 That man can't fall who never stood;
He still lays in the fall;

HYMNS & POEMS.

And those who never felt their sins,
They never stood at all.

Thoughts on Death. Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 Tho' many go the downward road,
What's that to you and I?
A few more days, weeks, months, or years,
And you and I must die.
- 2 O Death! thou cruel monster, Death!
Thy coming thousands dread;
And we must all who now stand here,
Be number'd with the dead.
- 3 To die, oh! what a thought is this,
And yet we all must die;
How many would be glad to make
This awful thought a lye.
- 4 But what is death? ah! solemn thought,
Not one of us can tell;
But when death comes, then go we must,—
Where to? to heav'n or hell!
- 5 For 'tis appointed by the Lord,
For all men once to die;
And when death comes, the tree must fall,
And as it falls must lie.
- 6 To die in sin is death indeed:
To die, yet never die,
Shut up in hell, in dark despair,
With devils there to lie.
- 7 'Tis sin that arms the monster, death!
No sin, no death at all;
But Adam sin'd, and Adam died;
Death sprang up with the fall.
- 8 But Jesus liv'd, and Jesus died,
To save Jehovah's choice;
The soul that lives and dies in Christ
Shall triumph and rejoice.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 9 Death is the messenger of peace,
He hath no sting for those
Who trust in Christ alone for life,
Whom God the Father chose.
- 10 For Jesus died and conquer'd death;
In dying conquer'd hell;
The love of God to his elect
Archangels cannot tell.
- 11 While some may die, for ever die,
Their precious souls destroy,
Death lands the soul redeem'd by blood
In everlasting joy.
- 12 But is the soul that's born of God
Still prone to go astray?
Yes, stray and fall, and stray again,
But never fall away.
- 13 For those who trust in Zion's God,
Like Zion's mount must stand;
Tho' hell assault and devils tempt,
God holds them in his hand.
- 14 There never was a chosen soul
Of all the human race,
By all the craft or pow'r of hell,
Could ever fall from grace.
- 15 Thousands there are who never had
A spark of grace at all;
'Tis such as those who preach and say,
That man from grace may fall.
- 16 If so, then why do any stand?
I must be bold and say
There's not one man has grace enough
To hold him out one day.
- 17 When death appears to such as those,
'Twill be an awful day;
Those rags he's wrap'd his soul in, then
Must all be thrown away.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 18 The robe of righteousness will do,
And nothing else beside;
And those, and only those will stand
For whom the Saviour died.
- 19 The creatures' hay and stubble too
Will all be burnt up there;
And those who trusted to their works
Will sink in sad despair.

Soul Complaints. Psalm xlii. 5.

- 1 Why has my God forsaken me?
Why go I mourning thus?
My comforts take them wings and fly,
And leave me worse and worse.
- 2 My God, my God, why is it so?
Stretch forth thy helping hand;
Tho' winds and waves roll o'er my head,
Lord bring me safe to land.
- 3 Why does my God secrete himself?
Why leave me in distress?
My God, my hope, my trust, my stay,
The Lord my righteousness.
- 4 But dare I ask the reason why
He hides his face from me?
Ah! sure it is for my base sins,
My foul iniquity.
- 5 Shall I, who have so oft rebel'd,
Shall such a wretch as I,
When I am left to mourn my sins,
Dare ask the reason why?
- 6 No, rather let me ask, and say,
Why am I out of hell?
Why am I still on praying ground,
The reason who can tell?
- 7 Why was I ever born to hear
Salvation full and free?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Ah! why did Jesus ever look
On such a wretch as me?
- 8 Why was I ever made to feel
The horrid state I'm in?
Why was I ever made to mourn
The plague I feel within?
- 9 Why was I ever led to see
Salvation's glorious plan?
Why did I ever flee for life
To Christ the blessed Lamb?
- 10 Why was I led to Calv'ry's cross,
While thousands stop and die?
Ah! why indeed? my soul, adore!
I know the reason why.
- 11 Because it was the will of Him
Who lives and reigns on high,
Who saves because he wills to save:
This is the reason why.
- 12 But when my Jesus veils his face,
And seemingly deny;
Ah! shall I dare dispute with God,
And ask the reason why?
- 13 No, rather let me ask my soul
How often I rebel;
Then let me ask my wicked heart
Why am I out of hell?
- 14 Why do I see, and feel, and know
Salvation must be free?
Why did the Lord leave thousands' souls
And fix his love on me.
- 15 Lord, if I ask the reason why,
The reason must be this:
Because the Lord had chosen me
To everlasting bliss.
- 16 All glory be to matchless grace,
That would not let me die:

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Lord, when I mourn an absent God,
Thou know'st the reason why.
17 Lord, breathe upon our souls this night,
Then unbelief must fly;
Ah! then we can rejoice and sing,
And know the reason why.

Jesus Lord of Heaven and Earth. Ps. xiv.

- 1 God is the world's Proprietor:
Who dare this truth disown?
He speaks all nature into birth,
And calls the world his own.
2 The world, and all that is therein,
Shall answer God's design;
While some are portion'd with this world,
Its maker, God, be mine.
3 Who shall ascend God's holy hill,
And stand before his face?
There's not a soul will stand at last
Who dares deny his grace.
4 The clean in hand, the pure in heart,
Where will you find a man?
The best of works that man performs
God's law will quite condemn.
5 For, when I would do good, (says Paul)
Some lurking foe within,
Distracts my mind and plagues my soul;
O what a plague is sin!
6 How oft some foolish vanity,
Some unsuspected lust,
Will trap my soul, o'ercome my mind,
And crush my hopes to dust.
7 Alas! alas! how oft my soul
In secret gets a fall;
And I, led captive by my sins,
Then think to give up all.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 Sin, like some mighty tyrant's law,
Has got its seat within;
But sin ne'er falls out with itself;
'Tis grace makes war with sin.
- 9 It was not sin that made him pray;
Nor sin made him lament;
No, no, a dumb man never sings;
A dead man can't repent.
- 10 'Twas grace, and nothing else but grace,
Made Paul to mourn his sin;
For till this was the case with Paul,
He felt no plague within.
- 11 Till sin is known, till sin is felt,
Till sin is pardon'd too,
And manifested to the soul,
What can the creature do?
- 12 But hark, my soul, the blessed sound,
The Conqueror is risen!
Ye chosen souls, belov'd of God,
Your sins are all forgiven.
- 13 The King of Glory is gone up,
The great Almighty One;
Who suffer'd death on Calv'ry's cross;
Jehovah, God the Son.
- 14 He's gone, he's gone, the work is done;
Behold the bloody tree,
Where Jesus paid the mighty debt,
And set his people free.
- 15 His hands were clean, his heart was pure,
Yea all complete in him;
He died to make salvation sure,
And blot out every sin.
- 16 He conquer'd our infernal foes;
The battle now is won;
Poor sinners now rejoice and sing,
Salvation's work is done.

HYMNS & POEMS.

The New Man's Desire.

- 1 In thee, O Lord, I'd put my trust,
And rest my everlasting all;
For thou hast ransom'd me from hell,
And saw me thine before the fall.
- 2 Altho' by nature vile and base,
A poor polluted creature still,
Without thy grace I cannot trust,
No, Lord, I cannot even will.
- 3 By nature, Lord, I have no power,
Without thy grace I can't believe;
Whoever dare affirm they can,
Do their own precious souls deceive.
- 4 Can dead men make themselves alive?
Can blind men make themselves to see?
Did ever man untaught of God,
Yet find the way to Calvary?
- 5 No, not one soul would ever seek,
Nor feel one breathing after God,
But lie and perish in his sins,
And sink beneath Jehovah's rod.
- 6 Did not Jehovah spake the word,
And bid the wretched sinner live,
He'd never bow the knee to God,
Nor ask Jehovah to forgive.
- 7 And after God convince the soul
That all his sins are blotted out,
Can he act faith just as he please;
Or can he cease to fear and doubt?
- 8 Then what can sinful nature do?
The man that's born of God can tell,
That nature left to act alone,
Will surely sin its way to hell.
- 9 For nature will rebel, and try
To plague the new-born spark within;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- God makes his chosen people know
The best of nature is but sin.
10 Lord, let thy grace both live and reign,
And keep the wretched tyrant down;
As sinners, Lord, we would be sav'd,
And Jesus only wear the crown.

Christ his Peoples' Help. Ps. xciv. 17.

- 1 Unless the Lord had been my help,
I know this very well,
That I had gone the downward road,
And drop'd at last to hell.
2 Both deaf and blind I'd still remain'd,
And lov'd my darkness well,
Had not my Jesus op'd my eyes,
My Ransomer from hell.
3 Had he not form'd my soul anew,
I'd now been dead in sin;
New life from him has made me feel
That death plagues sore within.
4 Unless the Lord had been my help,
This must have been the case,
I could not raise a breath to God,
Without his special grace.
5 I never saw my ruin'd state,
Nor felt the plague of sin;
None ever did, none ever will,
'Till they are born again.
6 The old man keeps his palace safe
Until a stronger come,
None can subdue his mighty pow'r,
No, none but God the Son.
7 Sin reigns against all creature pow'r,
And leads him by the hand;
For man by nature can't believe
He's by the law condemn'd;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 'Till Jesus with almighty pow'r
Drives the old serpent out;
And then he leaves his imps behind
Which causes many a doubt.
9 Tho' sin is wounded, 'tis not dead;
No, while there is one breath,
'Twill worry and distract the soul,
Until the hour of death.
10 But plague it may, and plague it will,
But ah! it can't destroy;
For sin is conquer'd, hell subdu'd;
This is the christian's joy.

Nothing too hard for the Lord. Gen. xviii. 14.

- 1 Is any thing too hard for God?
Ah! what a question this:
Who binds the devils down in chains,
And fills his saints with bliss.
2 Is any thing too hard for God?
The glorious great I AM!
That God who can with justice save,
With justice can condemn.
3 Is any thing too hard for God?
Let some poor sinner speak,
Whose heart was proof to Sinai's law,
But sov'reign grace could break.
4 Is any thing too hard for God?
No, Sarah shall conceive;
Tho' Sarah laughs at Abram's age,
And Sarah disbelieve.
5 Yet 'tis the promise of a God,
The glorious Three in One,
That Sarah shall conceive and bear
Old Abram's promis'd son.
6 Is any thing too hard for God?
Poor saved sinner, know,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- That he is Lord of heaven above,
And Lord of hell below.
- 7 Is any thing too hard for God,
Who was, and is to come,
Jehovah first, Jehovah last,
Jehovah, God, the Son?
- 8 Is any thing too hard for God,
Who made the worlds on high;
Who took a body like our own?
Tho' God he stoop'd to die.
- 9 Is any thing too hard for God,
Who built the lofty skies?
The way he conquer'd sin and hell,
Behold the Saviour dies.
- 10 Is any thing too hard for God?
See David's rise and fall;
Sometimes defies the powers of hell,
Sometimes afraid of Saul;
- 11 Sometimes his mountain stood so strong,
He view'd this world a bubble;
But ah! when Jesus veil'd his face,
Then David was in trouble.
- 12 But David stands his ground at last,
Tho' Absalom rebel:
For David's Friend, and David's God
Sent David's foes to hell.
- 13 Is any thing too hard for God?
See Jonah in the sea,
Wrapt in the very jaws of death:
Who was it set him free?
- 14 'Twas Abraham's God, 'twas David's God,
That was poor Jonah's Friend,
Who lov'd poor Jonah with a love
That had no bounds or end.
- 15 Is any thing too hard for God?
Were Jonah here to tell,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- He'd say it was Jehovah's arm
That drag'd him out of hell.
- 16 Is any thing too hard for God?
How far Manasseh went,
Yet God had pow'r to save that wretch:
Manasseh shall repent.
- 17 Is any thing too hard for God?
Ah! could that be the case,
There's not one soul that would be sav'd
Of all the fallen race.
- 18 Is any thing too hard for God?
Tho' infidels may laugh,
When death appears their prospects die
And fly away like chaff.
- 19 Is any thing too hard for God?
See Pharaoh and his crew
Envelop'd in the mighty deep,
Because they would pursue.
- 20 Is any thing too hard for God?
Let Pharaoh's fate proclaim:
Rejoice, ye Israel of God,
Your foes shall all be slain.
- 21 Is any thing too hard for God,
Who made the sea divide,
And led his chosen Israel through,
Safe to the other side?
- 22 Is any thing too hard for God?
Ten thousand souls can tell
That God has pow'r to save a wretch
Just at the gates of hell.
- 23 Is any thing too hard for God?
Let Mary speak for one:
That filthy wretched monster found
The way to God the Son.
- 24 'Twas God that drew her to his feet,
As one of his elect;

HYMNS & POEMS.

He pardon'd Mary's filthy sins,
But Simon did reject.

25 Is any thing too hard for God?
Dear Paul and Silas found
That God could ope the iron gates,
And shake the prison round.

26 Is any thing too hard for God?
The jailor, sure, could tell,
Who would have stab'd his very heart,
And sent his soul to hell:

27 But, "Do thyself no harm," said Paul,
Thy prisoners are here:
At last he cried, What shall I do?
Believe. There's nought to fear.

28 Is any thing too hard for God?
The dying thief knew well
That God's own acts of sov'reign grace
Defeat the crafts of hell:

29 Condemn'd to die by common law,
Good works he could have none;
And yet he had a righteousness,
But 'twas in God the Son.

30 Is any thing too hard for God?
Ah! view the bloody tree:
This instance, with ten thousands more,
Prove God's salvation free.

31 Is any thing too hard for God?
Each saint in glory sings,
All pow'r and glory to the Lamb,
Jehovah, King of kings.

32 Is any thing too hard for God?
No, Peter was mistaken;
Altho' he did deny his Lord,
Yet Peter's not forsaken:

33 For God is love, and was not chang'd
By Peter's base behaviour;

HYMNS & POEMS.

For tho' he basely lied and swore,
Yet God was Peter's Saviour.

34 Is any thing too hard for God?
Who makes the blind to see;
Who heal'd the sick, and rais'd the dead,
And set the captives free?

35 Is any thing too hard for God?
So great a God as this;
Who died to save his own elect,
And bring them all to bliss!

36 Is any thing too hard for God?
The scriptures plainly teach,
'Twas God that call'd the fishermen,
And sent them out to preach.

37 This God is mine while here I live,
And shall be when I die;
Drest in his glorious righteousness
I'll mount above the sky.

Creation of Man. Genesis i. 26.

1 When God had made this lower world,
With ev'ry living thing,
He bless'd the creatures he had form'd,
As their eternal King.

2 "Let us make man," Jehovah spake
He spoke to God the Son,
Who was Jehovah's equal too,
In glorious union one.

3 But one in pow'r, in essence one,
One God whom we adore;
The Father, Son, and Spirit, Three,
One God,—there is no more.

4 "Let us make man," the image man,
For ever stood before them;
All things were made by Christ's own pow'r,
And angels do adore him.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 "Let us make man." The man was made,
A pure and holy creature;
Made like to God, and joy and peace
Was stamp'd on every feature.
- 6 But ah! how soon this creature fell;
A proof he was a creature,
Who must have fell, and fell to hell,
But for a Mediator.
- 7 God saw his creatures in the fall,
He knew what man would be;
And chose out Christ their surety head,
From all eternity.
- 8 And Christ's eternal love for them
Could never be diminished;
He took upon him flesh and died:—
Salvation's work was finished.
- 9 But see this noble creature man,
What a sad state he's in:
Led captive by the devil now,
A lump of flesh and sin.
- 10 From head to foot, polluted man
Is all a stinking wound:
His ears are deaf, and cannot hear
The gospel's joyful sound.
- 11 His heart is fill'd with sad deceit;
His tongue it useth lies:
There is no fear of God before
This wretched creature's eyes.
- 12 But Jesus knew for whom he died,
Tho' poor blind men reject;
He dy'd to save the Father's choice,
Jehovah's own elect.
- 13 For these the ancient plan was laid
Between the sacred Three;
To rescue them from death and hell,
Christ dy'd on Calvary.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 14 Tho' in their nature head they fell,
In Christ they stood secure;
This is the blessed gospel news
Arminians can't endure.
- 15 The Pharisees of old withstood
Our Saviour to his face;
Just so they do in this dark day:
They cannot bear free grace.
- 16 Socinians, they reject him too,
And say he's but a man;
All will reject the gospel scheme,
Till God reveals the plan.
- 17 When God the Holy Spirit comes,
Commission'd from the skies,
He makes the dead man feel his sins,
And opes the blind man's eyes.
- 18 He comes commission'd from on high,
With gospel tidings comes,
And brings salvation's blessings down,
Procur'd by God the Son.
- 19 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit too,
The three-one God stand all engag'd
To bring the ransom'd through.
- 20 Because the price of blood was paid
That Christ engag'd to give,
Therefore redeemed souls are safe,
And must for ever live.
- 21 How blessed then are those who know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Salvation's grace, both full and free,
In Christ alone is found.
- 22 Then let the Pharisee go on,
Pleas'd with his smooth behaviour;
His good works are enough for him,
He wants no other Saviour.

HYMNS & POEMS.

23 It is the lame, the halt, the blind,
Amongst the human race,
Who mourn the plague of sin within,
That glory in free grace.

24 But God's elected souls shall hear
The gospel's joyful plan,
That states salvation all of grace,
And not at all of man.

25 'Tis not of him who has the will;
'Tis not of those who run:
But 'tis of God alone, who has
This blessed work begun.

26 Then, O my soul, be this thy song;
A sinner sav'd by grace;
For this will be the song above
Of all the ransom'd race.

27 Eternal hallelujahs there
Will make all heaven ring,
Worthy is the Lamb who died,
Will be the song they'll sing.

28 There they will glory in the work
That Christ has brought about;
Shut in with their eternal God,
And all their foes shut out.

29 O may I reach that happy place,
A sinner sav'd by grace;
I think I'll tune my notes more high
Than all the ransom'd race.

30 But here I groan, and mourn, and sigh,
And woefully backslide:

But O, my soul, rejoice in this,
My God, my Saviour died.

31 Lord, carry on, and carry through
This wretched wilderness;
And while I live I will extol
The Lord my righteousness.

HYMNS & POEMS.

This World a Cheat. Psalm cxviii. 8.

- 1 This world's a cheat, I've often found it so;
For where I've sought a friend, I've found a foe.
Lord, teach me where to find a friend indeed,
That will support in pressing times of need.
- 2 There is one Friend; with him I want no other;
A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,
Whose kindness is the same in times of sorrow;
For what he is to-day he is to-morrow.
- 3 Who is this Friend? O not a changing creature;
For their deceit is found in ev'ry feature:
Trust not in them, nor make flesh your stay;
For man will change as often as the day.
- 4 The Friend I'd trust, is Jesus, Lord of all,
Who has an ear to hear the sinners call;
Who paid his blood to ransom souls from hell,
Whose love for sinners is unsearchable.
- 5 Tho' earth may frown, and friends suspend their
love,
Christ is engag'd to lead me safe above;
Tho' all should fail, and leave me in distress,
Yet Jesus is my hope and righteousness.
- 6 Then let the world go as it will with me,
While I can get a view of Calvary,
Then things below appear but empty toys;
My soul is fed with more substantial joys.
- 7 Who knows the peace and joy that's felt within,
When Jesus seals a sense of pardon'd sin;
Not all this world can give such joy as this;
This is the foretaste of eternal bliss.
- 8 But when the soul makes this poor world its stay,
I know it cannot either praise or pray;
Search where it will, the cottage or the state,
It finds this world at best an empty cheat.
- 9 Then, then, my soul, (whatever others say)
Make Christ thy hope, thy anchor, and thy stay,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- (And count all other things as dung and dross,) Who died for all thy sins on Calv'ry's cross.
- 10 What tho' my troubles roll in thick and fast,
My soul, rejoice, they will not always last;
Not one but what my Father has decreed;
He knows my soul is longing to be freed.
- 11 There's not a groan or sigh escapes his ear:
He has his bottle too for ev'ry tear;
Not one in vain shall trickle down the face
That's born of God and call'd by sov'reign grace.
- 12 O may this world with all its phantom joys,
Be view'd by me as fill'd with empty toys,
Uncertain things, with death stamp'd in their
face:
There's nothing certain but the joys of grace.

Yet there is Room. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 Ten thousand thousand souls there are
Arriv'd on Canaan's shore;
Ten thousand souls are enter'd in,
And yet there's room for more.
- 2 Room for the lame, the halt, the blind,
Ah! room for such as me:
'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls
By dying on the tree.
- 3 Room in Jehovah's ancient love
For ruin'd helpless man;
Room for the souls preserv'd in Christ
Before this world began.
- 4 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart
For all the Father gave'm;
He bore their sins, their curse, their guilt,
That law might not condemn 'em.
- 5 Room for the doubting mourning souls
Who feel the plague of sin,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Who fall and rise, who mourn and sigh,
But shall the victory win.
- 6 Room for the feeble and the faint,
The helpless and the poor,
Who wait, and hope, and watch and cry,
At mercy's open door.
- 7 Room for the tempted tried soul,
Whom Satan sifts as wheat;
But tho' he worry, sift, and try,
He can't destroy a sheep.
- 8 There's room for those of little faith,
For those of little grace;
For God views those of little faith
Complete in Jesus' face.
- 9 Room for the chief of sinners still,
Tho' plagu'd with unbelief:
That precious Christ can save my soul
Who sav'd the dying thief.
- 10 Room for Manasseh and for Paul,
And room for Peter too;
But ah! there is no room for those
Who trust in what they do.
- 11 There's room for harden'd stubborn Jews,
Tho' Jesus they reject;
For God has got among the Jews,
His chosen and elect.
- 12 There's room for Gentiles, room for Jews,
There's room for bond and free;
There's room for ev'ry precious soul
Christ dy'd for on the tree.
- 13 There's room for seeking sighing souls,
Who seek with, Who can tell?
Who know that Christ, and Christ alone,
Can save the soul from hell.
- 14 Room for a starving prodigal,
Altho' he's gone astray;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- The Lord knows all his chosen sons,
And brings them in the way.
15 Room for the Lord's own chosen sheep,
Altho' by man rejected;
Yet God has got a room for all
The souls he has elected.
16 O may there be a room for me,
The worst of Adam's race,
And then I'll shout in songs of praise,
A sinner sav'd by grace.

None Righteous. Romans iii. 10.

- 1 There is none righteous, no, not one;
Saint Paul did this declare;
For all have gone astray from God,
And stray from year to year.
2 'Till God's almighty grace is felt,
Man goes the downward road;
And tho' he's pressed down with sin,
He never feels his load.
3 Saint Paul was once a righteous man
In his own vain conceit;
But when God's holy law appear'd
He found his wound was deep.
4 I was alive without the law,
But thy commandment came,
And then I found I must be lost,
But for a Saviour's name.
5 Christ is the glorious righteous One
In whom poor Paul was found,
Who died to save God's whole elect;
This is the joyful sound.
6 These are the only righteous souls
Who shall hold on their way;
And these are made to feel their sins,
To mourn, lament, and pray.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 7 All such are made to hear and feel
The gospel's blessed call,
And know salvation is of grace
As well as blessed Paul.
- 8 There is none righteous, no, not one;
God's chosen know it well,
When they are taught to know the plan,
God saves his own from hell.
- 9 They learn they ever stood complete
In God's eternal mind;
For those the price of blood was paid,
Not one is left behind.
- 10 I know, says God, my own redeem'd,
They are my own by choice;
I send my Holy Spirit down,
And make their souls rejoice.
- 11 To those he makes his secrets known,
His cov'nant and his love!
He guides and guards them safe below,
And brings them safe above.
- 12 Ten thousand foes may stand engag'd
Against a chosen sheep;
But who can harm that precious soul
Whom God doth ever keep?
- 13 The righteous cry, and God will hear;
He'll watch them with his eye;
His arm is stretched out to save;
His ear attends their cry.
- 14 For those are freely justified,
God gives them faith to see
That their redemption was made sure
On Calv'ry's bloody tree.
- 15 'Twas there the price of blood was paid;
Jehovah wants no more!
For Jesus lov'd, and Jesus died
To pay his people's score.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 16 Then, O my soul, no more complain;
If God has chosen you,
Whatever troubles in the way,
The Lord will bring you through.

The Doubting Soul's Soliloquy.

- 1 What ails this restless heart of mine?
Why all these gloomy fears?
Why thus enwrap'd in sable clouds?
Why all these groans and tears?
- 2 O would the Lord but shine again,
And make my soul rejoice;
I long for tokens of his love,
Sweet tokens of his choice.
- 3 Has God forgotten to be kind?
And will he shine no more?
Ah! must I go, and go again,
Yet find no open door?
- 4 What is the cause, thou God of love?
Reveal the cause to me:
If 'tis for sin, (remember, Lord,)
Christ died to set me free.
- 5 At Calv'ry's mount I see my sins
In all their blackest hue;
But there I hear my Lord proclaim,
I died for such as you.
- 6 Lord, I believe the sweet report
Of pardon full and free;
For were it any other way,
It could not be for me.
- 7 Why go I mourning like a slave?
Such trifles give me pain,
Because I feel sin's plague within,
And nature still remain.
- 8 Lord, give contentment to thy will,
Whate'er thy will may be:

HYMNS & POEMS.

- O let me but enjoy thy smiles,
Then what's the world to me?
- 9 Whate'er I want, 'tis best to want,
Or God would surely give it;
All things must surely turn about for good,
Because the Lord hath said it.
- 10 Tho' darkness overspread my soul,
My Jesus is the same;
And if he slay me at his feet
I'll glory in his name.
- 11 His name is Jesus; blessed name!
He saves poor sinners still:
Altho' I have no power to do,
I bless him for the will.
- 12 When I can call the Lord my own,
I count this world a bubble;
If Jesus speaks the words of peace
My soul can know no trouble.

The Gospel a Certain Sound. Isaiah xl. 1.

- 1 The gospel is a certain sound,
And never fails to heal the wound
Of those who feel and mourn their fall,
And trust in Christ as All in all.
- 2 The gospel is good news from heav'n;
It is not mix'd with human leav'n;
It brings good tidings to that man
Who seeks salvation thro' the Lamb.
- 3 The gospel is no offer, then;
It does proclaim salvation's plan;
The gospel tells of what is done
By God the Father and the Son.
- 4 The gospel drives out unbelief:
Christ preach'd it to the dying thief:
The gospel is that glorious plan,
That God contriv'd to save lost man.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 The gospel is a proclamation
Of full, free, finished salvation;
'Tis more than overtures and offers;
These terms suit best the lips of scoffers.
- 6 The gospel is a sweet report;
It is the tempted soul's support;
The gospel is for God's elect;
All else the gospel will reject.
- 7 The gospel holds no terms at all;
It holds forth Christ as All in all;
It brings salvation's blessings down,
Finds out the heirs unto a crown.
- 8 The gospel is Jehovah's grace,
Glad tidings to the chosen race:
There's help laid up in God the Son,
Before creation was begun.
- 9 The gospel finds God's chosen sheep
Both blind and deaf, and fast asleep;
At God's set time they hear the sound,
And feel its pow'r to heal their wound.
- 10 The gospel finds out God's elect,
But they the gospel will eject
Till God the Holy Ghost arise
To ope the chosen sinners' eyes.
- 11 The gospel he'll no more refuse;
He hears it as the best of news;
He triumphs in salvation free,
Procur'd for him on Calv'ry's tree.
- 12 The gospel knows of nought but this,
Eternal love and endless bliss;
Salvation full and free for those
Jehovah, God, the Father chose.
- 13 The gospel offers nought at all:
Preaches deliv'rance from the fall;
It breaks sin's bonds, and sets those free
Whom Jesus dy'd for on the tree.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 14 The gospel finds the chosen out,
And puts their enemies to rout,
And drives the old man from his seat,
Because he is a chosen sheep.
- 15 The gospel ever was the same,
It holds forth Christ the Saviour's name,
Who liv'd and died, and rose again,
Salvation's glory to obtain.
- 16 Is this the gospel of the day?
Alas! 'tis neither yea nor nay:
Some tell us Christ has liv'd for all,
And some won't mention Christ at all.
- 17 But let them preach up what they will,
Christ is the sinner's refuge still;
It matters nothing what they say
Who preach not Christ the only way.
- 18 To such God's word declares a curse;
Surely the devils can't be worse;
They mock the Saviour to his face
Who preach proud Pharisees to please.
- 19 The gospel is the same thing still,
Proclaiming God the Father's will,
Who chose out some of Adam's race
To save by free and sov'reign grace.
- 20 This is the gospel's blessed story,
Christ, only Christ, the way to glory;
The way Jehovah has appointed,
Through Jesus Christ, the Lord's Anointed.

The Safety of God's Elect. Rom. viii. 1.

1 There is no condemnation,
Nor ever can be,
To those found in Jesus the Lamb;
Whom God has elected
In covenant love,
According to covenant plan.

HYMNS & POEMS.

2 There is no condemnation
To those blessed souls
Who mourn on account of their sin,
For Christ stood engag'd
In councils of old
To die to bring righteousness in.

3 There is no condemnation
To sin-worried souls,
Who feel their own works but as dross ;
And rest all their hopes
For salvation at last
On Jesus who died on the cross.

4 There is no condemnation,
'Twas never design'd
For those God has call'd by his grace ;
Because they were sav'd
Before they were call'd,
And view'd all complete in Christ's face.

5 There is no condemnation,
The Bible declares,
To those who in Jesus are found ;
God knows who they are ;
And he'll find them all out :
Tho' wounded he heals ev'ry wound.

6 There is no condemnation ;
The curse due to sin
Was laid upon Jesus their Head ;
And he who believeth
Shall surely be sav'd ;
He lives because Jesus was dead.

7 There is no condemnation
To those who complain
Of the old man's corruptions within :
'Tis those who are call'd
By God's special grace,
'Tis those that are plagued with sin,

HYMNS & POEMS.

8 There is no condemnation
To those who are taught
To know that salvation is free;
Who see all demands,
Both to justice and law,
Were paid down on Calvary's tree.

9 There is no condemnation
To weaklings in faith,
To babes who can scarce walk alone;
For the Shepherd declares
That the lambs are his care,
The weak and the strong are his own.

10 There is no condemnation
To hoppers in God,
For such are Jehovah's delight;
For where there's a hope
That's grounded on God,
These all stand complete in God's sight.

11 There is no condemnation,
No, blessed be God,
Salvation is safe and secure,
Poor self-emptied sinner,
Where-ever you are,
I tell you salvation is sure.

12 There is no condemnation:
No law can arrest
Both debtor and surety too:
No, no, says the Saviour,
If 'tis me that you seek,
Then let my redeemed ones go.

13 There is no condemnation,
The Pharisee owns,
To those who hold out to the end,
But the strongest would fall,
And not hold out at all,
But as held by Jehovah's own hand.

HYMNS & POEMS.

14 There is no condemnation,
Tho' all have deserv'd it:

How is it that any escape?

It is not by works

Any soul can be sav'd;

'Tis here the self-righteous mistake.

15 There is no condemnation,

Saint Paul has affirmed,

To those who are led by the Spirit;

And these are the souls

That are plagued with sins,

But dare not to boast of their merit.

16 There is no condemnation

To that precious soul

To whom God has given a will

To venture his all

On a covenant God;

Who lov'd him when dead, loves him still.

17 There is no condemnation

To Jehovah's choice;

Those chosen ones shall know it too;

They shall hear the call,

And be saved like Paul,

And feel what a Saviour can do.

18 There is no condemnation,

Whatever some say,

However this truth is rejected:

There is not a sav'd soul,

But shall be convinc'd

He is sav'd as Jehovah's elected.

Salvation the Work of Grace. Ephesians ii. 1.

1 By grace I am saved; this must be a truth,

Or I must have sunk into hell;

But Jesus, my Saviour, my friend, and my all,

For me has done all things so well.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 By grace I am saved, by grace I am call'd;
'Tis grace has done all this for me,
Because my dear Jesus paid down the law's price,
When hanging on Calvary's tree.
- 3 By grace I am saved; the Lord knows 'tis free,
For Christ I should never have sought;
But Jesus pass'd by me when rolling in blood,
And with him salvation he brought.
- 4 By grace I am saved, or I must be lost,
For I can do nothing at all;
And those whose foundation is built upon works,
They sooner or later must fall.
- 5 By grace I am saved, by grace I'm preserv'd,
By grace I shall hold on my way;
Tho' tempted and worried, and often cast down,
Yet Christ gives me strength for the day.
- 6 By grace I am saved; of grace I would boast,
So glorious, so sov'reign, and free;
For if 'twas the creature that merited grace,
There could then be no grace for me.
- 7 By grace I am saved; this grace comes by Christ;
The law came by Moses, I know;
When Moses cries Do, then to Jesus I go,
For Jesus obey'd Moses' law.
- 8 By grace I am saved; tho' sin did abound,
Yet grace has abounded much more;
For justice nor law can ne'er find out a flaw
In him whom sav'd sinners adore.
- 9 By grace I am saved; it can't be by works;
No, that is the logic of hell;
For how can a sinner that's poison'd with sin,
Do any thing holy and well?
- 10 By grace I am saved; and, blessed be God,
His grace is sufficient for me;
By grace are ye saved, the Lord has declar'd,
And grace must be perfectly free.

HYMNS & POEMS.

11 By grace ye are saved ; this truth some oppose ;
And some who are blazing professors ;
Whoever they are, I would boldly declare,
Of grace they were never possessors.

12 By grace are ye saved ; the Bible says so ;
Arminians reject it, and say,
If this is the case we may live in our sins,
And throw all our good works away.

13 By grace are we saved, whatever they say ;
Without grace we can't work at all ;
For works without grace are but sin at the best,
This was the opinion of Paul.

14 By grace are ye saved ; 'tis not of yourselves ;
Man's good works are not in the bargain ;
But all of free grace from the first to the last ;
Grace and works make a horrible jargon.

The New Year's Morning.

1 Behold the new year's sun arise,
The morning light appears ;
Lord grant that thy propitious hand
May guide our future years.

2 But what's our life ? 'tis but a dream,
Of three score years and ten :
When this long period is run out,
Alas ! 'tis but a span.

3 Our souls are number'd by that hand
Which rear'd us up at first ;
And when our number is run out,
We mingle with the dust.

4 Think, O my soul, time's on the wing,
In coming it seems slow ;
But ah ! it comes with rapid pace,
To strike the fatal blow.

5 Our moments, minutes, hours, and days,
On record stand on high ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

And when our little glass is out,
Alas! we mortals die.

6 Another year has run its round!
Our sands are running out;
Ah! who can tell what God designs
This year to bring about?

7 If God be mine, then all is well,
Time cannot go too fast;
When time shall die my soul shall live,
My troubles all be past.

8 Then what are days, or months, or years,
But little specks of time?

The world may share the things below
If God in Christ be mine.

9 For riches, honours, silver, gold,
Are what the world admire;
But these alone are trifling things;
My soul, be looking higher.

10 For could we call the world our own,
We soon must leave it all;
Who knows? before this year is out,
The richest man may fall.

11 Then what are riches? what is wealth,
When death stands at the door?
Whoever dies, and knows not God,
Will die most wretched poor.

12 Time runs too fast for such as those,
Who fix their hopes below;
But those who live on things above
Care not how fast it go.

13 Our time was fix'd before all time;
Our days were number'd then;
Our habitations fix'd by God;
The place known where, and when.

14 How happy then, are those who know
That when this life shall end,

HYMNS & POEMS.

They have a precious Christ above,
Their everlasting Friend.

- 15 Then may we live throughout this year
As though it were our last ;
And may it, by the grace of God,
Prove better than the past.

Why am I thus? Genesis xxv. 22.

- 1 If it is so, why am I thus ?
The promise seems to tarry ;
For twenty years I've waited, Lord ;
And shall I now miscarry ?
- 2 If it is so, why am I thus ?
Thy promise I believ'd ;
Lord, give me, then, the promis'd child,
Of which I have conceiv'd.
- 3 If it be so, why am I thus ?
Lord, hear my Isaac's cry ;
I feel the promise in my womb ;
My trav'ling hour draws nigh.
- 4 If it be so, why am I thus ?
What can this struggling mean ?—
Two nations were within her womb,
However strange it seem.
- 5 If it is so, why am I thus ?
Rebecca could not tell ;
But she inquired of the Lord :
Rebecca here did well.
- 6 If it is so, why am I thus ?
Alas ! how strange I feel ;
For Esau was the first-born child,
And Jacob held his heel.
- 7 If it is so, why am I thus ?
Why all these doubts and fears ?
O had I but Rebecca's faith,
Who waited twenty years.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 If it is so, why am I thus?
Since I for Jesus hunger;
Tho' sin and hell oppose my soul,
The elder serves the younger.
- 9 If it is so, why am I thus?
Ten thousand souls may say,
Who feel the old man and the new
Hard struggling ev'ry day.
- 10 If it is so, why am I thus?
I'm plagued with unbelief;
'Tis those who feel the plague of sin
Will cry out for relief.
- 11 If it is so, why am I thus?
The promise seems to tarry;
There never was a soul redeem'd
That ever shall miscarry.
- 12 If it is so, why am I thus?
Lord, conquer ev'ry doubt:
Rebecca waited twenty years
For what God brought about.
- 13 If it is so, Lord grant that I
May wait with patience too;
And where Rebecca went for aid,
There may I also go.

Call upon Me in the Day of Trouble. Ps. l. 15.

- 1 When troubles come, what must I do?
Sit down in dark despair?
No, no, my soul attend to what
The Lord himself declare.
- 2 Poor sinner, call on me, says God,
When troubles vex thy soul;
I am the sinner's helper still,
And can their fears control.
- 3 I will deliver: blessed words;
It is the Lord who spake,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Who hears the cries of humble souls
And never will forsake.
- 4 Poor vexed soul, bow'd down with guilt,
Not knowing what to do;
Ah! go to God, and plead his word;
There's no where else to go.
- 5 God's promise meets thy wretched case;
God hears thy sad complaint;
The man who's made to mourn his sins,
God sets him down a saint.
- 6 Then cry, poor soul, the Lord will hear;
His promise cannot fail;
The soul that cries shall find relief,
Tho' hell and sin assail.
- 7 Ten thousand thousand souls have cried;
The Lord hath heard their cry;
He brings salvation to the soul
When all their prospects die.
- 8 Ye tempted, harass'd, sin-plagued souls,
Who mourn, lament, and weep,
Cast off your fears, rejoice in God,
For ye are chosen sheep.

The Goodness of God. Nehemiah i. 7.

- 1 The Lord is good, supremely good,
Those sinners will confess,
Who from the curses of the law,
Thro' grace, have found redress.
- 2 The Lord is good; but ah! how good,
Archangels cannot tell:
Ah! sure those sinners know the best
Who are redeem'd from hell.
- 3 The Lord is good, the Lord was good,
The Lord is still the same,
Who saves poor ruin'd helpless man;
For Jesus is his name.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 The Lord is good, a strong defence,
Where troubled souls may hide;
He will defend and guard that soul
For whom the Saviour died.
- 5 The Lord was good before all time:
His goodness laid the plan;
Redemption's work was in his view
Before he formed man.
- 6 The Lord was good when he display'd
The plan of sov'reign grace;
He saw man sav'd before man fell,
In Christ the surety's face.
- 7 The Lord was good, his goodness lay
Conceal'd within his breast;
Proud angels from their glory fell,
His goodness kept the rest.
- 8 The Lord was good, to chain them down
Unto the judgment day;
While wretched, ruin'd, fallen man,
God saves another way.
- 9 The Lord was good, in forming man;
But tho' this creature fell,
Yet God had laid a plan to save
Poor wretched man from hell.
- 10 The Lord was good, to lay our help
Upon that mighty One;
Jehovah, Jesus, was made flesh,
Who was God's equal Son.
- 11 The Lord was good, to set him up;
(Here angels wish to peep,)
That Christ should be a curse for man,
Jehovah's chosen sheep.
- 12 The Lord was good, to send him down
To set the captives free;
He came and finished the plan,
By dying on the tree.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 13 The Lord was good, at whose set time
He made his goodness known;
For thro' the Babe of Bethlehem,
Hell's craft was overthrown.
- 14 The Lord was good, to send his Son,
To live and die for man;
This was reveal'd to those of old,
Jehovah's ancient plan.
- 15 The Lord was good, the Saviour died,
Hell's policy defeated;
When God the sinner's surety died
Salvation was completed.
- 16 The Lord was good, to send his word,
Wherein this stands reveal'd,
That Christ is the elected Head,
Whom God the Father seal'd.
- 17 The Lord was good; redemption's work
His goodness does display;
Christ is the truth, Christ is the life,
Christ is the sinner's way.
- 18 The Lord is good, to make this known,
To call his own elect;
He calls them by his sov'reign grace;
They feel the sweet effect.
- 19 The Lord is good, and kind to all
Who call upon his name:
He lov'd their souls before their fall,
His love is still the same.
- 20 The Lord is good, his Spirit comes,
And finds his chosen out,
And brings salvation to their souls,
And conquers sin and doubt.
- 21 The Lord is good to those who mourn
And feel the plague of sin,
Because it is the Spirit's work
Has wrought this change within.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 22 The Lord is good, his promise stands
Eternally the same;
God never meant to save a soul,
But thro' the Saviour's name.
- 23 The Lord is good, he loves his own;
His love will ever last;
Who took Christ's ransom for our sins,
The present and the past.
- 24 The Lord is good, and still remains
Jehovah Lord of all;
Who has an arm to hold us up,
An ear to hear our call.
- 25 The Lord is good, the Lord was good,
And Goodness is his name;
And blessed are those happy souls
Who glory in the same.
- 26 The Lord is good: a blessed hold
When plagu'd and vex'd with sin;
His goodness doth extend to all
Who put their trust in him.
- 27 The Lord is good, he knows their names,
And where their dwellings are;
Tho' hell, and sin, and Satan rage,
God's people need not fear.
- 28 The Lord is good, and will protect
His chosen people through;
And if you feel and mourn your sin
The Lord's been good to you.

The Lord killeth and maketh alive. 1 Sam. ii. 6.

- 1 Jehovah kills and makes alive,
And opens when he please;
And when he opens who can shut
His fix'd and firm decrees?

- 2 'Tis he applies a precious Christ,
Or man would die in sin:

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 'Tis God's Almighty power alone
That does the work begin.
- 3 He raises beggars from the dust,
And sets the poor on high:
Tho' on a dunghill they may sit
He'll watch them with his eye.
- 4 'Twas Christ that cur'd the lame, the halt,
The blind, and all who came:
Then why did thousands go unheal'd,
Who heard of Jesus' fame?
- 5 The leper went, tho' with an If:
Why did he go at all?
Why did not other leprous souls
For help on Jesus call?
- 6 The woman with her bloody sore,
Was fill'd with hope and fear;
She presses through a crowded throng,
The Saviour to get near.
- 7 Who brought her there? if one should ask:
Was it her own free will?
Why did she spend her all before
On those who wound or kill?
- 8 The blind man cried when Jesus pass'd,
Have mercy, Lord, on me;
Who told that poor distressed man
That Christ would make him see?
- 9 No doubt a thousand souls who saw
The cures that Christ had wrought,
Tho' thousands never ask'd a cure,
A cure they never sought.
- 10 What reason, then, can be assign'd,
That thousands never go,
Who hear that Christ has power to save,
Yet die in endless woe.
- 11 Because they're dead, and cannot feel;
And blind, and cannot see;

HYMNS & POEMS:

- Fast bound in chains of death and sin,
Yet boast that they are free.
12 'Tis thus with all men since the fall;
There's not one soul excepted;
And none will ever seek relief,
But only God's elected.
13 For there's an everlasting cord
Of everlasting love,
With which the Lord has bound his own,
From which they cannot move.
14 'Tis his own sov'reign pow'r alone,
Just when and where he please;
He draws the sinner to himself,
And heals his sad disease.
15 The bloody issue thus was heal'd,
And Mary's filthy sin;
The blind man thus receiv'd his sight,
And lepers were made clean.
16 Then blessed are those souls who know,
And feel and see their woand,
Whose ears are open and can hear
Salvation's glorious sound.

Social Prayer.

- 1 Come, let us try and raise a note
To free and sov'reign grace;
Who knows but God may come this night
And sign our sweet release.
2 Who knows but God may have decreed
In his eternal mind,
That we should seek the blessing now,
And we the blessing find.
3 Who knows but God may shine this night
On each benighted heart;
And give sweet tokens of his love
To all before we part.

HYMNS & POEMS

- 4 Who knows but God may break the chains,
And set the captives free;
And set before the eye of faith
Mount Calv'ry's bloody tree.
- 5 Who knows but God the Comforter
May bring the blessings down
To those who think their Father's love
Is turned to a frown?
- 6 Who knows but this may be the time
Our Father had decreed,
That we poor sin-bound fetter'd souls
From bondage shall be freed?
- 7 Who knows but we may have to say,
I know the Lord is here?
For thro' the God-man, Christ, we see
Salvation is secure.
- 8 Who knows but God may ope the mouth
Of him who pleads for all,
That we may go rejoicing home,
That God has heard our call.
- 9 That this may be the happy case,
Let us unite as one,
And plead for God the Father's grace,
Thro' God th' eternal Son.

The tried Soul's Complaint, Galatians v. 17.

- 1 Tho' fleshly lusts distract the soul,
They make the christian cry;
He cannot do the things he would,
Sometimes can only sigh.
- 2 But when the Spirit shines within,
Ah! then the soul can tell
That 'tis the mercy of his God
Which keeps him out of hell.
- 3 'Tis then he sees and can rejoice
That all his debts are clear'd;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- From all the threats of earth and hell
There's nothing to be fear'd.
4 But is there nothing, then, to make
A child of God afraid?
What need that debtor hang his head,
When all his debts are paid?
5 But some poor doubting soul may say,
This cannot be the case;
For thousand thousand crimson sins
Still stare me in the face.
6 I sin in thought, I sin in word,
I sin in all I do;
I feel the plague of inbred sin
Haunts me where'er I go.
7 I feel the old man still alive,
With all his mighty strength;
But still I think he's got his wound,
And must expire at length.
8 The weakest child of God shall stand
Against the pow'rs of hell;
They are upheld by mighty grace,
And grace does all things well.
9 Where'er the grace of God is found,
This ever was the case,
To prove salvation not of works,
But all of special grace.
10 Then, tho' sin plagues, it shan't destroy;
It sometimes gives a fall;
But where the grace of God is not
Sin is no plague at all.

Nature's Inability. Romans vii. 18.

- 1 How is it, Lord, we still remain
So dead and lifeless still;
No power to raise a thought to God,
And sometimes have no will?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 And when we seem to feel a will,
Ah! then we can't perform :
Lord, give us anchor-hold of thee,
To keep us in the storm.
- 3 The flesh and spirit war and fight ;
And when we're left alone.
How soon the old man tyrannise,
And makes us sigh and groan.
- 4 O Lord, thou know'st we are but babes,
Both weak and helpless still ;
If left one moment to ourselves
We lose both power and will.
- 5 Thy promise stands engag'd to keep
In ev'ry trying hour :
O may we feel the old man slain,
By thine almighty power.
- 6 When thou art nigh, our souls can stand
Against hell's fiery dart ;
Thy grace can conquer sin and hell,
And break our rocky heart.
- 7 Lord, give us each a heart of flesh,
And take the stone away,
And send thy blessed Spirit down,
To teach our souls to pray.
- 8 We know salvation is of grace ;
Why not for such as we,
Who see salvation finished
On Calv'ry's bloody tree ?

Christ All in All. 2 Corinthians vi. 10.

- 1 I nothing have, and yet possess
A never-failing store ;
I'm heir unto a large estate,
Tho' now so very poor.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 I nothing have, I nothing want,
When I by faith can see
My title seal'd and ratified
By Jesus on the tree.
- 3 I nothing have as yet in hand;
In hope I have a crown;
Tho' now, thro' unbelieving fears,
My soul is oft cast down.
- 4 I nothing have, I'm wretched poor,
Because I'm under age;
But in my Father's will I read
My claim in ev'ry page.
- 5 I nothing have; I'm forc'd to beg,
And that from day to day:
I sometimes think I beg in vain,
And feel no heart to pray.
- 6 I nothing have; my riches lie
Conceal'd above the skies:
I'll take possession of the whole
When this poor body dies.
- 7 I nothing have; but Jesus died
To make my title good
To that inheritance above,
Which is the gift of God.
- 8 I nothing have, not in myself;
In Jesus is my all;
And what I have in him was mine
By gift before the fall.
- 9 I nothing have but sin and guilt;
I was by sin undone;
But God was pleas'd to lay my sin
On his beloved Son.
- 10 I nothing have, nor shall I have,
While in this vale of tears,
But troubles, crosses, and complaints,
And sometimes doubts and fears.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 11 I nothing have ; my debt is large ;
A debtor from the fall ;
My Jesus took the whole amount,
And freely paid it all.
- 12 I nothing have but what's in him ;
In him my portion lay ;
Safe hid with Christ in God, for me,
Where thieves can't steal away.
- 13 I nothing have, yet have enough,
When Jesus shews his face ;
'Tis then I can proclaim aloud
Salvation all of grace.
- 14 I nothing have, and yet can boast
Of what my Lord has giv'n,
Some tokens of his sov'reign grace,
Sweet foretastes of salvation.
- 15 I nothing have, I nothing had ;
By sin I lost my all ;
But grace was treasur'd up for me
In Christ before the fall.

Effects of Grace. Philippians iv.

- 1 How shall I magnify that grace
Which sav'd my soul from hell ?
O could I love my Jesus more,
Who has done all things well !
- 2 How shall I speak Jehovah's praise,
Who lov'd a wretch like me ?
Who prov'd his everlasting love
By dying on the tree.
- 3 How shall I conquer these my sins,
That still rebel within ?
Lord Jesus, come, and take my heart,
And rule and reign o'er sin.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 How shall I keep the old man down,
The new man seems so weak;
Lord Jesus, guide and guard my steps,
And keep thy wand'ring sheep.
- 5 How can I stand, when thousand foes
Assault me in the way?
Sad unbelief, that cruel foe,
Perplex me ev'ry day.
- 6 How can I stand? I cannot stand;
I'm weaker ev'ry day;
If I am left one step alone,
I'm sure to go astray.
- 7 How can I face a frowning world,
Or stand against its smile?
Its frowns I dread, its smiles I fear,
They both my heart beguile.
- 8 How can I stand? dear Lord, thou know'st,
If I am left alone,
I slip, I fall, I go astray,
And only sigh and mourn.

The Mourner's Request. Psalm iv. 1.

- 1 Lord Jesus, condescend to come,
And fill this house of prayer;
And rise the drooping burden'd soul
That's sinking in despair.
- 2 Unload the conscience of its guilt,
And heal the wounded soul;
And let not flesh, nor hell, nor sin,
Lead captive and control.
- 3 Why should we be enslav'd by sin,
And plagued with unbelief?
Come thou almighty Spirit, come,
And grant our souls relief.
- 4 Where can we, guilty souls, repair,
But to thy mercy seat?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Thou bid'st us come: Lord, here we are,
A few poor wand'ring sheep.
- 5 Ah! sure dear Lord, we are thy sheep,
For we have heard thy voice;
Lord, speak a word of peace to-night,
That we may all rejoice.
- 6 There's nothing, Lord, we have to bring;
We come poor beggars still;
And tho' we have no power to pray,
Bless God we have a will.
- 7 The will is thine, the power is thine;
Lord, give them both, we pray,
And tho' we only groan and sigh,
The Lord knows what we say.
- 8 Thus at thy feet we leave our all;
Each case is known to thee;
Lord, give us faith to see our sins
All nail'd to Calv'ry's tree.

A Prayer of a new-formed Church.

- 1 Lord, bless this little infant cause,
Unite us all in one,
And carry on with mighty power
The work thou hast begun.
- 2 May God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit too,
Be present with us while we're here,
To bless us ere we go.
- 3 Jehovah's love be sweetly felt,
Thro' God th' eternal Son,
And may Christ's righteousness, the rock,
Be what we're built upon.
- 4 Lord, bless us with a large increase
Of those of thy own choice,
Whom thou hast sav'd, and call'd by grace,
Who shall in Christ rejoice.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 Lord, build us up, a little hill,
And wall us round with fire;
Defend us from the crafts of hell,
And grant our souls' desire.
- 6 Thou know'st our motives and our end;
Lord, grant we may be right;
And may this little church of thine
Be precious in thy sight.
- 7 Direct us right, and keep us right,
And lead us in the way;
And teach thy servant how to preach,
The hearers how to pray.
- 8 Then shall we go away made glad,
And long to come again,
And find that waiting on the Lord
Is sure and certain gain.

Before Sermon.

- 1 Lord, fill thy servant's soul to day
With pure seraphic fire,
And set his tongue at liberty,
And grant his soul's desire.
- 2 O may he preach the word of God
With energy and power;
May gospel blessings spread around,
Like a refreshing shower.
- 3 May God's eternal love and grace
Be sweetly felt within,
While he is preaching Christ the Lord,
Who took our curse and sin.
- 4 May burden'd sinners lose their load,
And downcast souls rejoice;
May doubting souls believe to-day,
They are Jehovah's choice.
- 5 Lord, grant that he who speaks to-day,
May preach salvation free,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And righteousness wrought out for us
On Calv'ry's bloody tree.
- 6 May Christ be first, and Christ be last,
And Christ be all in all,
Who died to make salvation sure,
And raise us from the fall.
- 7 This is the gospel's glorious news,
Salvation's glorious plan,
God's everlasting changeless love
To ruin'd helpless man.
- 8 O may thy servant then, to-day,
Proclaim salvation free,
As finish'd by the Son of God,
For such poor souls as we.

The Same.

- 1 Look down, O Lord, we humbly pray,
Upon this handful here,
And grant each praying soul's desire,
And banish ev'ry fear.
- 2 Bless him, O Lord, who is to speak,
And bless the hearers too,
That this may prove the house of God
To each before we go.
- 3 Direct thy servant how to speak;
Bless him with power divine;
And send the word to ev'ry soul:
The glory shall be thine.
- 4 Lord, let thy gospel-sound be heard
With pleasure and delight;
May Christ be first, and Christ be last,
And precious in our sight.
- 5 Come, thou almighty Spirit, come,
That this may be the case;
That he who speaks, and we who hear,
May feel the power of grace.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 6 We mix our praises with our prayers ;
Lord, let thy blessing come,
And let this little handful here
Be found in God the Son.

Encouragement to Pray. Psalm xci. 15.

- 1 Come, come, my soul, with boldness come
Unto the throne of grace ;
There Jesus sits to answer pray'r,
And shews a smiling face.
- 2 Our Surety stands before the throne,
And personates our case,
And sends the blessed Spirit down
With tokens of his grace.
- 3 There's not a groan, nor wish, nor sigh,
But penetrates his ears ;
He knows our sins perplex and tease,
And cause our doubts and fears.
- 4 But he upholds us with his arm,
And will not let us fall ;
When Satan roars and sin prevails,
He hears our mournful call.
- 5 He knows our state, he knows our case,
He knows what sin has done ;
He knows we are complete in Christ,
His own eternal Son.
- 6 He knows we have no strength at all ;
He knows our foes are strong ;
But tho' ten thousand foes engage,
The weakest shan't go wrong.
- 7 Then let us all unite and sing
The praises of free grace ;
Those souls who long to see him now,
Shall surely see his face.

HYMNS & POEMS.

The best Knowledge.

- 1 O what a mercy 'tis to know
Salvation full and free;
But 'tis a greater mercy still
To know Christ died for me!
- 2 To know him as my righteousness,
And, sanctified in him,
To know he bore what I deserv'd,
And took my curse and sin.
- 3 To know he liv'd, to know he died,
And lives for evermore;
To know him as my Saviour, God,
Whom heaven and earth adore.
- 4 To know him on mount Calv'ry's cross;
To know him on the throne;
To know him as my Surety too,
Who did for me atone.
- 5 To know him God, to know him man,
Is what the Spirit teaches;
This glorious, undivided God,
Is what all scripture preaches.
- 6 To know him mine, for ever mine,
My God and Father too,
Who sav'd me for his own name's sake,
And not for what I do.
- 7 To know him thus, this makes me love,
I feel the sweet constraint
To love that God who loved me,
A sinner made a saint.
- 8 This is the sweet constraining love
I ever wish to know,
And sing aloud to sov'reign grace,
While dwelling here below.

The Sinner sensible of his own Weakness.

- 1 O God, there's not one soul come here,
But Satan would devour:

HYMNS & POEMS

- Put forth thine own almighty arm,
And chain him up this hour.
- 2 For we are come to seek our God;
With sad complaints we're come;
We want to feel our Father's love,
Made ours thro' God the Son.
- 3 Ah! since we met together last,
Good God, where have we been?
Sometimes in doubts, sometimes in fears,
And sometimes slaves to sin.
- 4 But here we are with all our sins,
They're open to thy view:
Lord, tell each sin-bound soul that's here,
Say, "Jesus died for you."
- 5 For tho' our debts are very large,
Christ cancel'd ev'ry bill,
When he took flesh, and bled, and died,
To do his Father's will.
- 6 Jehovah God the Father's will
Was one with God the Son;
The three-one God contriv'd man's bliss,
Before this world begun.
- 7 Then let the fearful soul rejoice,
Salvation is complete;
The soul that mourns and groans for sin,
Is, sure, a chosen sheep.
- 8 There's no such groan till Jesus comes
With his almighty voice:
The soul that Jesus makes to mourn,
He'll make that soul rejoice.

The Desire of the Soul. Romans vii. 21.

- 1 Lord, make this time a time of love
To ev'ry one that's here;
Subdue the power and craft of hell,
And conquer ev'ry fear.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 We come to groan out our complaints ;
There's no where else to go ;
Lord, thou canst read the broken sighs,
And silence ev'ry foe.
- 3 Thou only read'st the secret breast,
And know'st what lodges there:
Sometimes we think to give all up,
And sometimes give up prayer.
- 4 Sometimes we feel a love to God,
Sometimes no love at all ;
Sometimes we seem to stand quite firm,
Trust self and get a fall.
- 5 Sometimes we feel a heav'nly beam,
Sometimes it makes us proud ;
How oft our prayers, our vows, and tears,
Are like the morning cloud.
- 6 Are these the conflicts of the soul
That's sav'd by sov'reign grace ?
Then sure I am a child of God,
For this is oft my case.
- 7 This is the path the Lord mark'd out
For ransom'd souls to tread ;
Altho' we love an even path,
That is the path I dread.
- 8 Lord, lead us on, and lead us through,
Tho' hell be in the way :
Supply our souls with constant grace,
And keep us day by day.

Psalm cvii.

- 1 O, could I ever praise the Lord,
Whose mercy is the same ;
From age to age his love remains,
Eternally the same.
- 2 But who are those that praise the Lord ?
They are redeemed ones,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- To whom God sends his Spirit down,
Because they are his sons.
- 3 From east to west, from north to south,
God gathers his elect;
In desert paths, in death's dark vale,
Doth mighty grace erect.
- 4 With fainting, hungry, starving souls,
They fainted in the way:
But in their fainting and distress,
God heard them sigh and pray.
- 5 Jehovah heard their mournful cry,
And sent them sweet relief:
'Tis unbelief that robs the soul:
O cursed unbelief!
- 6 But Jesus leads his people forth
The way that shall be right,
Because his chosen people are
So precious in his sight.
- 7 He satisfies the hungry soul,
And gives the thirsty drink;
Tho' darkness be their dwelling-place,
Not one shall ever sink.
- 8 Altho' they're bound in iron chains
In this most abject case;
Yet bars shall break, and chains shall burst,
Before God's sov'reign grace.

The Safety of God's Chosen. 1 Peter iii. 12.

- 1 The righteous shall hold on his way,
Tho' Satan and hell may oppose;
The weakest believer must stand,
'Gainst thousands and thousands of foes.
- 2 The righteous shall hold on his way,
Altho' 'tis by many disputed;
This righteousness is not their own,
'Tis righteousness to them imputed.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 The righteous shall hold on his way,
What Paul says is verily sound,
That there's not a man without sin,
No, not such an one to be found.
- 4 The righteous shall hold on his way:
But where can we find out the man?
For man is so poison'd by sin,
The law does his best works condemn.
- 5 The righteous shall hold on his way,
If God's declarations be true;
Whoe'er feels the plague of his sins,
This promise is pointed to you.
- 6 The righteous shall hold on his way,
Because they are made so by grace:
Tho' filthy and black in themselves,
Christ died in their room, stead, and place.
- 7 The righteous shall hold on his way,
Tho' worried and tortur'd by sins;
The old man and new man will fight:
The weakest the victory wins.
- 8 The righteous shall hold on his way,
The way is all mark'd out with love:
God's people may stumble and fall:
They all rise to pleasures above.
- 9 The righteous shall hold on his way,
The weakling as well as the strong;
Both equally saved by grace,
In heav'n this will be all their song.
- 10 The righteous shall hold on his way,
Tho' doubters can hardly believe it;
But happy for those who, by faith,
With pleasure and joy can receive it.
- 11 The righteous shall hold on his way:
Wait patiently, then, little longer:
And those who are wash'd and made clean,
These souls shall wax stronger and stronger.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 12 The righteous shall hold on his way,
For Christ is his ruler and guide;
He gives him out strength for the day,
And grants him salvation beside.

Longing after Jesus. Psalm cxix. 40.

- 1 Ah! could I grasp this dying world,
And call it all my own,
For one sweet token of God's love
I would the whole disown.
- 2 If Jesus shines all things go well,
I think I want no more;
But when he hides his lovely face,
I'm wretched as before.
- 3 When will these soul-distressing fears
Perplex and tease no more?
When will they cease to plague my soul,
E'en when at mercy's door?
- 4 O come, almighty Spirit, come,
And drive the tempter out,
And take possession of my heart,
And put my foes to rout.
- 5 'Tis thou hast power to conquer these;
I cannot conquer one;
O lead me, then, to Calvary's cross,
Where all the work was done.
- 6 'Tho' sin may plague, it can't destroy;
Grace makes my standing firm;
And tho' ten thousand foes engage,
They cannot do me harm.
- 7 Then, may I triumph in my God,
For tokens of his choice:
Salvation is alone of grace;
In this I will rejoice.
- 8 Tho' poor and wretched in myself,
My case is nothing new;

HYMNS & POEMS.

Tho' oft cast down thro' guilt and sin,
Tho' faint, I still pursue.

Backslider. Proverbs xiv. 14.

- 1 O Lord, thou know'st for what we're come,
Tho' we can hardly tell;
Had we our just deserts, we know,
Our souls had been in hell.
- 2 For, since we've tasted of thy love,
We must confess with shame,
How oft we've turn'd away from God,
And stabb'd his blessed name.
- 3 Backsliders, Lord, we own the name;
Alas! we all backslide:
Our wretched, sinful, earth-bound hearts
Are carried with the tide.
- 4 The flesh it hankers after sin,
And likes its pleasures well,
Till conscience brings its summons forth,
And sounds alarms of hell.
- 5 The wounded soul returns to God,
Asham'd to shew his face;
This is the only plea he has,
Salvation is of grace.
- 6 Return, backsliding soul, return;
He hears the charming voice;
He reads, God will not cast away
The people of his choice.
- 7 God knows the weakness of his saints,
How apt they are to fall;
He has an ear to hear their groans,
And listens to their call.
- 8 And when they're crippled by their sins,
And feel the hellish foe,
'Tis then they know that Christ must save;
There's no where else to go.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 9 This is the case with us, O God;
Unless thou save, we die;
For, what in heart we do believe,
In conduct we deny.
- 10 Lord, keep us, then, from day to day,
From sin, and sinners too,
And give us grace to love our God,
And hate what sinners do.

The Burden'd Sinner's Refuge. 2 Cor. v. 4.

- 1 Poor burden'd, heavy laden soul,
Come, lay thy burden down;
Why carry what thy Lord has bore?
He died to win the crown.
- 2 What tho' thy sins perplex and tease,
And daily wound thy soul;
What tho' thy heart feels hard as steel,
And unbelief control;
- 3 Thy Jesus' smiles will come again,
And hardness shall give way;
Thy heart shalt melt, thy soul rejoice,
And thou shalt trust and pray.
- 4 For thou hast felt his love before,
Poor soul, thou can't deny;
Then tho' ten thousand devils roar,
Thy soul can never die.
- 5 Can Jesus love, and then forget,
And leave that soul to die?
There's not a groan can pass his ear;
He reads the broken sigh.
- 6 He knows thy state, he sees thy path,
And knows thy ev'ry foe;
He loves to hear his children say,
I will not let thee go.
- 7 Then plead his word, and trust his grace,
His promise is thy plea;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- However burden'd now with sin,
The Lord will set thee free.
8 For burden'd, groaning, sighing souls,
God never casts away,
For 'tis by his almighty grace
They're made to groan and pray.

Christ the Leader of his People. John x. 27.

- 1 Christ is the Leader of his sheep;
My soul approves it well;
For were they left unto themselves,
They all would stray to hell.
- 2 But tho' the sheep of Jesus stray,
Yet still they are his sheep;
And when they wander far away,
You'll hear them mourn and weep.
- 3 But when they're folded in his arms,
Which sometimes is the case,
They think they'll never wander more,
But keep a steady pace.
- 4 But ah! our Shepherd knows quite well
How prone we are to stray;
Were he to leave us but one hour,
We all should stray away.
- 5 But Jesus has engag'd to keep
And hold us with his arm,
That tho' ten thousand devils roar,
He will defend from harm.
- 6 Eternal love is theirs by gift;
This makes them to rejoice
That none can pluck them from his hands,
Because they are his choice.
- 7 Lord, bless the few poor straggling sheep
Who're folded here this night;
And bring eternal blessings down,
And place them in our sight.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 For, Lord, we want to feel, and see,
And hear our Master's voice;
Come, Lord, and speak a word of peace,
And make us all rejoice.

The Good Samaritan. Luke x. 30—35.

- 1 There was a man in days of old,
(Our Lord has told us so)
Who wander'd from Jerusalem,
The road to Jericho:
2 And there he met with cruel thieves,
Who robb'd him of his dress,
And, after wounding him, poor man,
They left him in distress.
3 Who was this man? if any ask;
Ah! tell them, it was I,
Who in this dreadful road have stray'd,
And there thought I must die.
4 I turn'd my back on Salem's streets,
Yet knew not where to go;
My nature lov'd the down-hill path
That leads to Jericho.
5 The sweet enjoyments I had felt
Before I went astray,
Were gone, and I, poor wounded man,
Half dead, and naked lay.
6 Ah! who can tell the dreadful state
Backslidings cause within?
'Tis only those who know this road,
And feel the plague of sin.
7 'Tho' not quite dead, nor yet alive
To sin, as heretofore,
There's life within, however low,
Which groans if nothing more.
8 In this sad state, the priest pass'd by,
With looks of cool disdain;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- The help of priest and Levite too
Are both alike in vain.
- 9 The law can neither ease nor cure;
It leaves us with its curse;
And those who preach this covenant,
They make the wound still worse.
- 10 But hark, my soul, 'tis Jesus heals;
The Friend of dying man!
Salvation's finished by him,
The good Samaritan.
- 11 This precious ever-loving Friend,
This Jesus, God and Man,
'Twas he who pour'd in oil and wine,
And heal'd the wounded man.
- 12 What were his wounds? that soul knows best,
Who has been in this case;
For such poor wounded souls as these
Will prize Jehovah's grace.
- 13 This good Samaritan was he
Who made the worlds on high,
Who took our nature, sin, and curse,
As Mediator died.
- 14 He views the chosen sons of God
All fair in him their Head;
And when he comes to seek them out
He finds them wholly dead.
- 15 But after, made alive by grace,
Alas! how prone to stray
The down-hill road to Jericho,
For nature loves that way.
- 16 Poor Peter wander'd in this road:
Of him it must be said,
That he was stripp'd, and wounded too,
Poor man, and left half dead.
- 17 Poor David stray'd into this path,
And found it to his cost;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- But for the good Samaritan,
Poor David had been lost.
- 18 There never was a saved soul,
I scruple not to say,
Not one, but was, or will be found
Stripp'd naked in this way.
- 19 Tho' priest and Levite, with disdain,
Pass by the wounded man,
They never knew the worth of Christ,
The good Samaritan.
- 20 For those who never felt the wound,
Can never prize the balm;
And those who never knew a storm,
Think little of a calm.
- 21 So Pharisees can only guess
At this poor man's complaint;
For in the road to Jericho
Is many a wounded saint.
- 22 'Tis there they get their broken bones;
There doth the law condemn;
'Tis there they learn that none can heal
But this Samaritan.
- 23 'Tis he who heals sin's fester'd scars,
And silences alarms;
'Tis he who takes the half dead man,
And carries in his arms.
- 24 He takes him to the gospel inn,
And there he pays his fare,
And tells the host to give him food,
That he may not despair.
- 25 Lord, take me to an inn like this,
And feed with bread from heaven;
Not such as thousands feed upon,
Mix'd up with human leaven.
- 26 Thou gav'st commission to the host
To feed with balsam bread,

HYMNS & POEMS:

- That poor, distressed, wounded soul,
The thieves had left half dead.
- 27 And when thou left him, blessed Friend,
Thou gav'st the host two-pence,
And left thy promise with the host,
To pay the whole expence.
- 28 See here the glories of free grace,
Salvation's blessed plan,
Begun, completed, and made sure,
By the Samaritan.
- 29 Exalt him high, lay sinners low :
How low ? I cannot tell.
But for the good Samaritan
We'd all laid low in hell.
- 30 Then cry aloud, ye heralds, cry,
And tell the world of this,
That 'tis the good Samaritan,
The only way to bliss.
- 31 Adore this good Samaritan,
Jehovah, God and man,
Who liv'd, who died, who rose again ;
Salvation was his plan.
- 32 Salvation is the gift of God,
Not for the works of man ;
But 'tis for those who feel they want
The good Samaritan.
- 33 But you who never felt a wound,
Can't pity this poor man ;
'Tis such poor wounded souls as these
Proud Pharisees condemn.
- 34 And you who think you're standing safe,
Yet never had a fall ;
Those stand the safest, in my view,
Who have no strength at all.
- 35 When I am weak, then am I strong ;
Thus speaks the blessed Paul :

HYMNS & POEMS.

- He knew the good Samaritan,
And crown'd him Lord of all.
- 36 Tho' once alive without the law,
A proud, self-righteous man,
Till he was stopp'd in his career
By the Samaritan.
- 37 'Twas then he felt his wounds within,
And cried, O wretched man,
Now made to feel his want of Christ,
The good Samaritan.
- 38 He counted all his gain but loss,
And so will ev'ry man
That's made to feel his want of Christ,
The good Samaritan.
- 39 But some there are who feel no change,
From year to year they go;
Where they were born they still remain,
They live at Jericho.
- 40 They hate the chosen citizens;
They hate salvation's plan;
They never felt the want of Christ,
The good Samaritan.

The Passing Knell.

- 1 Hark! hark, my soul; what sound is that,
That dreadful death-like knell?
Ah! sure some soul has taken flight:
Where to? To heaven or hell.
- 2 To hell! Most shocking, dreadful thought!
Is that a likely case?
Yes, sure, there's not a soul escapes,
But those who're sav'd by grace.
- 3 And who are they? (most blessed thought)
The very worst of men,
Jehovah's choice, belov'd of God,
Sav'd thro' the precious Lamb.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 How shall we know them from the rest ?
They're sinners by the fall ;
But those Jehovah fix'd upon
Shall hear Jehovah call.
- 5 And when they hear, they hear and live,
And live for evermore ;
From life receiv'd they go to God,
And wait at mercy's door.
- 6 The body dies, and turns to dust ;
The soul it mounts the skies,
To join the souls redeem'd by blood,
With wonder and surprise.
- 7 How happy are the mourners then,
Who follow one like this,
Who left this world of pain and woe,
To enter endless bliss.
- 8 But ah ! how shocking is the sight,
To see an open grave
For one who never sought to Christ,
Nor knew the Saviour's name.
- 9 What tho' we see a great parade,
To bid the last farewell,
Yet, what, alas ! will this avail ?
Perhaps the soul's in hell.
- 10 Behold the giddy multitude,
With lightness in each face ;
A proof that death can't change the heart :
That's only done by grace.
- 11 We see the multitude retire,
And death is soon forgot ;
But as for those who know not God,
How soon their mem'ries rot.
- 12 But some can hear the doleful knell,
With neither fear nor dread ;
They view death conquer'd by their Friend,
Who dwelt amongst the dead.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 13 They long to bid this world adieu,
And see their Jesus' face;
Such Jesus makes to know, while here,
That they are sav'd by grace.
- 14 Then death can do my soul no harm;
Death has no sting for me;
Death was conquer'd, life made sure,
On Calv'ry's bloody tree.
- 15 'Twas there sin's horrid debt was paid,
And God well satisfied;
And those who die in him are safe,
For God their Surety died.
- 16 Ah! blessed are the dead, indeed,
Who die in such a case;
Their souls, will live for evermore,
And triumph in free grace.
- 17 But those who never knew what's meant
By being born again,
Will feel the horrid load of sin
In everlasting pain.
- 18 However moral here below,
Self-righteous and devout,
Without a better robe than this
The Lord will shut them out.
- 19 The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
The learned and the wise,
If not in Christ, will sink to hell,
Where sorrow never dies.
- 20 But mourning, sighing, weeping souls,
Who feel sin's plague within,
Will soon behold their Saviour God,
Who wash'd away their sin.

How shall Man be Just with God? Job xxv. 4.

- 1 Ah! how shall man be just with God?
Poor hell deserving man:

- 'Tis God the Holy Ghost reveals
The glorious cov'nant plan.
- 2 Man once was just and holy too,
Without one stain of sin;
The law just suited such a state
As Adam once was in.
- 3 Its language was, Obey and live;
And Adam could obey:
The language of the law remains
The same unto this day.
- 4 This holy, pure, and happy man,
With power to stand, he fell,
Hell rang with triumphs at the thought,
That he must fall to hell.
- 5 How shall this man be just with God?
This guilty, wretched man:
He disobey'd the law of God;
The law his deeds condemn.
- 6 The law remain'd just what it was,
Tho' Adam disobey'd;
The law now shew'd poor Adam's debt,
But not how 'twould be paid.
- 7 The day thou eat'st thereof, says God,
In dying thou shalt die:
He felt that death possess'd his soul;
He knew the reason why.
- 8 Where art thou, Adam? Jehovah spoke:
Poor Adam trembling stood;
He felt his shame, he felt his sin,
Ashamed to see his God.
- 9 Then how can man be just with God?
This is the question then:
Ah! hear the voice of sov'reign grace,
Addressing fallen man.
- 10 The woman's seed shall bruise his head
Who triumphs in thy fall;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And thou shalt feel his pow'r to save;
For he is Lord of all.
- 11 Before I built the lofty skies,
Or form'd this earthly ball,
I saw man ruin'd and undone,
All helpless in the fall.
- 12 I saw the guilty sons of men,
In thee, their federal head:
I had prepar'd a Surety too,
In their low place and stead.
- 13 At the decreed and settled time
God's equal Son was born,
And those he came to save from hell,
They treated him with scorn.
- 14 He liv'd a life of sorrows here,
And died a shameful death;
He cried and groan'd for sinful man,
With his expiring breath.
- 15 On Calv'ry's cross sin's Conqu'ror hung,
He gain'd the vict'ry there;
O'er sin and hell behold him rise
Triumphant in the air.
- 16 This is the way, salvation's way,
The Lord himself has plann'd;
The sinners who reject this way
Will surely be condemn'd.
- 17 Salvation's here, and no where else:
I am, says Christ, the way;
The soul who trusts his all in him
Has nothing left to pay.
- 18 'Twas he who laid the plan to save,
And finished the same,
Fulfill'd the law, and baffled hell;
Jehovah is his name.
- 19 Who will, who can, who dare, condemn
The purchase of his blood?

HYMNS & POEMS.

Rejoice, ye ransom'd sinners, then,
In your redeeming God.
20 The way that man is just with God
Is not as thousands say;
'Tis those God chose in Christ their Head,
There is no other way.

Bible Direction. Mark iv. 24.

1 Take heed what you hear;
'Tis right to do so,
Or Christ would have never enjoin'd it:
For many stand up
As the heralds of Christ;
What they preach we do well not to mind it.
2 Take heed what you hear:
For some they affirm,
That man can repent and believe,
And keep the commands,
And the precepts obey;
And thus their poor hearers deceive.
3 Take heed what you hear:
For some preach the law,
And say, 'Tis the rule of your life;
Tho' your first husband's dead,
And you're married to Christ:
If so, you're your first husband's wife.
4 Take heed what you hear:
For many profess
That salvation is not wholly free;
But sinners were plac'd
In a salvable state
When Christ died on Calvary's tree.
5 Take heed what you hear:
For some preach up works,
And make them the most in salvation;

HYMNS & POEMS.

And Christ is held forth
As the pattern too,
But yourselves you must save from damnation.

6 Take heed what you hear:
As some further go,
And tell us that Christ is the way;
If we are but faithful
To cultivate grace,
And get holier every day.

7 Take heed what you hear:
As some cry aloud,
And preach up the terrors of hell,
And tell the dead sinner
To get into Christ,
And when he's done that all is well.

8 Take heed what you hear:
For the trumpet is blown
By many who give a false sound;
Who build up the Pharisees'
Self-righteous hopes,
But give the Lord's people a wound.

9 Take heed what you hear:
And when you hear this,
Man ought to do this, and do that,
And bring forth the law
As the rule of their work,
These men are as blind as a bat.

10 Take heed what you hear,
And try what you hear;
As thousands stand up now as teachers,
Who never were dead
To the law or to sin;
Such as these make but mongrel preachers.

11 Take heed what you hear;
Whatever man say,
Christ is but the one way to heaven:

HYMNS & POEMS.

When Christ said, Take heed,
No doubt but he meant,
Take heed of the Pharisees' leaven

12 Take heed what you hear:
Our Jesus knows well
That all that man preaches is vain,
Unless he exalts
The salvation of Christ,
And that seekers shall surely attain.

13 Take heed what you hear:
And hear only those
Who have felt condemnation within;
Who know they are sinners
Redeemed by blood,
But still feel the plague of their sin.

14 Take heed what you hear:
Those poor whited walls,
Taught by man to teach and to pray;
Who stand up as teachers,
And call themselves preachers,
Yet know not a step of the way.

15 Take heed what you hear:
Some tell us that God
Will love us, if we but repent;
God waits to be gracious,
If man will return;
God waits till the sinner relent.

16 Take heed what you hear:
Some boast of free will,
And tell what the creatures can do:
Such preachers as these
Are the pest of the world;
You may find them wherever you go.

17 Take heed what you hear:
For certain I am,
'Tis Christ who redeem'd from the fall:

HYMNS & POEMS.

Tho' man may know Latin,
And Hebrew, and Greek,
Take Christ away, what is it all?
18 Take heed what you hear:
Hear those if you can
Who God has made wise by his Spirit;
Who boldly declare
That salvation is free,
And not purchas'd by Pharisees' merit.

19 Take heed what you hear:
Contend for the truth,
Let Arminians do what they can:
Tho' they are well pleas'd
With the works they perform,
The law does their best works condemn.

20 Take heed what you hear:
For many will say
That Christ died that sinners may live:
If they will repent,
And believe, and obey,
Do so, then the Lord will forgive.

21 Take heed what you hear:
Some offer you grace,
And say, Christ is offer'd to all:
If 'tis but an offer,
Dead sinners can't take it,
So none will be saved at all.

22 Take heed what you hear:
Be certain of this,
The gospel is not yea and nay;
'Tis glorious good news
To the guilty condemn'd,
The man who has nothing to pay.

23 Take heed what you hear:
Take heed who you hear:
Take heed that you hear not in vain,

HYMNS & POEMS.

When Christ is exalted
As God over all,
Who died our salvation to gain.

24 Take heed what you hear:
And be not dismay'd,
Tho' some set the standard so high,
That you must be holy
Within and without,
And live like an angel on high.

25 Take heed what you hear:
And when you hear this,
I have not a doubt for my part,
But you will do well,
So say to that man,
That he knows not the plague of his heart.

26 Take heed who you hear;
There's here and there one,
Who tells the poor sinner his case;
Who knows by experience
How sinners are sav'd,
And that it's entirely of grace.

27 Such preachers as these,
Bless God, there are few,
Who dare to preach salvation free:
But if what thousands say
Can be prov'd the right way,
Salvation will never reach me.

The Wonder of Wonders. John iii. 16.

1 What wonder of wonders; my soul, stand amaz'd!
It beggars all language to tell:
That God should contrive, bring about, and complete,

How to save a poor sinner from hell.

2 This makes angels wonder, and wonder they may,
All heaven must wonder at this,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- That Christ should come down and on Calvary die,
To bring poor lost sinners to bliss.
- 3 'Tis a wonder in heaven, 'tis a wonder in hell,
But this is the wonder of all,
That God should leave angels, and choose ruin'd
man,
By nature quite dead in the fall.
- 4 This will be a wonder when time is no more;
Eternity will not erase;
The heavens will ring with the anthems of praise,
The wonders of sov'reign grace.
- 5 Poor sinners will wonder that they should get safe,
Tho' hell, sin, and Satan oppose;
Tho' they were so weak, and temptations so strong,
Tho' often beat down by their foes.
- 6 But wonders of grace will be better display'd
When sinners get safe into glory:
Each one will be wondering how he got there,
But all will be telling one story.
- 7 The wonderful love of a covenant God
Is a wonderful story to tell,
While they gaze on the Saviour who ransom'd their
souls,
And wonderfully sav'd them from hell.
- 8 What wonders poor Peter must have to relate;
He's never forgot how he fell;
Poor Peter is shouting of wonderful love,
That sav'd a backslider from hell.
- 9 Poor David must wonder when he recollects
What a wonderful sinner was he:
But Peter, and David, and ten thousands more,
Have prov'd that salvation is free.
- 10 What wonder of mercy, what wonder of grace;
What wonder poor Jonah must tell,
When he thinks of the wonders his Jesus once
wrought,
In dragging his soul out of hell.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 11 Ah! wonders of wonders will fill ev'ry soul
That's made a partaker of grace;
They wonder below, they wonder above,
They'll wonder to see Jesus' face.
- 12 There's Peter, and David, Manasseh, and Paul,
With wonderful numbers beside,
Adoring the wonderful love of their God,
Who once on mount Calvary died.
- 13 There's the poor wretched thief that once hung on
the cross,
A victim on Calvary's tree;
He saw his dear Jesus on Calvary's mount,
Who sav'd him most wonderfully.
- 14 Thus wonders on wonders will evermore bring
New glories to God and the Lamb;
Salvation thro' Jesus each one will proclaim,
For ever adoring the plan.
- 15 Each one will acknowledge 'twas wonderful grace
That sav'd such a rebel as me;
When Jesus look'd on me and bid me to live;
I found that salvation was free.
- 16 O wonder ye heavens, and wonder O earth,
This wonderful love who can tell?
God so lov'd the world that he gave his own Son
To redeem his own chosen from hell.
- 17 Of all these great wonders, I wonder the most
That I into hell did not fall;
And if Jesus gives what I now have in hope,
'Twill be the great wonder of all.
- 18 I wonder Jehovah has not cut me down,
Such a wonderful sinner as I;
But I venture my all on a covenant God,
And there, if I die, I will lie.
- 19 But die I shall not, for his wonderful grace
I know is both sov'reign and free;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Poor self-condemn'd sinners need not be dismay'd,
Since mercy has sav'd such as me.
- 20 No, wonderful grace will do wonderful things,
It saves from a wonderful hell;
And those who are taught by the Spirit of God,
God's wonders for ever will tell.
- 21 They wonder Jehovah should single them out,
And cause them to hear his sweet voice;
They wonder sometimes that their hearts are so
hard;
They wonder they cannot rejoice.
- 22 And sometimes they wonder they cannot believe,
And wonder what can be the matter;
And thus they go wondering day after day,
And wonder sometimes they're no better.
- 23 But sometimes they wonder that things are no
worse,
And bless God things are as they are;
'Tis then they can thank him for wonderful grace,
That has brought their poor souls on so far.
- 24 Ah! these are the wonders my soul often feels,
For I am a wonder to many;
And those who are blind to the wonders of grace,
Their religion is not worth a penny.
- 25 'Tis wonderful grace laid the wonderful plan
That made angels wonder on high,
That Christ should take flesh, and on Calvary
bleed,
To bring the poor wonderers nigh.
- 26 'Twas the wonderful life and the wonderful death
Of Christ that did all things so well;
Whoe'er shall despise a salvation this way,
Will go to a wonderful hell.
- 27 Some wonder at this, and some wonder at that;
But this is the wonder of all,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- That poor wretched sinners, redeemed by blood,
Lost nothing by poor Adam's fall.
- 28 For wonderful love view'd this wonderful plan
Jehovah has fix'd in his Son,
In whom the elected stood safe and secure
Ere creation's work was begun.
- 29 O wonder of wonders, I wonder at this,
That I should be saved this way;
I must have been lost, had it been left to me
But one single farthing to pay.
- 30 Then, O what a wonder that Jesus should pay
A debt so enormously large,
That all the bright angels in heaven above
Could never have gain'd my discharge.
- 31 And can I but wonder that all this was done
For such a base rebel as me?
Unask'd for, unsought for, O wonder, my soul;
All this was done perfectly free.
- 32 Then O what a wonder I cannot love more;
Ah! sure I'm a wonderful sinner;
'Tis wonderful grace must complete his own work,
Where Jesus has been the beginner.
- 33 Ah! God will complete his wonderful work,
Such wonders as make heaven ring,
That poor filthy beggars, on dunghills below
Should be made sons and heirs of a King.
- 34 But how they will wonder who heard of the Lamb,
And did his salvation reject,
Who often have sneer'd and wonder'd at those
Who dar'd to say they were elect.

Who are Blessed. Psalm lxx. 4.

- 1 Bless'd is the man, ah! bless'd indeed,
And will for ever be,
Whom God has fix'd his love upon
From all eternity.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 Lov'd with an everlasting love,
God makes it known to those
For whom the price of blood was paid,
Whom God the Father chose.
- 3 They are not bless'd because they shun
The sinner's crooked way;
They are not bless'd for any thing
They either do or say.
- 4 'Tis God who turns the sinner's steps,
And leads in Zion's way;
'Tis God who melts the sinner's heart,
And teaches him to pray.
- 5 But did you ever pray at all?
Methinks I hear you say,
I often groan, relent, and sigh,
Because I cannot pray.
- 6 And is it so with you, poor soul,
Then you have pray'd indeed;
The sinner never groans for God
Until he feels his need.
- 7 'Tis then he'll shun the sinner's way,
The sinner's chair reject;
God gives him grace to do all this,
As one of his elect.
- 8 God knows the way his people take,
He knows their helpless case,
He knows they can do nought for God
Till God bestows his grace.
- 9 For man is dead, and cannot move;
He's blind, and cannot see;
Nor would he ever move to God,
Till Jesus set him free.

Christ's Kingdom an everlasting Kingdom. Ps. iv. 1.

- 1 Why did the foolish heathens rage
Against the Son of God,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Altho' he'd pow'r to crush them down
Beneath his iron rod ?
- 2 And why, ah ! why, did you and I
Oppose the blessed Lamb ?
Because we had no eyes to see
Salvation's glorious plan.
- 3 But now we see God's firm decrees
Accomplish'd in the Lamb ;
Ah ! see him in a manger lay,
The Babe of Bethlehem.
- 4 There see the pledge of ancient love,
Behold the promis'd Child ;
He overturn'd the powers of hell,
And Satan he beguil'd.
- 5 The Lamb was born, the promis'd Lamb,
The great Almighty One,
Before whom kings and devils bow,
Jehovah's promis'd Son.
- 6 Let heathens rage, and kings oppose ;
Let devils rave and roar ;
They can but do what God designs,
Ah ! they can do no more.
- 7 Salvation now is made secure,
And Satan tempts in vain ;
Not one for whom the Lamb was slain
Shall Satan ever gain.
- 8 Then blessed are the souls who trust
Their all in Jesus' hand,
Through seas of sorrow and distress
He'll bring them safe to land.
- 9 Ye tempted souls, who sometimes feel
A little hell within,
Remember, Christ was born to take
Your load of guilt and sin.
- 10 It was for you the Lamb was born,
For you he liv'd and dy'd ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

And if you cry to him for help,
You shall not be denied.

Trust in Christ. Psalm xl. 4.

- 1 Let those increase who vex my heart,
And plague from day to day;
When Jesus shines upon my soul,
I care not what they say.
- 2 They cry, There is no help in God;
My unbelief says so;
Lord, conquer this my unbelief,
'This most infernal foe.
- 3 If thou, O Lord, art still my shield,
My glory, and my aid:
Then, tho' ten thousand foes engage,
I will not be afraid.
- 4 Salvation! blessed, happy word,
To one in my sad case;
Salvation from the pit of hell;
Salvation, all of grace.
- 5 Salvation from mount Sinai's curse;
Salvation full and free;
Salvation for a sinner too,
A sinner vile as me.
- 6 Who knows what this salvation means?
Alas! not ev'ry man:
'Tis only those whom God hath taught
To know salvation's plan.
- 7 Behold a man condemn'd to die,
Ah! what a dreadful scene:
But mercy comes and saves the wretch;
This doth salvation mean.
- 8 Then take the halter from his neck,
And ask him, What's the cause?
He'd say, This is salvation free,
For I had broke the laws.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 9 Just so a man confin'd for debt,
In some cold dreary cell,
The jail would never pay his debts,
Nor would the pit of hell.
- 10 But if a friend step in and leave
A full and free discharge,
He'll judge then what salvation means,
When he is set at large.
- 11 But those who never were condemn'd,
Such may be always seen,
Who talk about salvation work,
But know not what they mean.
- 12 The man who never was in debt
Knows nothing of the case,
Nor ever felt like that poor man
Whose debts are paid by grace.
- 13 Then you who feel condemn'd for sin,
And that most justly too,
You know salvation must be free,
And not for what you do.
- 14 The man condemn'd, the man in debt,
You know the meaning well;
There's nothing but the blood of Christ
That saves a soul from hell.
- 15 Salvation is an empty sound
To those who do reject
Christ as the way, the truth, the life,
To those of God's elect.
- 16 God's blessings rest on those alone
As his eternal choice;
He brings salvation to their souls,
And then they can rejoice.

Mourning before God. Isa. xxx. 20.

- 1 Give ear unto my words, O Lord,
And answer my request;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Consider, Lord, my inward thoughts,
The troubles of my breast.
- 2 'Thou know'st the secrets of my soul,
No sigh escapes thine ear;
For thou can'st read my inward groans,
And conquer ev'ry fear.
- 3 As soon as morning light appears,
Like David I would pray,
But ah ! before I'm well awake,
My heart is gone astray.
- 4 Sometimes I feel a secret wish
To seek my God by pray'r,
I go in hopes to find my God,
But cannot find him there.
- 5 Perhaps at night I try to go,
And not one word can say;
I feel ten thousand wants within,
But ah ! I cannot pray.
- 6 At other times I go to God,
And chatter like a crane,
I plead my prayers may be perfum'd
In my Redeemer's name.
- 7 When I look up unto the hills,
From whence my blessings come,
'Tis then I feel and know indeed
'Tis what the Lord has done.
- 8 'Tis then I cry, Lord dress my soul
In thine own righteousness;
Take off my filthy rags, O Lord,
And clothe me in thy dress.
- 9 Let those who trust the Lord be glad,
God bids them to rejoice;
None ever trusted in the Lord,
But were Jehovah's choice.
- 10 Then you who would but cannot trust;
Who would but cannot pray ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

Although your pray'rs are only groans,
The Lord knows what you say.

- 11 Go on, poor soul, for ev'ry groan
And ev'ry sigh is heard,
For sighing, praying, groaning souls,
There's nothing to be fear'd.
- 12 'Tis God hath made you sigh and groan,
'Tis God who made you cry;
And he who puts those cries within,
Will never let you die.

The Soul burdened with Guilt. Psalm xxxviii. 1.

- 1 O Lord, rebuke, rebuke me not,
But let thine anger cease;
And let my sinking hopes revive,
My little faith increase.
- 2 O turn thine anger, Lord, away,
For who can bear thy frown;
Lay underneath thy mighty arm,
Or guilt will press me down.
- 3 O wash my guilty, guilty soul,
And heal my broken bones;
And let thine ear attend my cries,
And hearken to my groans.
- 4 I have rebell'd against my God;
My crimes there's none can tell;
And should thy wrath burst on my head,
My soul must sink to hell.
- 5 Deliver, Lord, my guilty soul,
For canst thou vengeance take
On those who plead for mercy, Lord,
And that for Jesus' sake?
- 6 This is the plea I dare to make;
I've nothing else to say;
Christ died for sinners: why not me?
Lord, turn me not away.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 7 My soul is vex'd. Return, O God;
And let a rebel live:
Altho' my sins are black as hell,
I know thou canst forgive.
- 8 Depart from me, ye hellish crew;
I shall again rejoice;
The Lord has seen my sad distress,
The Lord has heard my voice.
- 9 My supplications reach his ear;
The Lord has heard my pray'r:
Ah! see the freeness of God's grace;
No sinner need despair.
- 10 My sins would sink me down to hell,
But Jesus took them all,
And nail'd them to the bloody tree,
And rescu'd from the fall.
- 11 Let all my foes from earth or hell
Against my soul assail;
Altho' my sins have broke my bones,
Grace, grace shall still prevail.
- 12 My nature fell as low as hell,
But Jesus went as low,
And rais'd my soul to endless joys,
By Satan's overthrow.
- 13 All glory, then, to matchless grace,
For 'tis Jehovah's plan,
To pull the pride of mortals down,
And to exalt the Lamb.

Trust in God. Psalm xl. 4.

- 1 O' Lord, my God, my hope, my trust,
My refuge, and my all,
Tho' lions roar, and devils rage,
Yet can I, shall I fall?
- 2 Yes, David fell, yet David rose:
Tho' earth and hell combine,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Nor men, nor devils, can but do
Just what the Lord design.
- 3 Tho' Saul pursues with hellish rage,
And thirsts for David's blood,
Yet David shall be sav'd thro' all,
And that by David's God.
- 4 So let the devil tear and rage,
He's but a servant still;
And tho' he plague and vex my soul,
'Tis by Jehovah's will.
- 5 For David's God was on his side,
And David knew it too;
'Twas David's friend, and David's God,
That brought poor David thro'.
- 6 Is David's God your God and mine?
If so, then all is well;
Tho' Satan tempt, he can't destroy,
Nor drag our souls to hell.
- 7 Like bloody Saul he'll vex and rage,
Because he can't destroy;
He envy'd David's happiness,
He envy'd David's joy.
- 8 Whatever foes assault the soul,
God has his hitherto;
For just as far as God permits,
No farther, can they go.
- 9 Take courage, then, ye smoaking flax,
Ye bruised, breaking reeds;
God saves you for his mercy sake,
And not for your good deeds.

The Glories and Grace of God in Providence.

Jer. xxxi. 11.

- 1 O Lord, Jehovah, great I AM,
How wonderful thy name;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Before all worlds, the God of love,
Eternally the same.
- 2 The heavens above, the earth beneath,
The whole creation's plan,
Displays the glories of the Lord,
Before the creature man.
- 3 But what is man, poor ruin'd man?
What was he made at first;
Stamp'd with the image of his God,
Created from the dust.
- 4 Made by the finger of a God,
Made of inferior clay;
Made with capacity to stand,
Jehovah to obey.
- 5 Ah! what is man? what is he now;
A ruin'd captive slave:
Ah! view this noble creature, man,
Lay stinking in the grave.
- 6 For sin, the harbinger of death,
Pursu'd poor guilty man;
Hell triumph'd at poor Adam's fall,
At hell's infernal plan.
- 7 But God was mindful of his word;
God had design'd the plan,
To overthrow hell's darkest schemes,
And save his creature man.
- 8 The plan lay hid from age to age;
Damnation was the sound,
Till God, the almighty God, declar'd,
A Ransomer is found.
- 9 And who was he? The Son of God
Became the Mediator:
God's equal, and God's fellow too,
Who was the world's Creator.
- 10 Now, thron'd above, the mighty God,
The Friend of sinners still,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 'Tis he who conquers sinners' hearts,
'Tis he subdues their will,
11 The babes and sucklings of his flock
Are Jesus' constant care;
The lambs he carries in his arms,
He does their sorrows share.
12 The mouths of such he opens wide,
To tell what God has done,
And sing hosannas to the Lamb,
Jehovah, God the Son.
13 Because God views these chosen souls
Complete in Jesus' face,
The craft of hell is overthrown:
These babes are sav'd by grace.
14 Then may the weakest soul that's here,
That can in Christ rejoice,
Be sure of this, this is the pledge,
They are Jehovah's choice.

When God draws, the Soul can run. Psalm ix. 1.

- 1 With my whole heart I'll praise the Lord,
Poor David once could say;
But sometimes David could not praise,
And sometimes could not pray.
2 From whence arose this praising frame?
What made his soul so glad?
He fear'd the Lord's rebukes just now,
Just now was very sad.
3 Because his foes were driven back,
Jehovah took his part;
'Twas this fill'd David's soul with praise,
And melted David's heart.
4 That God who rais'd poor David's soul,
Can raise your soul and mine,
However long the night appears,
The morning light will shine.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 And who? God is our refuge still,
And that in times of need;
The soul that's longing for relief,
That soul shall soon be freed.
- 6 Amidst temptation's raging storms
The trembling soul may weep,
Because the soul appears sometimes
Envelop'd in the deep.
- 7 But can that soul be drown'd at last,
That has a Friend so near?
God is a refuge in distress,
A refuge from your fear:
- 8 A refuge from mount Sinai's curse;
Their safety and redress:
The Lord Jehovah, God in Christ,
The Lord our righteousness.
- 9 O may our souls find refuge here,
In this bless'd hiding place;
This is the refuge God sets up,
To magnify his grace.
- 10 And those who know a Saviour's name,
A refuge for the poor,
Will put their trust in him alone,
And trust themselves no more.
- 11 The expectation of the poor
Shall not for ever fail;
Whoever may assault their souls,
They never shall prevail.
- 12 The wicked shall be turn'd to hell,
God's word declares it so;
But shall the weakest child of God?
God's promises say No.
- 13 Then may each poor distressed soul,
That's plagued to death with sin,
Look forward to that glorious day,
When Christ will take them in.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 14 He'll take them as a trophy too,
Of his own matchless grace,
To sing and shout, for ever shout,
Before their Saviour's face.
- 15 Tho' now entangled by the way,
With fears on ev'ry hand,
The Lord who turn'd their face this way
Will bring them safe to land.
- 16 Dark nights may overspread their soul;
No sun from day to day;
Yet God will never leave a soul
He's brought in Zion's way.

The Mourning Soul's Complaint. Psalm xxii. 1.

- 1 Why has my God forsaken me?
Why go I mourning thus?
My comforts seem to fly away,
And I feel worse and worse.
- 2 My God, my God, why is it so?
Put forth thy helping hand,
And tho' I'm toss'd with winds and waves,
Lord bring me safe to land.
- 3 Why does my God secrete himself?
Why leave me in distress?
My God, my hope, my trust, my stay,
The Lord my righteousness.
- 4 But dare I ask the Lord for why
He hides his face from me?
Ah! sure it is for my base sins,
My foul iniquity.
- 5 Shall I, who have so oft denied?
Shall such a wretch as I?
If I am left to mourn my state,
Ah! shall I ask for why?
- 6 No, rather let me ask myself,
Why am I out of hell?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Why am I still on praying ground?
The reason who can tell?
- 7 Why was I ever born to hear
Salvation full and free?
O why did Jesus ever look
On such a wretch as me?
- 8 Why was I ever led to see
Salvation's glorious plan?
Why did I ever flee for life
To Christ the blessed Lamb?
- 9 Why was I ever made to feel
The plague of sin within?
Why was I ever led to Christ,
Who took my curse and sin?
- 10 Why was I led to Calv'ry's cross,
While thousands stoop and die?
Ah! why indeed? my soul, adore,
I know the reason why.
- 11 Because God lov'd my precious soul,
God would not let me die;
And if you ask me why I'm sav'd,
This is the reason why.
- 12 No other reason can I give;
This is enough for me,
That God has lov'd and chose my soul
From all eternity.

Unbelief the Enemy of the Soul. Psalm xxxvii. 3.

- 1 O happy David, blessed man,
I envy that sweet frame,
When thou could'st put thy trust in God,
And glory in his name.
- 2 But unbelief doth vex my soul,
To trust I seem afraid;
When Jesus hides his lovely face,
Then conscience will upbraid.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 I want to trust, but cannot trust,
O what a wretched case;
Then I go mourning all the day
For tokens of his grace.
- 4 Could the foundation be remov'd
On which salvation stands,
What would become of you and me,
Who feel ourselves condemn'd?
- 5 But the foundation stands secure,
Tho' you and I may shake;
And sooner than God's promise fail,
The flinty rock shall break.
- 6 For rocks may rend, and mountains shake,
And hills may quit their place;
But God will never, never leave
The objects of his grace.
- 7 This rock is Christ, and Christ is God,
Through whose eternal love
His people are as safe below
As they will be above.
- 8 Could this foundation be remov'd,
What would become of man?
There's not a soul that would be safe
If God could change his plan.
- 9 What is that plan? O blessed plan!
Salvation wholly free:
Ah! sure this plan just suits your case;
It suits a wretch like me.
- 10 Tho' God won't leave, yet God will try
The people of his choice;
Sometimes their souls are bowed down,
But sometimes they rejoice.
- 11 God weighs his people's trials out;
He knows what they can bear;
Sometimes he leaves them in the dark,
And almost in despair.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 12 'Tis God's own grace that God will try
In sorrows and distress,
That they may know they're not alone
In this dark wilderness.
- 13 But all the sorrows that they feel
Are blessings in disguise;
And we shall see that all was right,
With wonder and surprise.
- 14 Then while we travel here below,
May Christ be all our song;
Tho' sorrows now perplex the soul,
Those sorrows won't be long.

God the best Help. Psalm lxxvii. 1.

- 1 The soul that is distress'd with guilt,
Will tremble at the rod;
What can it do in this sad case?
Cry mightily to God.
- 2 Poor David cried to God for help,
When other helpers fail'd;
And all who cry to God for help
Have ever yet prevail'd.
- 3 Tho' wicked men may laugh and jeer,
And say our hope is vain,
A groan shall reach Jehovah's ear,
And shall the blessing gain.
- 4 God hears his own oppressed poor,
The needy, when they cry;
God will arise to take their part,
And answer ev'ry sigh.
- 5 And those who would ensnare their souls,
God baffles their design,
And gives his people faith to say,
A cov'nant God is mine.
- 6 Some may be ready here to say,
Ah! could you know but all,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- You'd say, for such a wretch as me
There is no hope at all.
- 7 I feel such wretchedness within,
It sinks me to the ground;
Sometimes I fear I am not heal'd,
Or never felt the wound.
- 8 Sometimes I mourn, sometimes rejoice,
Sometimes bewail my case;
At other times I see myself
A sinner sav'd by grace.
- 9 Then can I cry to God indeed,
And feel love's sweet control;
Before one hour I mourn and say,
None careth for my soul.
- 10 Is this the case with any here?
Perhaps with ev'ry one;
Then take the comfort of this truth,
'Tis what the Lord has done.
- 11 Take comfort! some may, angry, say,
I'm sure you must be wrong;
For lamentation suits me best,—
Much better than a song.
- 12 And if you felt as I now feel,
I think you'd say so too:
The Lord must work in me the power
To will, as well as do.
- 13 Sometimes I think I have them both,
Yea, both the will and power,
And then perhaps I'm robb'd of both
Before another hour.
- 14 These are the chequer'd paths I tread;
Perhaps you know the way;
But if you never trod this path,
You know not what I say.
- 15 The man that's blind may form a guess,
But seldom guesses right;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Before a man can see his state,
The Lord must give him sight.
16 A man that's dumb can never sing,
Till God unloose his tongue:
The dead man must be made alive,
Ere Christ will be his song.
17 All this the Lord hath done for you,
All this is done for me;
You once was dead, and so was I,
Was blind but now I see.

The Soul perplexed with Unbelief. Psalm xiii. 1.

- 1 How long shall I complaining go,
And mourn an absent God?
While others bask beneath his smiles,
I'm press'd beneath his rod.
2 Is this the path mark'd out for me,
All through this desert land?
O Lord, I sink beneath the load,
If thou withdraw thy hand.
3 How long, O Lord, shall unbelief
Thus rankle in my heart?
Base wretch, I oft deny my God,
And take the tempter's part.
4 How long shall I go mourning thus,
Beneath a clouded sun?
When Satan taunts my soul, and says,
The work is not begun.
5 But shall this dreadful foe prevail?
God's promises say, Never.
How long will Jesus hide his face?
I sometimes think for ever.
6 But ah! I recollect the time,
When I could sing, and say,
The Lord is mine, and I am his;
O what a happy day!

- 7 And sure the day will come again
 But when, I cannot tell;
 But yet I think my precious soul
 Was never form'd for hell,
- 8 Whatever may oppose my soul,
 I'll wait upon him still;
 Altho' I have no power to do,
 I bless him for the will.
- 9 For I have trusted in his name,
 In some sweet day that's past;
 And will my God forsake me now,
 And let me sink at last?
- 10 Tho' unbelief may dare to say
 That this will be the case,
 My better judgment tells my soul
 That I am sav'd by grace.

Nature's Dignity. Psalm xiv. 1.

- 1 The fool has said, there is no God;
 This very fool was I:
 How oft our nature strive to give
 Our consciences the lie.
- 2 The fool has said within his heart
 There is no God at all:
 How low the creature man is fall'n;
 How very deep his fall.
- 3 The best that nature can produce,
 Alas! is nature still;
 For God is not in all his thoughts;
 He's neither power nor will.
- 4 There's none that doeth good, not one,
 Of all the human race:
 How are poor sinners sav'd? I ask:
 It must be all of grace.
- 5 God looked down, but not a soul
 But what was dead in sin;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And in this low and wretched state
All Adam's race was in.
- 6 For every one have turn'd aside,
And all have gone astray;
All nature's steps direct to hell,
And nature loves that way.
- 7 Then how can any one be sav'd?
Bless God, we have the plan:
God justifies us by his grace,
The law cannot condemn.
- 8 Redemption is Jehovah's work,
Completed on the tree;
There Jesus died to pay the debt,
For such as you and me.
- 9 For sinners of the vilest cast,
By nature dead in sin,
In Christ their cov'nant head stood firm,
And they complete in him.
- 10 This is the sure, the good old way,
Laid down by blessed Paul;
Salvation absolutely free,
And not of works at all.
- 11 God must give eyes unto the blind
Before he sees his way:
God must give breath unto a man
Before the man can pray.
- 12 The man must live before he'll work,
Must stand before he'll walk;
God must unloose the dumb man's tongue,
Before the man can talk.
- 13 Then God must give the man a will,
Before the man will pray;
Then God must turn his wretched heart,
Or he will surely stray.
- 14 If God has done all this for you,
And such a wretch as me,

Then sure we all can testify,
 Salvation must be free.
 15 Ye poor and needy souls, rejoice,
 Salvation is thus plann'd;
 For was it any other way,
 We all must be condemn'd.

God's People clear in Christ. Psalm xv. 1.

1 Who shall ascend God's holy hill,
 There ever to abide?
 The God-man Mediator, Christ,
 Who once on Calv'ry died.
 2 And with him all the chosen race,
 The purchase of his blood,
 Shall sing the matchless love of Christ,
 The Ransomer to God.
 3 There they shall wonder and adore,
 Before Jehovah's face,
 The rich displays of sov'reign love,
 In saving them by grace.
 4 But none shall ever enter in,
 But who are clean and white;
 Then how shall sinners, black as hell,
 Stand in Jehovah's sight?
 5 Both clean in hand, and pure in heart,
 Or no admittance there:
 Methinks I hear poor sinners say,
 This sinks me in despair.
 6 For how shall I, so vile, so base,
 So black, so sinful still?
 Ah! sure there is no place for me
 On Zion's holy hill.
 7 For neither hand nor heart is clean,
 Nor do I one thing well:
 If heaven is only for the pure,
 Then sure I'm fit for hell.

- 8 But Christ the Lamb in glory stands,
In him the whole elect,
And those he died for on the cross,
God never will reject.
- 9 No, God is just to justify
The man whose debts are paid;
The Creditor is satisfied,
And justice can't upbraid.
- 10 Take but one member from the head,
The body's not complete;
On Zion's hill each soul shall stand
That is a ransom'd sheep.
- 11 I will, (the blessed Jesus speaks,
It is the cov'nant plan,)
That ev'ry soul for whom I died
Be with me, where I am.
- 12 This is the glorious righteous Rock,
The Rock that ever stands;
Amazing pity, matchless love,
Who holds us in his hands.

The Creature's Weakness. Psalm xxxix. 1.

- 1 How oft, like David, I have said,
That I would sin no more;
But ah! how soon my strength has fail'd;
I'm weaker than before.
- 2 Ah! who can bridle up the heart,
And keep those monsters in?
The tongue is often set on fire
By those black fiends within.
- 3 Let me be dumb, and hold my peace,
Where sinners love to be;
Lord, rather let me speak no more,
Unless it be for thee.
- 4 Lord, kindle up a spark of love,
Within my frozen heart;

HYMNS & POEMS.

And let thy grace be kept alive,
Altho' 'tis but a spark.

5 O may the Spirit blow a gale,
And make this spark a flame,
That I may feel my heart to burn,
To tell of Jesus' name.

6 Our days are evil, short, and few;
Alas, how soon we die!
And all the world calls good and great,
At best is vanity.

7 But O, my soul, what wait I for?
My soul is fix'd on thee;
Altho' I'm bound with flesh and sin,
I'm longing to be free.

8 For sins perplex and rend my soul,
And plague me ev'ry day:
Come, thou Almighty Spirit, come,
And drive these foes away.

9 Why should I vex and plague my mind
With this world's empty toys?
They cannot satisfy my soul;
They spoil my better joys.

10 What is my life? 'tis but a span;
All time things empty show;
O what a fool that man must be,
Who rests his hope below.

11 Yet here my heart would grovel still;
My heart, how vile and base!
There's nothing can subdue the heart,
But God's almighty grace.

The waiting Soul not disappointed. Psalm xl. 1.

1 Dear David waited for his God,
Nor did he wait in vain:
Whoever waits as David did,
Like David shall obtain.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 Who put him in this waiting frame?
For where did David lay?
God found him in a horrid pit,
Fast bound in miry clay.
- 3 In nature's filth, God found him out,
As one of his own flock;
God brought him from this horrid pit,
And set him on a rock.
- 4 When on the rock, he could not go;
And what's the reason why?
He could not move without God's aid!
No more can you or I.
- 5 He put a song into his mouth;
And what was David's song?
He knew, with such a guard as God,
He never could go wrong.
- 6 God turn'd his eyes to Calv'ry's cross;
By faith he viewed Him
Who was to be a sacrifice,
To bear his curse and sin.
- 7 Look there, my soul, there hung the man
Who magnified the law;
God views the soul for whom he died
Without a single flaw.
- 8 But tho' the soul that knows all this,
May still be plagu'd with sin,
God's people mourn ten thousand times,
Through what they feel within.
- 9 And where's the man that is not plagu'd,
And that from day to day,
Because corruptions rage within,
And strive to have their way?
- 10 Where'er the grace of God is found,
I will be bold to say,
The world, the flesh, the devil too,
Will plague him ev'ry day.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 11 Poor David found this was the case,
And so shall you and I;
But like him, may we seek to God;
Like David may we cry.
- 12 For David's God is still the same,
Who saves in his own way;
He saves us from the horrid pit,
And from the miry clay.
- 13 Then, O ye poor distressed souls,
Whose burdens make you groan,
Remember, O ye tried souls,
That you are not alone.
- 14 This is the way the Lord makes out
For all his chosen race,
That they may know, and feel, and say,
That they are sav'd by grace.

Night with the Soul. Psalm lxxii. 2.

- 1 Lord, hear my doleful, sad complaint,
And keep my footsteps right;
For how can I direct myself,
That am as dark as night?
- 2 God pays his visits at such times,
That we may know 'tis he;
The man that's bound, fast bound in chains,
Will groan to be set free.
- 3 Lord, when I read what thou hast done,
For those in such a case,
Why sure it stands for me to plead,
Because 'tis all of grace.
- 4 Tho' in my soul 'tis often night,
And then how apt to slide;
'Tis always been the case with those
For whom the Saviour died.
- 5 With some 'tis day throughout the year;
With them 'tis never night;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- They are not plagu'd like other men;
With them 'tis always right.
- 6 While others fear from day to day,
The work is not begun,
And why? because from day to day
They never see the sun.
- 7 Remember, mourning, doubting soul,
If this is your sad case,
There's none who mourn an absent God
But those who've seen his face.
- 8 Why mourn for those you never saw?
For those you never knew?
'Tis those I love, I long so see,
Just so it is with you.
- 9 Then, tho' the foe pursues my soul,
And puts me to a stand,
Yet all my foes and enemies
Are in Jehovah's hand.
- 10 They shall be safe, they must be safe,
For whom the Saviour died;
And when we get where Jesus is,
We shall be satisfied.

Guilt clouds the mind. Psalm vi. 1.

- 1 O Lord rebuke me not in wrath:
Thine anger who can bear?
'Tis heaven to live beneath thy smiles;
Thy frowns create despair.
- 2 I'm but a mass of filthiness;
I own my wretched case;
O heal my loathsome stinking wounds,
And magnify thy grace.
- 3 Ah! must I die with this sad plague?
What, is thy pity gone?
Lord, look and heal my broken bones,
O look on God the Son.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 On thee I'll wait, on thee I'll trust,
For thou art still my God;
Crush not my soul beneath thine hand:
O take away thy rod.
- 5 Lord, let not guilt thus plague my soul;
I would be rid of sin:
From head to foot I'm nought but wounds,
But, ah! I'm worse within.
- 6 Within, O what a hellish crew:
Who knows what dwells within?
How oft some darling lust creeps out,
Some unsuspected sin.
- 7 Lord Jesus, heal this malady,
And set my broken bones;
Let my petitions reach thine ears,
Tho' only sighs and groans.
- 8 Base as I am, yet, blessed Lord,
I dare to make this plea;
As Jesus died to save the lost,
Perhaps he died for me.

Envy not the Wicked who prospers in his Way.
Psalm xxxvi. 1.

- 1 Lord, let not envy plague my soul,
That rankling brat of hell;
That dares dispute Jehovah's plan,
Who has done all things well.
- 2 Fret not, my soul, to see the man
Who rolls in this world's good,
Who is a stranger to himself,
A stranger to his God.
- 3 Altho' his table may be spread
With dainties here below,
He is a poor and wretched man
Who does not Jesus know.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 The rich man had his pleasures here,
With all the earth supplies;
But ah! we read, this rich man died;
In hell he lift his eyes.
- 5 And shall I envy those who go
A sumptuous way to hell?
No, rather form my precious soul,
Thy wonders, Lord, to tell.
- 6 Ah! when I recollect their end,
I envy them no more;
Because Jehovah has declar'd
That blessed are the poor.
- 7 Not many rich, but many poor,
The Lord has chose for his;
And many now are cloth'd in rags,
Yet heirs of endless bliss.
- 8 Then fret no more, my soul, to see
The rich man's outward show;
But pity him, because, alas!
His portion is below.
- 9 The little that the poor man hath
Exceeds the rich man's purse,
For God will bless his children's crumbs,
The rich man's dainties curse.
- 10 Tho' Laz'rus begs the rich man's crumbs,
But ah! poor Laz'rus dies;
And angels guard his ransom'd soul
To joys above the skies.
- 11 Then may my soul no more complain,
Nor grudge the rich their store;
Give me to know that Christ is mine,
And I can want no more.

Rejoice. Psalm xcv. 1.

- 1 Rejoice, for evermore rejoice,
Ye people of the Lord;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- It is Jehovah's will you should;
'Tis written in his word.
- 2 Rejoice in his eternal love,
It is his glorious name,
Fix'd on the people of his choice,
Eternally the same.
- 3 Rejoice that God should lay your help
On his beloved Son,
Who paid the ransom price of blood;
This glorious work was done.
- 4 Rejoice salvation is complete,
And absolutely free:
Rejoice that Christ declar'd himself,
'Twas finish'd on the tree.
- 5 Rejoice that God is still the same;
His purposes must stand;
Poor bruised reeds that have no strength,
He holds them with his hand.
- 6 Rejoice salvation comes this way,
It suits those sinners well
Who feel and know 'tis all of grace
That they are out of hell.
- 7 Rejoice, but not in what you do;
Nor yet in what you say;
Because without God's special grace,
You neither praise nor pray.
- 8 Rejoice in God's electing love;
And if amongst the few,
O what a mercy, happy soul,
If God has chosen you.
- 9 Rejoice in God's eternal scheme;
How wonderful the plan,
That God is just to justify
Poor, wretched, ruin'd man!
- 10 Rejoice in Christ, the truth, the way,
Who is both God and man;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Who once was born, and liv'd, and died,
And finished the plan.
- 11 Rejoice, 'tis done, the work is done;
Salvation is complete!
Rejoice and be exceeding glad,
Ye chosen, ransom'd sheep.
- 12 Rejoice, ye heavy laden souls,
Who feel sin's plague within;
Rejoice, for God has chosen you,
Or you'd not mourn for sin.
- 13 Rejoice: these tokens of his love
Prove God's eternal choice:
Tho' Satan plague, and sin perplex,
Yet in the Lord rejoice.

- Complete in Christ. Colossians ii. 10.*
- 1 How bless'd are they, for ever bless'd,
For whom the Saviour died!
God views them all complete in Christ,
Completely justified.
- 2 Before this lower world was form'd,
Or man had drawn his breath,
The scheme was form'd, the plan was laid,
That Christ should suffer death.
- 3 For God had fix'd his love on those
For whom Christ was to die;
He saw them ruin'd in the fall,
But had their names on high.
- 4 When Jesus paid the price of blood,
Then justice was appeas'd,
God's chosen were completely sav'd,
And God himself well pleas'd.
- 5 For ever blessed is that man
Whose sins are blotted out;
Safe hid in Christ, for ever safe,
Tho' plagu'd with sin and doubt.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 6 His sins were laid on Him who bore
The cursed load away,
And nail'd them on mount Calv'ry's cross:
O glorious, blessed day!
- 7 Who now shall bring a second charge
Against God's own elect?
For those God lov'd and justified
God never will reject.
- 8 But who are they? and where are they?
How shall we find them out?
Amongst the outcasts here below
You'll find them out no doubt.
- 9 You'll hear them mourn, and groan, and sigh,
O what a plague is sin:
They feel their hearts as hard as steel,
All wretchedness within.
- 10 You'll hear them sometimes mourn, and say,
I cannot pray at all:
Sometimes they think and hope they stand;
Then down again they fall.
- 11 Sometimes they feel alive to God,
And then appear as dead:
What would they do, were not their life
Safe hid in Christ their Head.

*None but the Regenerate know the Plague of the
Heart. Psalm cxliii. 7.*

- 1 Whoever knows the depth of sin
Within the human heart?
None but the Mediator God,
Who took the Saviour's part.
- 2 And those who feel sin's dreadful load,
It's horrid plague within,
Ah! then they'll cry as David did,
Lord take away my sin;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 Lest I become like those who fall,
And fall to rise no more,
Who fall, and fall, yet still remain
Just were they were before.
- 4 Tho' nature may assume the garb
Of God's own chosen few,
And keep their outsides far more clean
Than either I or you.
- 5 How oft you'll see the child of God,
Thro' nature's dreadful evil,
When left alone, will act far worse
Than children of the devil.
- 6 But will God leave them in this state,
This unbelieving fit?
God knows them, tho' they look like those
Who go into the pit.
- 7 He knows they cannot help themselves;
He knows they'll droop and die;
He puts a breathing in their souls,
And those he can't deny.
- 8 Altho' they fall they'll rise again,
This always is the case;
There never was a chosen sheep
Did ever fall from grace.
- 9 Tho' thousands fall, and thousands more,
Which always was the case,
Yet those who fall to rise no more,
They fall for want of grace.
- 10 For Judas fell, and Peter fell;
But why did Peter rise?
'Twas grace was hid in Peter's heart,
But Judas falls and dies.
- 11 Poor David fell, and Jonah fell,
Nay all God's people fall;
And those who will deny this truth,
They never stood at all.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 12 But grace implanted in the heart
Is an immortal seed,
'Tis planted there by God himself,
And must and shall succeed.
- 13 Grace wars with flesh, and flesh with grace,
But grace shall win the prize,
Because it is the work of God,
And must to glory rise.
- 14 Ye lambs and weaklings of the flock,
Who mourn thro' what's within,
'Tis grace that makes you mourn your state,
'Tis grace that wars with sin.
- 15 And where this grace is in the soul,
'Tis those who feel the fall;
But those who think they always stood,
They have no grace at all.
- 16 But those who see their standing safe
In Christ their cov'nant head,
They know, 'till they were born of God,
In nature they were dead.
- 17 And now they're made alive by grace,
How oft they mourning sit,
And feel as bad, nay worse than those
Who go into the pit.

I would. Romans vii. 15.

- 1 I would lift up my soul to God,
At least I think I would;
But ah I feel within my heart
There's nothing, nothing good.
- 2 O let me never be asham'd
Of Jesus and his cross;
For I would count all things below
As dung, and worse than dross.
- 3 I would, but ah! how strange it is,
I cannot praise or pray.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- But often feel a secret wish
To turn from Zion's way.
- 4 Lord, keep me, keep me in the way
That leads to Zion's hill;
Tho' sin and Satan plague my soul,
I love my Jesus still.
- 5 I love; ah! sure I'm not deceiv'd;
I know I want to love;
I want to feel this earth-bound heart
Aspire to things above.
- 6 But O, this fascinating world,
These trump'ry foolish toys,
They captivate my foolish heart,
And spoil my better joys.
- 7 I know the path that leads to God
Goes through this wretched land;
And when my Jesus draws, I run;
He holds me, then I stand.
- 8 But when sad unbelief prevails,
Alas! then I'm beset;
No power to stand against my foes,
I'm trapp'd in Satan's net.
- 9 Till Jesus loose my fetter'd soul,
I have no heart to try;
Altho' I'm fasten'd down with chains,
I feel no heart to cry.
- 10 Ah! Jesus knows how base I am;
In me he puts no trust;
He knows I am a lump of sin;
He knows I am but dust.
- 11 Then what can God expect from me?
He knows I am undone;
God knows that he must carry on
The work he has begun.
- 12 He found me just at hell's dark door,
I must have plunged in,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Had not my God my nature took,
And with it took my sin.
- 13 He knows I am a ransom'd soul;
He knows my debts are paid;
He knows my sins are blotted out;
He never will upbraid.
- 14 Tho' Satan still perplex my soul,
And often traps my feet,
He'll never gain the soul of one
That is a chosen sheep.
- 15 But some he never plagues at all;
With such 'tis always right;
They pray at morning, pray at noon,
And pray again at night.
- 16 They've done their duty; all is well;
'They're just like praying Saul;
Till Jesus met him in the way,
He never pray'd at all.
- 17 But you who fear you never pray'd,
You feel so dark within;
The blind can't see, the lame can't walk,
The dead can't mourn for sin.
- 18 If you can feel, if you can see,
If you can mourn for sin,
Then sure I am you are not dead:
There must be life within.

God's People were always safe in Christ. Ps. xc. 1.

- 1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
In unknown ages past,
Fix'd in thy purposes of love,
Which love must ever last.
- 2 When man was sunk as low as hell,
By sinning lost his all,
Yet God had form'd the plan to save
Before man's guilty fall.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 God view'd his own eternal Son,
And with him thus agreed,
If thou wilt die for mine elect,
My chosen shall be freed.
- 4 Be freed from guilt, from sin, from hell,
Because they are my choice,
And thou shalt pay the debt they owe,
And they shall all rejoice.
- 5 God's love was fix'd on his elect;
He gave them to his Son;
Christ stood for them as surety head
Before the world begun.
- 6 In him they ever stood secure,
And justified in him;
Christ died to pay their ransom price,
And wash away their sin.
- 7 Then who shall bring a charge against
Jehovah's chosen sheep?
Ten thousand may, but all in vain;
In Christ they are complete.
- 8 Then you who feel ten thousand fears,
Lest Satan should deceive,
'Tis such who mourn their unbelief,
Such only can believe.
- 9 The soul who mourns his wretched state
Thro' what his sin has done;
Ah! such a soul God fore-ordain'd,
To save in God the Son.
- 10 Christ has redeem'd thy precious soul,
Thy feelings prove it true;
Because you feel a want to love,
Then God has loved you.
- 11 For those whom God ordain'd to live,
Those only can believe;
The soul that's by the Spirit taught
The devil can't deceive.

HYMNS & POEMS.

God will hear and answer Prayer. Psalm lxxix. 16.

- 1 Ah! sure, my soul, you don't deny
But God has heard your pray'r;
And where you've been to meet your God,
The Lord has met you there.
- 2 And will you now dispute his love,
Because he hides his face?
None ever mourn'd an absent God
But objects of his grace.
- 3 Tho' brazen unbelief may say
His love is gone for ever,
What, can God hate the soul he lov'd?
No, never, never, never.
- 4 God's fix'd decrees remain unmov'd;
His love remains the same;
That soul shall never, never sink,
Who trusts in Jesus' name.
- 5 Your wounds may stink, your sores may run,
And all be dark within;
One look from Christ will heal thy soul,
And conquer ev'ry sin.
- 6 The bloody issue soon was heal'd,
As soon as Christ was found;
For none before could touch her case,
No one could heal her wound.
- 7 Year after year she roam'd about,
But none could do her good;
There never was a soul yet heal'd
Until it came to God.
- 8 And none will ever come to God
If God don't seek them out;
O stand amaz'd, my soul, and see
What grace will bring about.
- 9 God finds his people dead in sin,
And stinking in their grave;

HYMNS & POEMS.

Then surely none but God alone

Can such a creature save.

10 But God will save, nay, God has sav'd

A stinking wretch like me :

Who dare dispute salvation, then,

As absolutely free ?

11 I never ask'd my God to save,

'Till his salvation came ;

He drew me, then I went to God,

And blessed be his name.

The Best are prone to stray. Jer. xxxi. 19.

1 Where shall we seek to find the man

Who never went astray ?

God's word declares the righteous fall ;

Perhaps ten times a day.

2 But some there are who never fall,

As yet they never stood ;

They may be turn'd from outside sin,

But never turn'd to God.

3 Poor Ephraim ran away from God,

As you and I have done,

But Ephraim was a pleasant child,

Ah ! Ephraim was a son :

4 Yet see him struggling with his yoke ;

See how he kick'd and spurn'd ;

At last he cried, Lord, turn thou me,

And then I shall be turn'd.

5 'Twas when he felt the guilt of sin,

Then he begun to cry ;

And if you ever feel the same,

You'll smite upon your thigh.

6 That God who turn'd poor Ephraim's heart,

Who made him moan and sigh,

('Tis he, who conquer'd hell and sin,)

Must turn both you and I.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 7 Turn us, turn us, poor David cried ;
'Tis still the christian's cry :
May God the Spirit now look down,
And turn both you and I.
- 8 May Jesus cause his face to shine,
As he has done before ;
And turn us to himself alone,
And let us turn no more.
- 9 But ah ! dear Lord, thou know'st our hearts,
How vile and base they are :
Was not salvation all thy work,
Ah ! who would not despair ?
- 10 Poor Peter thought himself secure,
When in the high priest's hall ;
That man who dare to trust himself,
Is very near a fall.
- 11 The prodigal he made his boast
Of what he meant to do,
And with his stock he sallies forth,
But knew not where to go.
- 12 Alas ! his stock was soon run out,
And all was spent and gone ;
He, all in rags, and nought but husks
Had he to feed upon.
- 13 His father's house was out of sight,
But was not quite forgot ;
The fugitive returns again ;
The father chides him not.
- 14 A great way off he saw his son,
And ran to meet him too :
Ah ! God will follow his elect,
Wherever they may go.
- 15 There's not a saint upon the earth,
I must be bold to say,
Who has a stock of grace enough
To keep him through one day.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 16 Then he who trusts his stock of grace
He thinks he has within,
Whatever he may think or say,
He's still a slave to sin.
- 17 Self-righteousness, the worst of sins,
Such boast that all his well;
They work this garment out themselves,
And with it go to hell;
- 18 Unless the Lord is pleas'd to take
Away this ragged dress,
And cloth them in his own best robe,
The Lord their righteousness.

The Lord the Refuge of his People. Psalm xlvii. 1.

- 1 God is his people's refuge still,
And will for ever be,
Because on them he fix'd his love
From all eternity.
- 2 In all their sorrows and distress,
God is their refuge then;
And ev'ry crook that's in their lot,
Fulfils Jehovah's plan.
- 3 Should mountains tumble, hills be hurl'd,
Into the mighty deep,
God has engag'd to take the care
Of all his chosen sheep.
- 4 That river of God's endless love,
That runs in streams of grace
To all the citizens of God,
To all the chosen race.
- 5 There's not a stream that runs from God,
But shall have its effect;
God sends them to the hearts of all
His chosen and elect.
- 6 These are the citizens of God,
Whose names are writ above,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Whom God eternally has chose
With an eternal love.
- 7 The Lord, Jehovah, God of hosts,
He keeps them day by day;
And not one citizen of God
Shall ever fall away.
- 8 Cast down they often are, poor souls,
And then their hearts are sad,
Till Jesus sends a stream of grace,
And then their hearts are glad.
- 9 And when we turn our eyes around,
And see Jehovah's rod,
He holds the reins, and guides the helm;
Be still, and know 'tis God.
- 10 The Lord of hosts is with us still,
And will for ever be;
For Jesus took the curse away
On Calv'ry's bloody tree.
- 11 Then let the citizens rejoice,
God is their refuge still;
Tho' thousand devils may oppose,
They'll reach to Zion's hill.
- 12 Let poor, distressed, doubting souls,
Take courage and rejoice;
The very things that make you doubt
Prove you're Jehovah's choice.

Profession not Possession. Matthew xiii. 30.

- 1 What does the christian name avail,
If we have nothing more?
How many came from Egypt's land,
Who reach'd not Canaan's shore.
- 2 'Tis not all those who bear the name,
That are God's Israel;
Instead of gaining Canaan's shore,
How many drop to hell.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 There will be tares amongst the wheat,
Until the harvest-day,
When Christ, the great almighty Judge,
Will to the reapers say:
- 4 Gather my wheat into my barn,
'Tis precious in my sight:
In bundles bind the tares, to burn
In everlasting night.
- 5 Self-righteous Pharisees may boat,
How they repent and pray;
How many read, and say their prayers,
Who know not what they say.
- 6 Just so the man who crowded in,
And thought all well, no doubt;
Not one of all the guests upbraids,
But Jesus found him out.
- 7 He had no wedding garment on;
This was the inward dress:
His outside might be clean enough;
Within was rottenness.
- 8 And yet, perhaps, this very man
Concluded all was well:
Outside religion trusted in,
Will lead the soul to hell.
- 9 We read of one who came to God,
Loaded down with merit;
He thought he'd done almost enough
Salvation to inherit.
- 10 When Jesus told him what to do,
He had done more than that;
Like him, self-righteous Pharisees,
Are blinder than a bat.
- 11 We read ten lepers too were cleans'd,
But only one was heal'd;
'Twas only one, then, out of ten,
Were chosen, call'd, and seal'd.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 12 The nine were cleans'd from outward filth,
Perhaps from outward sin;
But still, like some adorned tomb,
Had rottenness within.
- 13 The foolish virgins, and the wise,
Are mixed for a while;
Their lamps may all appear alike,
But all have not the oil.
- 14 Then, who are christians? some may ask:
I'll tell you, if I can:
'Tis those who are both clean'd and heal'd;
'Tis not one out of ten.
- 15 'Tis those God lov'd, and chose, and calls,
By his own special grace;
'Tis only those shall ever see
Jehovah Jesus' face.
- 16 Against these souls will devils rage,
And plague them ev'ry day;
But those who're only clean'd, we find,
They go a smoother way.

*The Disposition to praise God is from God.
Ezekiel xxxvii. 3.*

- 1 O blessed, blessed, happy souls,
Who feel dispos'd to praise and pray'r;
For this can never be the case
'Till God the Holy Ghost is there.
- 2 No prayer, no praise, no, not a thought,
No, not a wish, nor hope, nor sigh,
In all the valley of dry bones,
Because they were both dead and dry.
- 3 The winds must blow, and breath must come
And breathe upon these dead and slain:
God bids them live, and then they live;
God bids them pray, then they obtain.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 And did you ever pray at all,
Great God, be merciful to me?
Ah! did you ever feel your chains,
And plead with God to set you free?
- 5 And are you freed from Sinai's bonds?
Come then, your Ebenezer raise;
For 'tis the Lord has done it all;
Then let Jehovah have the praise.
- 6 Perhaps you feel dispos'd to ask,
And say, Alas! why am I thus?
Yet let us rather bless the Lord,
Bad as we feel, it might be worse.
- 7 Why do we see some cloth'd in rags,
And others dress'd in rich array?
Why do these blessings most abound
With those who neither praise nor pray?
- 8 Why do some have an even path,
While others tread o'er briers and thorns?
Why do some always have a calm,
While some know little else but storms?
- 9 Why have some more than heart can wish,
While some are desolate and poor?
Why is the cup of some so full,
While others beg from door to door?
- 10 Why were the rich man's barns so full?
Why are the wicked made so great?
Why must the man belov'd of God
With sores lay begging at his gate?
- 11 Why does he seem to smile on those
Who worship but an unknown god,
While children purchas'd with his blood
Are press'd beneath affliction's rod?
- 12 But why are we not press'd to hell?
God has reveal'd the reason why;
He lov'd us, and he chose us out;
For us did the Redeemer die.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 13 Why did he plan this way to save?
A way that suits my case so well:
Why did he fix his love on me,
When thousands choose the way to hell?
- 14 God's providence had fore-ordain'd,
Before all worlds, what should take place?
The end propos'd by God himself,
In saving sinners by his grace.
- 15 The way to bring about the end
Was hid in the eternal scheme;
All things must answer his design,
Tho' dark and intricate they seem.
- 16 God's glory was the highest end
In saving ruin'd helpless man;
Let's hide our faces in the dust,
While we adore the matchless plan.
- 17 Who would have thought of love like this,
To such poor worthless worms as we?
God sought us out when dead in sin:
Then our salvation must be free!
- 18 O may we then, with gratitude,
Commit our souls, our all to him,
Who bore the curse which we deserv'd,
Who died to save our souls from sin.
- 19 Then let the man that's cloth'd in rags,
However poor he is below,
View himself immensely rich,
If he a precious Jesus know!

Blessed Discovery: Psalm xci.

- 1 My soul admire the love of God,
Laid up for ruin'd man:
Before the morning stars arose,
Jehovah view'd his plan.
- 2 A Mediator was set up,
In him the chosen sheep;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- O what a secret this, my soul,
A sinner made complete.
- 3 Has God made known this plan to me,
My interest in it too;
That I had nothing left to pay,
No, nothing left to do?
- 4 O yes, my soul, I must do this,
I'll go to God, and say,
Thou art my refuge and my rock,
My life, my hope, my way.
- 5 Ten thousand secrets I've to tell,
To God, and only him;
I dare not tell my dearest friend
How I am plagu'd with sin.
- 6 But as my Jesus took my sin,
There is no curse for me;
No, cursed is that man, we read,
Who hangs upon a tree.
- 7 And why was Jesus crucified?
To pay the ransom price:
Then, as it's paid, no law requires
That we should pay it twice.
- 8 Then, O my soul, rejoice and sing,
Since Christ the surety died;
And where he is my soul shall be,
For ever to abide.
- 9 Here tribulation is the lot,
God has decreed it so:
Well, never mind a thorny path,
You have not far to go.
- 10 A few more secret sighs and groans;
God knows their number well;
My Jesus reigns, and so shall you,
O'er sin, and death, and hell.
- 11 And shall your troubles by the way
Be more than you can bear?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- No, God will give you strength enough,
But not an ounce to spare.
- 12 How often have you said within,
That you should sink at last:
The hand that held you up to-day,
Will ever hold you fast.
- 13 There's not a saint upon the earth,
I must be bold to say,
Who, independent of his God,
Would stand a single day.
- 14 But stand he will, and stand he must;
He's in the secret place:
If God could cease to be a God,
Then you might fall from grace.
- 15 Perplexed soul, lift up thy head,
There is no curse for you;
The Lord himself has brought you out,
The Lord will bring you through.
- 16 The day is hast'ning on apace
When you'll confess this story,
Tho' crooked was your path below,
It was the path to glory.

He was within. Psalm lxxi.

- 1 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust;
The new man can say so;
But ah! the old man will oppose,
And is the new man's foe.
- 2 The new man's cries, I want to trust;
But ah! I cannot trust;
The old man, sin, and flesh, break in,
And crush me to the dust.
- 3 I could rely on God alone,
But ah! I can't rely;
And if you know the plague of sin,
You know the reason why.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 I would have confidence in God,
And trust my all with him,
But ah ! the old man lurks about,
A constant plague within.
- 5 Sometimes I feel a little joy,
Then all is right and well ;
If God one moment hides his face,
I'm black again as hell.
- 6 Strong language this perhaps you'll say :
It must be strong to those
Who stop a little short of Christ ;
Such Satan won't oppose.
- 7 Where Christ is all, that soul will fall,
Ah ! seven times a day,
Because there's hell, and sin, and flesh,
Opposing all the way.
- 8 The tempter then will dare to say,
If you belong'd to God,
He would not thus distress your soul,
Nor fright you with his rod.
- 9 Base unbelief steps in, and says,
Indeed this is the case,
Ah ! sure I'm not a child of God ;
I can't be call'd by grace.
- 10 And why all this ? Indeed, my friends,
'Tis very plain to me ;
Because the old man and the new,
You want them to agree.
- 11 The new man is both white and pure,
And has no sin at all ;
The old man is a lump of sin,
And has been since the fall.
- 12 The best that nature can produce,
Alas ! is nature still ;
There's not a single breath for God,
Tho' nature boasts of will.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 13 Until the soul is born of God,
Whatever man may say,
'Tis only God the Holy Gh of
Can lead us in the way.
- 14 'Tis only those who're in the way
The devil will oppose;
A self-sufficient Pharisee
Has seldom many foes.
- 15 Make Christ your all, trust nothing else,
And I will dare engage,
The devil and proud Pharisees
Will soon be in a rage.
- 16 I find it so, because I make
My precious Christ my all;
Some mere professors in this town
Are wishing me to fall.
- 17 Some others think I never stood;
Some call me Antinomian:
I wish to have a Bible creed,
And pin my faith to no man.
- 18 May God the Spirit teach us all,
And Christ be all our song;
If God teach right, he'll keep them right;
All others will go wrong.
- 19 But will he put a cry within,
And then deny that cry?
'Tis unbelief that tells you so,
And gives to God the lie.
- 20 In this I will be confident,
Wherever God begin,
He'll bring that soul to heav'n at last,
In spite of hell and sin.
- 21 Then you who want, and would, but can't,
Who wish, and hope, and try;
This is the new man in your soul,
And that shall never die.

HYMNS & POEMS.

None that doeth Good. Romans iii. 12.

- 1 If what God's word declares be true,
There's none that doeth good;
Man's heart is fill'd with enmity,
Till he is born of God.
- 2 Where shall we find the soul inclin'd
To give Jehovah praise?
None till the Holy Spirit turns
The soul to Zion's ways.
- 3 To give Jehovah thanks and praise,
Ah! this is doing good;
But 'tis not in the creature's power;
It is the work of God.
- 4 A new creation in the soul,
Before this can be done;
For nature can't produce one thought,
No, not a holy one.
- 5 Ten thousand thanks I owe my God,
But cannot pay him one,
Until he makes my faith spring up;
Ah! then the work is done.
- 6 Then I can praise his blessed name,
Adore and thank him too;
But when my faith is down, alas!
Then I can nothing do.
- 7 But O my God, thou know'st I would,
But ah! I have no pow'r;
And when I feel dispos'd to praise,
'Tis gone before an hour.
- 8 O Lord, my base, my feeble heart,
Is never in one stay;
Some monster-headed lust creeps in,
And robs me ev'ry day.
- 9 Altho' I feel convinc'd within,
'Tis good to thank my God:

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Alas! as yet I'm often scar'd,
And frighten'd at his rod.
10 When troubles crowd in thick and fast,
And unbelief gets in,
Then my poor foolish treach'rous heart
Is trapp'd by ev'ry sin.
11 Ah! where's my praise for mercies past?
Ungrateful wretch I am:
There's none but God can ever know
What's in the heart of man.
12 He knows our frame, he knows our wants,
He knows we are but dust;
He knows, without his special grace,
We can't believe nor trust.

Mercy. Ephesians ii. 4.

- 1 'Tis mercy, mercy, mercy, Lord,
'Tis mercy is our plea:
For thou hast made thy mercy known
On Calv'ry's bloody tree.
2 'Twas there God's people's debts were paid,
'Tis there we have a plea:
Look there, my soul, O may I look,
And know he died for me.
3 O God, be merciful to us,
And let us see thy face;
We know if we are sav'd at all,
It must be all of grace.
4 And can the Lord be merciful
To those so vile and base?
Yes, sure the vilest wretch may plead,
Because 'tis all of grace.
5 God will have mercy as he please,
Have mercy as he will;
And 'tis his mercy keeps our souls
Thus waiting, hoping still.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 6 'Tis mercy we are out of hell,
And still on praying ground;
And 'tis his mercy made us know
The gospel's joyful sound.
- 7 Here mercy shines its splendid rays;
O what a plan was this;
To raise us from the pit of hell,
To everlasting bliss.
- 8 This mercy is of ancient date,
Ah! when did it begin?
From all eternity it stood,
Before the birth of sin.
- 9 From everlasting, back again,
Eternally the same:
In time God made this mercy known,
In Christ the surety's name.
- 10 He came, with mercy in his wings,
To save the chosen race:
Then who can dare dispute the scheme,
Salvation all of grace?
- 11 Then sure you may for mercy plead,
Since mercy is so free:
Where is the wretch that God can't save,
Since he has saved me?

God heareth the Poor. Psalm lxxii. 12.

- 1 The Lord will hear the poor man's cry,
When all his helpers fail;
For praying breath is God's own gift,
And must and shall prevail.
- 2 'Tis poor and needy, helpless souls,
That prize the Saviour most;
The Son of God declar'd himself,
He came to save the lost.
- 3 Who are those poor and needy ones?
Read what the scriptures say;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 'Tis those who owe five hundred pence,
Without one mite to pay.
- 4 Poor in themselves, they freely own,
They know this is the case;
If they are sav'd, 'tis not their works,
But all of sov'reign grace.
- 5 They are the poor whom God will hear,
'Tis those will prize a Saviour;
But ah! too many make a Christ
Of mere outside behaviour.
- 6 But what can satisfy the poor,
He must receive or die;
He's naked, and he must be cloth'd;
His own rags he'll deny.
- 7 Nought but the bread of life will do
To satisfy the man
That's made to feel God's righteous law
All nature's works condemn.
- 8 'Tis Christ, a precious Christ alone,
Can satisfy his mind;
He mourns because he feels so hard,
So base, so dead, so blind.
- 9 If wholly dead, I could not feel:
Quite blind, I could not see;
But now I see, if Jesus sav'd,
It must be wholly free.
- 10 I see I owe five hundred pence,
Ten thousand talents more,
Yet still alas! I would be proud,
Altho' so very poor.
- 11 O what a wretch indeed is man;
Perhaps you know this true;
But if you've not one mite to pay,
The Lord has paid for you.
- 12 God hears the poor and needy's cry,
In their distress they pray,

HYMNS & POEMS.

While he regards the destitute,
The rich he sends away.

- 13 Then you who feel your wants and needs,
Are you dispos'd to cry?
Then God has pledg'd himself to hear,
And all your wants supply.

Psalm lxxx.

- 1 I will extol the mighty God,
Who holds me with his hand;
He knows, without he holds me up,
I cannot walk or stand.
2 But when he shines upon my soul,
How happy am I then;
But when he hides his lovely face,
O what a wretched man.
3 Sometimes I think my mountain stands,
And then the world's a bubble;
But when God withdraws himself,
Ah! then I am in trouble.
4 How oft I've cried unto my God,
And God has heard me cry;
But sometimes cannot cry at all:
How wretched then am I!
5 In my prosperity I've said,
I shall be mov'd no more;
But ah! how soon the scene has chang'd,
I'm wretched as before.
6 'Tis God that keeps me still alive;
Soon doth his anger cease;
A moment he may hide his face;
His love can ne'er decrease.
7 Ye saints of God, rejoice and sing,
Redemption is complete;
For those who mourn an absent God,
The Lord will surely keep.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 God never has destroyed those
Who mourn because of sin;
God knows their sorrows and complaints,
And how they're plagu'd within.
9 But some there are who feel no change;
Not so the chosen sheep;
They fall but cannot fall to hell,
Because the Lord will keep.
10 No strength, no might, no power they have,
Poor souls, they know it too;
They know salvation don't depend
On what a saint can do.

Psalm xciii.

- 1 He reigns, he reigns, Jehovah reigns,
And will for ever reign,
O'er all the powers of earth and hell,
He did the victory gain.
2 He reigns o'er men and devils too;
Hell's craft he overthrew;
Poor bruised reed and smoaking flax,
All this he did for you.
3 Ah! view the mighty Conqueror hung
On Calv'ry's bloody tree,
In dying conquer'd death and hell,
And set his chosen free.
4 This was the plan Jehovah schem'd,
O what a mystery!
That God should dwell in human flesh,
And hang upon a tree.
5 Ah! this was love, love infinite,
And love eternal too:
Can sinful creatures merit this
By sinful works they do?
6 Shall he who reigns as Lord of all,
Who made us out of clay,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And shall he try to counteract
What our Jehovah say ?
- 7 I know says God whom I have chose;
Yet man, that lump of dust,
Will have the impudence to say,
He chose Jehovah first:
- 8 Let such remember, Jesus reigns;
They'll find it out one day;
When he will gather his elect,
And turn the rest away.
- 9 But let the poor distressed soul
Who fears he shall not gain
What he is hoping, longing for,
Remember, Jesus reigns.
- 10 Through Satan's wiles, through unbelief,
Thy striving's all in vain;
Don't think so, soul, remember this,
The Lord the Saviour reigns.
- 11 Suppose thy soul is dark as night;
Who made you thus complain ?
What need to fear ten thousand foes,
Since Christ thy surety reigns ?
- 12 And shall sin reign, since Jesus reigns,
Who died to conquer sin ?
And by his efficacious grace
He rules and reigns within.
- 13 He reigns amidst a host of sin,
That gives thy soul such pains ;
You often fall, and often rise,
Because thy Jesus reigns.

The distressed Soul. 2 Samuel xxii. 7.

- 1 My soul, whate'er be thy distress,
Tho' waves roll o'er thy head,
The only way to find relief,
Is, do as David did.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 Cry mightily to God most high;
 Ah! if you can but cry,
 There is no doubt but God will hear;
 God won't himself deny.
 - 3 But some may falsely reason thus,
 I fear I cry in vain,
 Because I often cry to God,
 But yet no answer gain.
 - 4 But did you ever cry at all,
 Through what you feel within?
 'Twas grace that made you cry to God,
 Grace made you feel your sin.
 - 5 Grace shews the man the plan of grace,
 How absolutely free;
 And then the soul begins to think,
 Perhaps it is for me.
 - 6 Ah! who can tell? the soul may say;
 However base I am,
 I'll venture here; God knows I would,
 I would adore the Lamb.
 - 7 Who has perform'd the mighty deed?
 Salvation made complete?
 And freely giv'n eternal life
 To all the chosen sheep?
 - 8 And who are they? O blessed souls:
 'Tis those God makes to cry,
 Lord save my poor polluted soul!
 Such prayers God won't deny.
 - 9 He makes them cry, then hears their cry,
 And sends the blessings down:
 Ah! who would think such crying souls
 Were heirs unto a crown?
- The poor Prisoner. Isaiah xlii. 7.*
- 1 How dreadful is the case of those
 Who cry in prison bound;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Whose debts are so immensely large,
No surety can be found?
- 2 Can it be strange to hear a sigh
From one in such a case?
Who can but sigh that cannot see
Some prospect of release?
- 3 Ah! list at the dark-dungeon door,
If you would hear a sigh,
And hear the groans and sighs of those
Who are condemn'd to die.
- 4 But there's a case as bad as this;
The man who feels his sin,
Who's bound in chains of unbelief,
And feels the curse within.
- 5 Still cringing to mount Sinai's cliffs,
He mourns his wretched ease,
While thunders rattle o'er his head.
Guilt flashes in his face.
- 6 No mercy there, no pardon there;
The man that sins must die;
If you'd escape mount Sinai's curse,
To Calv'ry's mountain fly.
- 7 The man who never saw his debt,
But views all right within,
He vainly makes that law his rule,
Which curses him for sin.
- 8 He's not the prisoner that sighs,
For he can go at large,
And by his duties to the law
His debt he can discharge.
- 9 He's not in chains, he's not in bonds,
He feels no plague at all;
What little he may owe to God,
He means to pay it all.
- 10 See one who owes five hundred pence,
Without a mite to pay;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And ask him what he means to do;
Methinks I hear him say:
11 Unless some friend step in and pay
The whole amount for me,
I must remain in bondage still,
I never can go free.
12 These are the prisoners that sigh;
All such will want relief,
They feel the galling yoke of sin,
The chains of unbelief.
13 A heart as hard as adamant,
To every evil prone;
Sometimes would give the world to pray,
But ah! 'tis but a groan.
14 Flesh bears me down into the dust,
And casts me down at will,
Until the Spirit leads me forth,
To Calv'ry's blessed hill.
15 And will God turn away his ear,
When his own children cry?
He'll notice those who think on him,
And answer every sigh.
16 'Tis he unbolts the prison doors,
And baffles ev'ry foe;
He speaks the word, and it is done,
Loose him and let him go.
17 Lord loose us now, knock off our chains,
So shall our joys increase;
Thus, liberated from our bonds,
May we depart in peace.

The Righteous cry, and God will hear. Prov. xv. 29.

- 1 When Jesus shines upon the soul,
How easy 'tis to say,
I will adore and bless my God,
And that from day to day.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 My soul shall make her boast in God,
As my eternal all,
Who snatch'd me from the jaws of hell,
And rescu'd from the fall.
- 3 The righteous cry, and God will hear,
And answer their request;
'Tis God that gives the breath to pray,
And gives the weary rest.
- 4 But let the Lord but once withhold
His tender love and care,
And he who boasted but just now,
Is sinking in despair.
- 5 Ah! let the Lord but hide his face,
How soon our faith gives way,
The heart still hard, affections dead,
And feels no mind to pray.
- 6 Is this the case with heaven-born souls?
And is it thus with you?
The way to conquer unbelief
Is, Keep the cross in view.
- 7 Look out of self, and look to him
Who hung on Calv'ry's tree;
Tho' bound in fetters fast and strong,
One look will set you free.
- 8 But unbelief still blinds the mind,
When Christ is out of sight;
And then our fretful, peevish hearts,
Conceive of nothing right.
- 9 But David cried unto his God,
Perhaps for such a frame;
The Lord was pleas'd to answer him;
Then let us do the same.
- 10 The righteous cry, and God must hear,
Because he makes them cry,
And tho' their cries may seem but groans,
Such souls shall never die.

HYMNS & POEMS.

Satan a Liar. Psalm lxxix.

- 1 Lord, save my sin-distracted soul
From sinking in the mire;
Let me by sweet experience find
That Satan is a liar.
- 2 He tells me I shall sink at last,
Sometimes he dares to say
That I'm deluded and undone,
That I'm not in the way.
- 3 Thus, Lord, the waves run o'er my head,
And burst into my soul;
But yet I know, one word from thee
Will hell and sin control.
- 4 Altho' sometimes I feel to sink
Ten thousand fathoms deep,
Yet shall the devil have to boast
He's got a chosen sheep?
- 5 No, never, never, never one,
Shall sink to hell at last,
For tho' he's tempted, still he stands,
For Jesus holds him fast.
- 6 Tho' waves roll in upon his soul,
He sinks where none can stand;
Altho' he's in the miry clay,
He's in Jehovah's hand.
- 7 What, shall a soul redeem'd by blood,
Be left to fall away?
No, no, poor souls, there's no such thing,
'Tis what the devils say.
- 8 These waters never reach that soul
That is not born again;
But 'tis the new-born soul that fears
He seeks his God in vain.
- 9 And why? because ten thousand sins
Lay lurking in his heart,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- The soul that's seeking after Christ
Shall feel hell's fiery dart.
- 10 But shall they wound the soul to death?
No, Christ the surety died;
Thy wounded soul will soon be heal'd
When Christ is but applied.
- 11 O may that precious blood this night
Be sprinkled on each heart,
That we may feel its heav'nly power,
Dear Lord, before we part.
- 12 The devil never yet could boast,
Nor shall he have to tell,
Of dragging one poor bruised reed
Or smoaking flax to hell.
- 13 Fear not, poor soul, since God himself
Has brought thee in the way;
Rely upon what Christ has done,
And not what Satan say.
- 14 When Jesus has not pow'r to save,
You then may be dismay'd;
But devils tremble at his pow'r,
And devils are afraid.
- 15 And shall the soul redeem'd by blood
Be overcome by him
Whom God has doom'd to hell in chains,
And that for his own sin?
- 16 Since Christ has died on Calv'ry's cross,
To save Jehovah's choice,
Then let the weakest of God's flock
For evermore rejoice.
- 17 For hell is conquer'd, sin subdu'd,
By Christ the mighty Judge;
Tho' Satan plague our precious souls,
And all our comforts grudge.
- 18 He knows God's people are secure
From his infernal pow'rs;

HYMNS & POEMS.

While he is bound in dark despair,
Salvation will be ours.

19 Then let him roar, and let him tempt,
God has his hitherto;

Until Jehovah gives him leave,
What can the devil do?

20 He could not touch that dear man Job
Till Jesus bid him go:

Then if the Lord is on our side,
Why need we fear this foe?

Nature never altered. Psalm lxxxv.

1 How oft do you and I forget

What God has done for us;

Tho' vile and base by nature still,

The devils can't be worse.

2 They sinn'd, and sinn'd themselves to hell

They're wrapp'd in dark despair;

And you have sinn'd, and I have sinn'd,

And yet we are not there.

3 And why? O wonderful to tell,

This is the reason why,

God has decreed that we should live,

The Ransomer should die.

4 And did this Jesus die for you,

And did he die for me?

Bless God, altho' we feel our chains,

We're longing to be free.

5 Tho' still tormented with our sins,

We feel and hate them too;

The old man spoils our better joys,

And poisons all we do.

6 And can the Lord be gracious still

To those so vile and base?

Then sure if such as we are sav'd,

It must be all of grace.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 7 That power that made a stinking corpse
Rise from the greedy grave,
Which took a dying thief to heav'n,
That power alone can save.
- 8 He speaks the word and light breaks in
Upon the darkest soul;
He binds the hosts of hell in chains,
The stubborn heart control.
- 9 But ah! no power that's short of this,
Can save a man from sin;
What can the creature do with those
Foul plagues that dwell within?
- 10 What can he do? add sin to sin,
And dare God to his face;
This is the best that man will do
Without God's special grace.
- 11 But by the mighty power of grace
The weakest soul shall tell,
That they are made to conquer sin,
To conquer self and hell.
- 12 But weak and helpless in themselves,
God makes them feel it too;
And boast salvation is of grace,
And not for what they do.
- 13 Fix'd in his purposes of grace
Before the world began,
Jehovah knew whom he would save,
And laid th' eternal plan.
- 14 That thro' a Mediator's blood
The law should be fulfill'd,
And all that God has chosen out,
To save them God had will'd.
- 15 Will'd in his own eternal mind;
His will is still the same;
To bring each ransom'd sinner home;
Jehovah is his name.

HYMNS & POEMS.

16 The First, and Last, th' Almighty God,
Jehovah, Jesus, too;
My soul then put your trust in him,
And not in what you do.

Social Prayer. Exodus xx. 24.

- 1 Behold a few poor beggars, Lord,
Before thy footstool bow;
We want a blessing from our God;
Ah! Lord, we want it now.
- 2 Where can we go but unto thee?
Where to but mercy's door?
O let us have the blessing now
That we have had before:
- 3 When thou hast warm'd our frozen hearts
With beams of sov'reign grace;
When we have seen salvation shine
In our dear Jesus' face.
- 4 When we could leave this wretched world,
And tread upon its toys:
Lord, grant to every soul this night
These sweet, these better joys.
- 5 For when thou smil'st the world may frown,
And all our friends look shy;
It matters not what comes or goes
If Jesus is but nigh.
- 6 But when thou hid'st thyself, O God,
How wretched are we then;
'Tis then we feel this Bible truth,
Vain is the help of men.
- 7 Lord, thou hast answer'd our request
In dangers heretofore;
Ten thousand mercies we have had,
But, Lord, we want some more.
- 8 O, would the Lord increase our faith,
To trust where we can't see,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And recollect, what Jesus gives,
Is absolutely free.
9 O give us then a heart to pray,
And tell us what to say,
That we may never come to God
And empty go away.

Psalm xviii.

- 1 May God the Holy Ghost descend
With blessings from above,
That we may feel as David did,
And we like David love.
2 But he could say, I will love God;
We want to say so too;
But of ourselves we have no power
To love, to will, or do.
3 Lord, grant us David's faith this night,
That we with one accord
May all declare with heart and voice
That we will love the Lord.
4 If God will send the Spirit down
On such poor worms as we,
Then we can say as David did,
And love as well as he.
5 If David's God be on our side,
Let hell and Satan mock,
There's not a foe can hurt our souls,
For Jesus is our Rock.
6 With such a hiding place as this,
Ah! who can do us harm?
Our fortress is the mighty God,
And our defence his arm.
7 Tho' Satan's fiery darts may fly,
And threaten to devour,
There's not a dart can ever hurt,
For Jesus is our tow'r.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 Behold us, Lord, at mercy's door,
'Tis there we plead and knock ;
Ah ! sure we cannot sink at last,
Since Jesus is our rock.
- 9 Our Rock, our Buckler, and Defence,
Our Shield, our Strength, our Tower ;
What need to fear the craft of hell,
With this Almighty power.
- 10 But ah ! if Jesus hides his face,
How soon our faith gives way,
And songs are turn'd to sad complaints,
And we leave off to pray.
- 11 Such are the ups and downs we feel ;
Ah ! what a life is this ;
But tho' it is a rugged path,
It leads to endless bliss.
- 12 Then, O my soul, be glad and sing,
Tho' heavy is your cross ;
A few more fiery darts from hell,
And thou shalt then rejoice.

Psalm xix.

- 1 Look up, my soul, look and adore,
Jehovah dwells on high,
Who by his own almighty power
Stretch'd out the starry sky.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars obey his voice,
And execute his plan ;
All creatures have a voice for God,
Except the creature man.
- 3 Poor wretched man, poor ruin'd man,
How piteous is his case,
He madly runs the road to hell,
Till stopp'd by special grace.
- 4 And after he is stopp'd by grace,
And set in Zion's way,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Yet still, alas ! how prone to err ;
If left, he's sure to stray.
- 5 Where is the man that understands
The state he's really in ?
He knows a little of the case
Who feels the plague of sin.
- 6 Ah ! such a man will plead with God
To keep him from all sin,
Because he feels its rankling sore
Has poison'd all within.
- 7 He finds the fountain is impure,
And all corrupt within ;
The best he does, the best he says,
Is stain'd and dy'd with sin.
- 8 Then what can such a creature do ?
One thing he'll do quite well ;
If nature's left to act alone,
He'll sin his way to hell.
- 9 Unless God keeps, the wisest man
Would not go right a day ;
For all of man, distinct from grace,
Is wholly bent to stray.
- 10 Ah ! surely David felt it so ;
He felt the war within ;
Therefore he pray'd, Lord keep me back
From foul presumptuous sin.
- 11 Lord, grant the actions of my life,
And every word I speak,
Be found acceptable with thee,
And that for Jesus' sake.

Psalm lv. 22.

- 1 Come now, ye heavy burden'd souls,
Whate'er your burden be,
'Tis God that speaks by David here,
Cast all your load on me.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 2 I'll take the burden from thy soul,
And hold thee up beside;
I know what doth perplex thy mind;
Thy groans are not deny'd.
- 3 Come, soul, your heavy load of guilt,
That weight was laid on me;
Why art thou loaded down with chains,
When I have set you free?
- 4 Who is it dare arrest thy soul?
Of whom art thou afraid?
Why art thou burden'd down with fears,
Since all thy debts are paid?
- 5 What is it doth perplex thy mind?
What is it still, thy sin?
Ah! who can help but moan and sigh,
Who feels the plague within?
- 6 But God will still sustain thy soul,
Whatever be thy case:
The righteous never shall be mov'd;
They stand upheld by grace.
- 7 The righteous souls, whom he has drest
In his own blessed robe,
May, shall, arrive to joys above,
Tho' here as poor as Job.
- 8 Tho' ev'ry brook be dried up,
(How oft this is the case,)
For neither meal nor oil shall waste,
No more can sov'reign grace.
- 9 Ah! see poor Job, with wounds and sores,
A body rack'd with pain,
And hell let loose with all its craft,
Yet all their craft is vain.
- Psalm lxi.*
- 1 Poor wand'ring souls, where would you rove?
Where would you end your race?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- My soul would rove, and rove to hell,
Without almighty grace.
- 2 God sees my wand'ring ev'ry day;
Some foolish trifling toys
Will steal my better thoughts away,
And spoil my better joys.
- 3 For, when I try to bend the knee
Before my God in pray'r,
Some inward lust or outward foe
Will rob me even there.
- 4 Sometimes I lock my closet door,
In secret shut me in,
But ah! my heart will wander out,
For who can lock up sin?
- 5 If man is left unto himself,
He's but the devil's tool;
The first man prov'd this awful truth,
Tho' wise, became a fool.
- 6 Tho' pure, and good, and holy too,
Sin took them all away;
Before he sinn'd he lov'd his God,
But now he's gone astray.
- 7 This folly runs thro' all the race,
For all are bent to stray,
And not a single soul that's born
Would ever find the way.
- 8 God knows this is our abject state,
Our ruin'd, helpless case;
He knows we are completely lost
Without his special grace.
- 9 But Christ the Ransomer is found;
In him his people stand;
And tho' they wander far away,
God holds them in his hand.

HYMNS & POEMS.

Psalm cii. 17.

- 1 Ye needy, destitute, and poor,
Who know not what to do,
Ah! go to God just as you are;
There's no where else to go.
- 2 And are you destitute and poor?
And do you feel it true?
Then be assur'd this precious text
Directly points to you.
- 3 'Tis such poor needy souls will find
Redress at mercy's throne;
God will regard the destitute,
And answer but a groan.
- 4 The hungry soul Jehovah feeds,
And will from day to day;
While Pharisees may starve and die,
And empty go away.
- 5 The self-convinc'd, the self-condemn'd,
The empty, and the poor,
With, God be merciful to me,
Sounds well at mercy's door.
- 6 But those who have a stock in hand,
Their pray'rs are but a form;
For he who always had a calm
Knows little of a storm.
- 7 But those who feel their shatter'd bark
Just sinking in the deep,
O, save, or else I perish, Lord!
Thus cry the chosen sheep.
- 8 But those who feel no threat'ning storm,
And all is calm within,
Such souls cannot be destitute,
They are not plagued with sin.
- 9 But see the man prest down with guilt,
Both naked, vile, and poor;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Ah! what can such a creature say,
When he's at mercy's door?
- 10 O God, be merciful to me,
My many sins forgive;
O let it be a time of love,
And let a rebel live.
- 11 I know I am for ever lost,
For all that I can do;
I've heard Christ is the sinner's Friend;
Lord, I'm a sinner too.
- 12 Lord Jesus save my guilty soul;
I hear thy grace is free;
Lord, prove thy efficacious grace
In saving such as me.
- 13 O save me from my iubred sins
That plague me night and day;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And drive these foes away.
- 14 For I am destitute and poor;
To do, sometimes no will;
If thou one moment hid'st thyself,
I turn, or stand quite still.
- 15 And ah! how soon the downward road
I'd run with rapid pace,
If not secur'd by mighty pow'r,
And sav'd by sov'reign grace!
- 16 Unless the Lord had been our help,
Where had we been this night?
Not praying here, but howling there
Where God is out of sight.
- 17 And O that God may spare us all,
To taste of mercy free;
None need despair, I'm sure of this,
Since God has saved me.

HYMNS & POEMS.

The Soul sensible of its own Weakness. Ps. lxxii. 9.

- 1 Make haste to help me, O my God ;
Lord, hold me with thy hand ;
For if I'm left I sink and die,
Can neither move nor stand.
- 2 Ten thousand foes assault my soul,
And would destroy me quite ;
Sad unbelief leads up the train,
And plagues me day and night.
- 3 O Lord, I would, thou know'st I would,
I'd love, I'd sing, I'd pray ;
But nature's horrid filths rise up,
And drag my soul away.
- 4 The new man in my soul is pure,
The old man black as hell ;
The new man would aspire to God ;
The flesh does nothing well.
- 5 The new man sighs and longs for God,
And groans because of sin ;
The old man hates the ways of God,
And lurks about within.
- 6 The new man cries to God for help,
The old man stops his cry ;
The world, the flesh, and hell, and sin,
Make all God's chosen sigh.
- 7 But shall God's little spark of grace
Be overcome by sin ?
No, God himself takes special care
Of this new man within.
- 8 Then don't despair, tho' sin perplex,
And nature's still the same ;
The Lord will blow that little spark,
And blow it to a flame.
- 9 Ye bruised reeds and smoking flax,
God's promise meets your case ;

HYMNS & POEMS.

He makes your souls rejoice in this,
Salvation's all of grace.

God is my Light. Psalm xxvii.

- 1 The Lord Jehovah is my light,
And my salvation too;
But how came these great blessings mine?
Was it for what I do?
- 2 Salvation too belongs to me:
And how comes that about?
I once was bound in chains of sin;
Who was it brought me out?
- 3 I was all darkness in my soul,
And had no light at all;
For God was not in all my thoughts,
I never mourn'd my fall.
- 4 'Twas God commanded light to shine,
When I was dark as night;
'Twas then I saw my wretched state,
And trembled at the sight.
- 5 Not till I saw my Jesus hang
On Calv'ry's bloody tree;
There paying my enormous score;
And dying there for me.
- 6 'Twas then I saw what sin deserv'd;
The Son of God must die;
Ah! what a load must Jesus bear
For such a wretch as I.
- 7 God is my light; whom shall I fear?
Since God has made me see,
That God is just to justify
A sinner vile as me!
- 8 Tho' weak and helpless of myself,
And can do nothing right,
Jehovah Jesus is my strength,
Jehovah is my light.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 9 Let hellish foes perplex my soul,
While Jesus is my light,
Drest in Jehovah's righteousness,
Salvation is my right.
- 10 Proud Pharisees may ask me how;
I'd tell them to a man,
That Jesus died to pay my debt;
Deny it if they can.
- 11 God is my light, salvation too;
From him they both must come;
God had ordain'd to save my soul
Before the world begun.
- 12 Altho' I was both blind and dead,
But now both live and see,
My life was hid with Christ in God
From all eternity.
- 13 Then you who mourn your darkness still,
And fear you are not right,
There was a time you had no fear,
Because you had no light.
- 14 For God is light, and when he shines
He makes the blind to see
That God will save no other way
Than absolutely free.
- 15 For if man wills, or if he runs,
So as to win the race,
'Tis not his running, or his will,
But all of special grace.
- 16 If I have light, God is that light,
'Twas God enlighten'd me;
It came unsought for, undeserv'd,
Then sure it must be free.
- 17 God sought me out when dead in sin,
Without one good desire;
That man that says he sought God first,
God's word pronounces liar.

HYMNS & POEMS:

- 18 Light comes from God, it leads to God;
Until this light is giv'n
A man may seek ten thousand ways,
But miss the way to heaven.
- 19 Christ is this way, the only way,
A way that most reject;
None ever did approve this way
But only God's elect.
- 20 Whoever venture all on Christ,
'Tis God has set them right;
And such a soul may boldly say,
Jehovah is my light.
- 21 Let such a soul go boldly on,
Relying on God's word;
Tho' sin and hell oppose thy soul,
I say, wait on the Lord.

The One Thing needful. Luke x. 12.

- 1 One thing is needful, O my soul;
Gain this, and all is well;
Miss this, alas! whate'er you gain,
You cannot miss of hell.
- 2 One thing was needful, Mary knew,
And Mary chose it too;
But Martha was incumber'd much,
She had so much to do.
- 3 While Mary sat at Jesus' feet,
To hear her Master's word,
Poor Martha, griev'd to serve alone,
Thought Mary quite absurd.
- 4 Ah! who can tell what Mary heard?
What Mary felt within?
She felt (no doubt) the love of God,
Who pardon'd all her sin.
- 5 O blessed village, happy house,
Where Jesus is a guest;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Both Mary and her sister too
Where by this visit blest.
- 6 Begone, ye vain, distracting cares,
Ye bubbles of a day;
Lord bend my mind, my heart, my ears,
To what my Saviour say.
- 7 Amongst ten thousand vain delights,
One thing is needful still;
Lord, grant me Mary's portion, then,
And give me Mary's will.
- 8 Let cumber'd souls distress their minds;
Lord, keep me at thy feet,
With grace to feel and faith to know
I am a chosen sheep.

Psalm l.

- 1 Poor troubled soul, how is it now?
What makes you groan and sigh?
Perhaps you're thinking with yourself,
There's none so bad as I.
- 2 However wretched you may feel,
God's promises are true;
And God has made those promises
To just such souls as you.
- 3 The heavy laden, burden'd soul,
Whose troubles still abound,
He mourns beneath a load of guilt,
That presses to the ground.
- 4 Suppose this be the case with you,
Ah! hear the gospel's voice;
Glad tidings for such souls as you,
It bids you to rejoice.
- 5 Hear what the blessed Jesus says
To just such souls as we
In all thy troubles and complaints,
Poor sinner, call on me.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 6 As if the blessed Lord had said,
Come, let me know thy case;
I will deliver thy poor soul,
And magnify my grace.
- 7 Whatever vex and tease thy soul,
Whate'er thy sorrows be,
When all thy comforts seem to flee,
Poor sinner, call on me.
- 8 Ah! when your way is hedg'd with thorns,
Your path you cannot see;
When ev'ry door appears shut up,
Poor sinner, call on me.
- 9 Ah! see poor Moses driven out
Of Egypt's bloody land;
He only groaned out his wants,
And I was soon at hand.
- 10 Ten thousand foes just at his heels,
Before a mighty sea;
Whatever then your case may be,
Poor sinner, call on me.
- 11 Why Peter felt the winds blow high,
And fear'd the raging sea;
When you are sinking as he did,
Poor sinner, call on me.
- 12 When outward troubles plague the heart,
And you no help can see,
Commit thy way into my hands:
Poor sinner, call on me.
- 13 For I have pledg'd my word for this,
I will deliver thee;
In all thy straits and sad distress,
Poor sinner, call on me.
- 14 For thou shalt see my helping hand,
And give the praise to me;
Then, when thy soul is at the worst,
Poor sinner, call on me.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 15 None ever call'd that I denied,
Who view'd the bloody tree;
For there I died to pay their debts :
Poor sinner, trust in me.
- 16 When thou art fetter'd down with sin,
Yet groaning to be free,
Poor soul, my grace has made thee groan ;
Those groans came up to me.

Psalm liii.

- 1 The fool hath said within his heart,
Perhaps there is no God ;
And yet they dread his angry frown,
And tremble at his rod.
- 2 The fool may wish there was no God,
That he might have his way ;
But ah ! he can't persuade himself :
He dreads a judgment day.
- 3 Ah ! what a base polluted wretch
Is man by nature still ;
To love his God, to serve his God,
Has neither power nor will.
- 4 He's born in sin, and so remains,
And wholly gone astray ;
And never would he ask his God
To put him in the way.
- 5 O what a stupid fool is man ;
How very dark his mind ;
Thus when God finds his chosen out,
He finds them wholly blind.
- 6 But when the scales are off his eyes,
And he begins to see,
Ah ! then he'll readily confess
Salvation's wholly free.
- 7 'Tis God who makes his people wise,
His own redeemed flock :

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 'Tis God directs their souls to build
Their house upon a rock.
- 8 While those who never feel a war,
Nor fear the storms at hand,
They build their house, a splendid house,
But 'tis upon the sand.
- 9 The rains will come, the winds will blow,
And beat upon the wall;
But all that's built upon the sand
Will have a dreadful fall.
- 10 While God's poor weaklings stand the storms,
Yet shake at every blast,
These broken reeds and smoaking flax
Jehovah holds them fast.
- 11 While those self-saving Pharisees
Do their own souls beguile,
For all they boast of is a lamp
Without one drop of oil.

Psalm li.

- 1 Poor sinner, think on David's case,
And tremble, yet be glad,
For tho' you feel yourself a wretch,
King David felt as bad.
- 2 Who would have thought that man of God,
One after God's own heart,
Would prove himself so base and vile,
And act so bad a part.
- 3 But what is man? ah! what indeed!
A poor proud helpless thing,
Without a single wish for God,
Till God salvation bring.
- 4 Could David ever have suppos'd
What lay within his heart,
To rob Uriah of his wife,
Then act the murd'rer's part?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 5 All this he did without remorse,
Pleas'd with his well-form'd plan,
Until the prophet Nathan came,
And said, Thou art the man.
- 6 Then David felt that inward sting,
And fear'd his Father's rod ;
Ah ! now he's forc'd to own and say,
I've sinn'd against my God.
- 7 Thy God hath put away thy sin,
(Said Nathan, in reply) ;
Though thou deserv'st to go to hell,
Thou surely shalt not die.
- 8 Could David now forgive himself ?
No ; were poor David here,
H'd say, his murder and his lusts
Had caus'd him many a tear.
- 9 He never, never did forget
His wounds and broken bones ;
For often with his songs of praise
He mingled sighs and groans.
- 10 See here, my soul, see here thyself
Drawn out in David's case ;
For thou would'st do as David did,
If not preserv'd by grace.
- 11 O Lord, perserve our going, then,
And keep us in the way ;
For as the sparks are prone to rise,
So prone are we to stray.
- 12 But thou hast made a covenant,
In which I stand secure ;
Altho' I'm wretched in myself,
In Christ I'm fair and pure.
- 13 Then tho' my sins deserve the rod,
And I deserve to die,
Thou canst not take thy love away,
Thy faithfulness deny.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 14 Lord, open thou my lips again,
My broken spirits raise,
And let my heart again rejoice,
My mouth shew forth thy praise.
- 15 I'll tell transgressors of thy love
To such a wretch as me;
And let proud Pharisees deny
Salvation wholly free.
- 16 Ah! let the man who trusts himself
Read over David's case;
Then say, was David sav'd by works,
Or was he sav'd by grace?
- 17 No; David was as freely sav'd
As the poor dying thief;
And all but those whom God has chose
Will die in unbelief

Rest for the troubled Soul. Hebrews iv. 9.

- 1 Whoever are Jehovah's choice,
They are for ever blest,
Because for their dear souls remains
An everlasting rest.
- 2 Who are these highly favour'd souls?
This happy chosen tribe?
They're those God fix'd his love upon,
And Christ the surety died.
- 3 'Tis not one more, nor yet one less,
Than God the Father chose;
And these are safe, and must be safe,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 4 But am I one? and are you one?
How shall we find this out?
A thousand souls belong to God,
Who tremble, fear, and doubt.
- 5 If that's a token then for good,
Methinks I hear you say,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- If 'tis for doubters, then, indeed!
I think I'm in the way.
- 6 I doubt, and then again I hope;
But doubts soon come again,
Because I often seek my God,
And seem to seek in vain.
- 7 Whoever sought the Lord in vain?
Hear what the scripture saith;
That soul that seeks is sure to find,
That seeks the Lord by faith.
- 8 And those whom God the Father chose,
Shall seek the Lord this way;
For God will give his children faith,
And hear them when they pray.
- 9 And who are those who seek the Lord,
Amongst the fallen race?
'Tis those, and only those whom God
Has call'd by special grace.
- 10 The dead man must be made alive
Before he'll feel or see;
And never till he feels his chains
Will pray for liberty.
- 11 But when he sees himself condem'd,
And that so justly too,
Ah! then he knows salvation comes,
But not for what he do.
- 12 It flows from God's eternal love,
Thro' God th' eternal Son,
Who paid his life on Calv'ry's tree;
'Twas there the work was done.
- 13 If one good deed was left to do,
By either you or me,
There's not a soul but must be lost
To all eternity.
- 14 But blessed be our working God,
Who made our work complete,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 'That not a hoof is left behind,
Of all the chosen sheep.
15 'Tis God that chose, 'tis God that calls,
'Tis God that does the whole;
'Tis God that makes the dead man live,
'Tis God that saves his soul.

Psalm lxxvii.

- 1 Whatever curse the Lord denounce
Against his peoples' foes,
God will take care of his elect,
The people he has chose.
- 2 God bids the righteous to rejoice,
He bids them to be glad;
But ah! when darkness fills their souls,
They cannot but be sad.
- 3 Who are these blessed righteous souls?
They are God's chosen sheep,
Whom God has fix'd his love upon,
And has engag'd to keep.
- 4 'Tis not the creature's acts or deeds
That makes the righteous man;
It is the righteousness of Christ
Made ours; this is the plan.
- 5 It is the sinner sav'd by grace,
That's made to see it too,
Who feels himself completely lost,
That he can nothing do.
- 6 For who would trust to filthy rags?
Our righteousness is such;
Drest in the righteousness of God,
The law can never touch.
- 7 These may rejoice, these may be glad,
Since God has cloth'd them so:
Lord keep us from self-righteousness,
That base infernal foe.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 Ah! shall I try to pay those debts
That Jesus died to pay?
O foolish thought; ah vain attempt;
Lord take them both away.
- 9 God makes his righteous people feel
Their natures vile and base;
And those who never feel it so,
They never felt his grace.
- 10 The best physician in the world,
Although he may excel,
Will pass unnotic'd by that man
Who is both rich and well.
- 11 But if, alas! his bones are broke,
And he's a wounded man,
The doctor he despis'd before,
He's glad to see him then.
- 12 Just so the sinner, once he feels
His loathsome sad disease;
'Tis nothing but a sight of Christ
Can give his conscience ease.
- 13 'Tis then he throws away his rags;
Salvation is his dress;
He's clothed in a better robe,
The Lord his righteousness.
- 14 God bids such souls as these be glad,
He bids them to rejoice;
And so they can when God gives faith
To know they are his choice.
- 15 O may that blessed grace be felt
In every heart this night;
And may our dear redeeming God
Be precious in our sight.
- 16 O Lord, subdue that baser sin,
That inward lurking thief;
For sure, O Lord, we would believe;
O help our unbelief!

HYMNS & POEMS.

Commit your Way unto the Lord. Psalm xxxvii. 5.

- 1 Poor souls, attend the word of God,
And hear what Jesus says ;
However dark your path appear,
He'll guide your doubtful ways.
- 2 Go, tell the Lord your wretched case,
Remember him who died ;
That is the plea you have to make,
The God-Man crucified.
- 3 Whatever then may be your state,
Go, lay it at his feet ;
Go, tell the Lord you want that food
He gives his chosen sheep.
- 4 Go, tell him you must starve and die,
Without his helping hand :
Go, tell him, if he hides his face,
You cannot walk or stand.
- 5 Go, tell the Lord you feel your sins,
Tell him how base you are ;
But tell him of his precious word,
And what his words declare.
- 6 That he would fill thy hungry soul,
And take thy doubts away ;
Go, tell the Lord your heart is hard,
You would but cannot pray.
- 7 Go, tell him you can't pay one mite ;
'Tis all in vain to try ;
If God had meant to save this way,
Then why did Jesus die ?
- 8 But Jesus liv'd, and Jesus died
For all the chosen sheep ;
Jehovah view'd them in his Son
Eternally complete.
- 9 Go, tell him he has made you see
The blessed plan of grace ;

- Go, tell him how you want to love,
You want to see his face.
- 10 Go, tell him, sin and Satan try
To turn your feet aside;
Go, tell the Lord, he bids you come,
Your mouth to open wide.
- 11 Go, tell him, he has bid you ask,
And told you such should have;
Go, tell him you must sink at last,
Unless he freely save.
- 12 And if he turns his ear away,
Plead what the scripture saith;
And if you can say nothing more,
Say, Lord, increase my faith.

Remember me. Psalm cvi. 4.

- 1 Ah! where's the man that's born of God,
That does not sometimes feel
Ten thousand foes distract his soul
His heart as hard as steel?
- 2 He feels his bondage and his chains;
Yet longs for liberty;
And if he prays at all, perhaps,
'Tis, Lord, remember me.
- 3 Remember, Lord, thy promises,
They are both large and free;
In seasons past they've been my hope;
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 But tho' my soul is out of tune,
Can neither feel nor see:
Yet there is something in my soul
Cries, Lord, remember me.
- 5 I once was dead, I once was blind,
But, Lord, I think I see;
I see thy promise suits my case;
Dear Lord, remember me.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 6 I have no pow'r to help myself;
It seems in vain to try;
I lay myself at mercy's door,
And if I die, I die.
- 7 Dear Lord, thou art for ever just,
And wilt for ever be;
But as the purchase of thy blood,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 8 Remember, Lord, the glorious work
Was finish'd on the tree,
And as it was for sinful man,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 9 Why didst thou die on Calv'ry's cross,
And hang upon the tree?
Since thou hast borne the curse, my due,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 10 Lord, visit me as thou hast done
In some sweet moments past;
O that the Lord would condescend
To make such visits last.
- 11 Ah! when they come, how sweet they are,
The captive is set free;
These are the tokens, Lord, I want;
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 12 The dying thief put up this prayer,
While hanging on the tree;
And as thou didst remember him,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 13 Why did not Jesus teach them both
To pray, while on the tree?
Because but one was chosen out
From all eternity.
- 14 The other hangs a guilty wretch,
A guilty wretch he dies;
God's grace is sov'reign, rich, and free,
Whoe'er this truth denies.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 15 And has God visited my soul,
And made me feel and see?
Then, as a saved sinner cries,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 16 Whence came this cry? O blessed God,
I know it comes from thee;
'Tis grace's breath that forms that prayer,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 17 And when thou seest my roving soul
Wand'ring far from thee,
Put forth thy hand, and bring me back;
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 18 When with corruptions, O my God,
I'm struggling to get free;
When hell and sin assail my soul,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 19 When fiery darts fly thick and fast,
And I my danger see,
Yet feel no power to help myself,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 20 Thy promise stands engag'd to help;
Thou bid'st me come to thee:
Unless thou draw, I cannot come;
Dear Lord, remember me.

Those who are under the Law are under the Curse.

Galations iii. 10.

- 1 Amongst the whole of Adam's race,
There's but a right and wrong;
Before each one will know his doom,
'Twill not be very long.
- 2 But can't we know till we arrive
Before the judgment seat,
Who are the blessed of the Lord;
Who are the chosen sheep?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 Yes, blessed be th' eternal God,
He makes his chosen know
The power of efficacious grace,
While struggling here below.
- 4 Then, O my soul, where art thou bound?
To what point stands thy face?
If you expect to get to heav'n,
Which way? by works or grace?
- 5 If works be still thy fav'rite theme,
Then you must keep the law;
But recollect, you're surely dam'd
If guilty of one flaw.
- 6 For he who fails in but one point
Is guilty of the whole
Not one was ever sav'd this way,
No, not a single soul.
- 7 God's word declares those only blest
Whom God himself has chose;
All these he draws unto himself,
Tho' hell and sin oppose.
- 8 Have you, my soul, been made to feel
Your ruin'd helpless case?
And seen yourself completely lost,
Without an act of grace?
- 9 If so, 'tis what the Lord has done,
'Tis all of special grace;
This is a proof God mark'd you out
Amongst the fallen race.
- 10 God knows his chosen, who they are,
And where they all reside;
And knows exactly every soul
For whom the Saviour died.
- 11 If he has led thy precious soul
To Calv'ry's bloody tree,
'Twas Jesus turn'd thy soul that way,
Because he loved thee.

- 12 The power and will to turn to God
Are both alike from him;
'Tis God who makes the man to feel
His death-plague sore within.
- 13 And when he feels it, then he cries,
Lord, save, or I'm undone;
Give me to know salvation mine,
Thro' God th' eternal Son.
- 14 I'm wholly lost, completely lost,
Unless thou smile on me;
If thou wilt save a wretch so vile,
I'll own 'tis wholly free.
- 15 I've been in chains, in bondage held,
And lov'd my bondage well;
But Jesus now has broke the bands,
And rescu'd me from hell.
- 16 Eternal love, almighty grace,
Has done the whole for me;
My sins had dragg'd my soul to hell.
But Jesus set me free.

The Christian's worst Foe. Matthew ix. 24.

- 1 O what a God-provoking sin
Is that of unbelief;
Of all the hell-bred trains, ah! sure,
This monster is the chief.
- 2 It robs my God, it robs my soul,
And steals my joys away;
For if I try to hear, or read,
Or sing, or praise, or pray;
- 3 Ah! then this brat of hell is there,
And dare dispute the whole,
And martials up a troop of doubts
That rob my very soul.
- 4 But something in me whispers thus,
There is no war with sin

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Till man is made to see and feel
A little hell within.
- 5 The devil won't oppose himself;
Keep Christ but out of sight
And let a man but trust himself,
There's neither war nor fight.
- 6 But where Jehovah plants his grace,
There flesh and sin oppose;
Exalt a precious Christ as all,
You'll have a thousand foes.
- 7 Tho' many may in ambush lay,
Conceal'd within the heart,
Some are without, but more within,
That take the devil's part.
- 8 Flesh and the devil are in Co.
God's people know this well;
For nature's best is darkness still,
Choosing the road to hell.
- 9 But where the new man's in the soul,
O listen to his cry,
Lord Jesus save my guilty soul,
Or else, alas! I die.
- 10 For now I feel I have no power;
My boasted strength is gone;
There's nothing but free grace alone
I dare to rest upon.
- 11 If I am sav'd, this is the way,
I have no other plea;
For I'm a sinner wholly lost;
If sav'd 'tis wholly free.
- 12 'This is the plan, Jehovah's plan,
My soul approves it well;
All roads but that to Calvary
Are nature's roads to hell.
- 13 Lord, lead me in the narrow way,
And keep me in it too;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- And keep me from that dang'rous road,
To trust to what I do.
- 14 Let others boast their holy deeds,
I'll boast alone of this,
That God should choose a wretch so vile,
To everlasting bliss.
- 15 Was this my choice? no, blessed God,
I'd liv'd and died in sin;
Had not my Jesus chosen me,
I'd never chosen him.
- 16 And even now, could Jesus change,
And sinners fall from grace,
There's not a grain of hope for me,
That I should see his face.
- 17 But God's foundation standeth sure,
The Lord knows who are his;
And those he loves, he'll call, and keep,
And lead to endless bliss.
- 18 'Tis all of grace, from first to last,
Tho' some men may oppose;
There is no doubt they are those men
Jehovah never chose.

Surety. Hebrews ix. 12.

- 1 My soul, consider well the price
Thy Surety paid for thee:
Ah! see the sum mark'd out in blood
On Calv'ry's bloody tree.
- 2 Not silver, gold, or precious stones,
Not all such trump'ry stuff,
Will pay the price for one poor soul,
This is not half enough.
- 3 'Twas not the blood of man, as man,
That paid the mighty sum;
'Twas God incarnate paid the price,
Jehovah's equal Son.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 See God, the Maker of the world,
Dwell in a lump of clay;
Ah! see him hanging on the cross,
Redemption's price to pay.
- 5 There nothing less than this would do,
There's nothing wanting more;
God did all this, not for the rich,
No, this was for the poor.
- 6 Ah! poor enough, God knows they are,
God makes them feel it too;
They've not a drachm of hope arise
From any thing they do.
- 7 For Jesus finds them all enslav'd,
All willing slaves to sin;
And Satan undisturb'd remains,
And keeps his throne within.
- 8 Until the mighty conqueror comes,
The goods are all in peace;
But hell, and sin, and Satan fly
Before almighty grace.
- 9 Who can resist this mighty power?
Both you and I have tried:
Had we been left unto ourselves,
Both you and I had died.
- 10 'Tis Jesus saves, he only saves,
Let men say what they will;
And those who think to save themselves,
They are but dead men still.
- 11 I once suppos'd to sov'reign grace
To lend my helping hand;
Until I saw myself and works
Most righteously condemn'd.
- 12 Now let my Jesus have the praise
For what he's done for me;
Shall I attempt to add to what
He finish'd on the tree?

HYMNS & POEMS.

13 Most horrid thought, it comes from hell,
From hell it must arise;
If ruin'd man could save himself,
In vain the Saviour dies.

14 But let redeemed souls rejoice,
'Tis only those that can;
However dark they feel, poor souls,
They must approve the plan.

15 O blessed, blessed, blessed plan,
My soul approves it well?
Had I been left unto myself,
I'd volunteer'd for hell.

The amazing Price of Redemption. Isaiah xliii. 1.

1 My soul, consider well
What thy redemption cost;
Had not Christ's blood been shed for you,
You'd been for ever lost.

2 My soul, adore the Lamb
For such an act of grace,
To give his soul a sacrifice
For one so vile, so base.

3 How wonderful the plan,
How absolutely free!

If any want a proof of this,
Ah! let them come to me

4 I'll tell them where I lay,
Just on the brink of hell;
There Jesus saw me dead in sin,
And bid me live to tell;

6 To tell the love of God:
But who can tell of this?
That God should choose out you and I
To everlasting bliss.

7 Before he made the world,
Or we had sinn'd at all,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- The scheme was form'd, the plan was laid,
To ransom from the fall.
7 In God's eternal mind
He view'd the whole complete;
Had form'd a people for himself,
These were the chosen sheep.
8 Where did these chosen fall
Into the lap of love;
Tho' in their nature-head undone
Safe in their Head above.
9 But who can find this out?
God's secrets who can tell?
'Tis God reveals the plan to those
Who are redeem'd from hell.
10 He makes them feel and know
'Tis all of sov'reign grace;
There's not one man could save himself
Of all the human race.
11 And those whom God has sav'd,
And made to hear his call,
They know that this was all of grace,
And not of works at all.
12 Tho' hell in triumph sung
When sin had ruin'd man,
God had determin'd this before,
To bring about his plan.
13 Jehovah Jesus comes,
They hang him on a tree;
And this was what God had decreed
From all eternity.
14 Tho' Judas may betray,
That for a little pelf;
It was decreed it should be so,
And he to hang himself.
15 Then you who feel the plague,
The horrid plague within,

HYMNS & POEMS.

God had design'd it should be so,
To make you hate your sin.

16 That man who hates himself
Because he is so base,
This is the way the Lord mark'd out,
To magnify his grace.

17 Then let the devil rage,
He's but a servant still;
And where he sought our overthrow,
God's purposes fulfil.

18 Then help me, Lord, to leave
My soul, my all with thee,
Who had salvation's scheme in view
From all eternity.

19 Jehovah knew, in time,
The wants of all his sheep;
Therefore by his almighty arm
He does his chosen keep.

20 Tho' they may often slip,
Not only slip but fall,
Yet they are sure to rise again,
For Jesus keeps them all.

21 Not one escapes his eye,
Nor can elude his care;
The best man has no cause to boast;
The worst need not despair.

God's Grace discriminating. Romans ix. 16.

1 Behold what love, amazing love,
Has God bestow'd on us:
What makes it more amazing still,
The devils were no worse.

2 The devils sinn'd, and so have we;
Then we were on a level:
For where's the difference between
A sinner and a devil?

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 But God decreed to save a few
Of Adam's guilty race;
God purchas'd them with his own blood:
How wonderful the grace!
- 4 The glorious everlasting scheme
Eternally was plann'd;
For those he chose a Surety head,
These never can be damn'd.
- 5 In Christ they ever stood secure,
When fleshly Adam fell;
Christ stood, in him his people stood,
And could not fall to hell.
- 6 So God in time bestows his love
On helpless ruin'd man,
Because his love stood fix'd on them
In his eternal plan.
- 7 God view'd them in their nature head,
Lost, ruin'd, and undone;
But in their Surety head complete,
As chosen in his Son.
- 8 But what's the man that's born of God,
Does he not sin at all?
Alas! 'tis those are made to feel
The ruins of the fall.
- 9 But yet that man that's born of God
Has something from on high,
That God implants within his soul,
A seed that cannot die.
- 10 'Tis this that will not, cannot sin;
'Tis pure, as God is pure;
Tho' nature plague the man to death,
Eternal life is sure.
- 11 It comes from God, it goes to God,
'Tis this that groans and sighs;
It is the very breath of God,
Which pierces through the skies.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 12 While flesh is still corrupt and base,
And prison'd too with sin,
The new man cries and groans to God
From what he feels within.
- 13 What knows the carnal man of this?
He knows not what it means,
Because he never felt within
The Spirit's quick'ning beams.
- 14 A dead man never yet complain'd;
He's dead, and cannot give
A proof of life, till Jesus comes
And makes the dead to live.
- 15 He has no life but what was hid
In Christ his Surety head;
The Holy Spirit gives him life,
Which raises from the dead.
- 16 Ah! sure this is the work of God,
Whatever man may say;
With all the stretch of human art
Man cannot find the way.

Salvation all of God. Psalm xxxvii. 39.

- 1 O what a mercy 'tis that grace
Is sov'reign, rich, and free;
For was it not, what would become
Of you, my friend, and me?
- 2 Not one but must and would be lost,
If left to his own way;
For nature never seeks to God,
But down to hell would stray.
- 3 And after God has form'd within
A principle of grace,
How oft 'tis buried up with sin,
That you can see no trace.
- 4 But all is barren, cold, and dead,
No life for God within;

HYMNS & POEMS.

- Just ready then to give up all :
O what a plague is sin !
- 5 What but the power of God alone
Can cheer the soul again ?
Not his obedience to the law ;
He finds this is in vain.
- 6 No, God the Holy Ghost must come,
With blessings from on high ;
Then from the depths of sore distress
You'll hear the sinner cry.
- 7 Lord, save me, for thy mercy sake ;
I have no other plea ;
If I am lost, yet thou art just,
Yet just in saving me.
- 8 Thou'rt just to justify the soul,
Where thou hast put a cry ;
Nor wilt thou form a cry within,
And let that sinner die.
- 9 No, never, never, O my God,
This never was the case ;
Thou put'st the cry into the soul,
And crown'st the cry with grace.
- 10 May our united cry this night
Ascend before the throne
Perfum'd with merits not our own,
But Christ's, who died t' atone.
- 11 This is the way that grace mark'd out,
When God display'd the plan ;
While fallen angels sink to hell,
He rescues ruin'd man.
- 12 My soul adore the triune God,
The Father, Son, and Spirit,
Who makes a hell-deserving wretch
Complete through Jesus' merit.
- 13 Drest in the righteousness of God,
'Tis wonderful to tell,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- A sinner crown'd with endless joys
Who must have dropp'd to hell.
14 And are those joys design'd for you?
For you, my friends, and me?
Then grace alone shall have the praise
Through all eternity.

The Fountain wide Open. Zechariah xiii. 19.

- 1 That day, O memorable day,
A fountain shall be ope:
Polluted filthy sinner, look,
This is the sinner's hope.
2 'Tis open wide for such as you,
Who feel the filth of sin;
Lord, wash our poor polluted souls,
Our filth is most within.
3 O precious blood, when once applied
It stamps salvation there;
Lord, sprinkle then my soul to-night,
And drive away despair.
4 Lord, I would recollect the day,
For ever let me tell,
When Jesus came and took my sin,
To rescue me from hell.
5 That day when angels rais'd a song,
When glory was on high,
Good-will to man, to ruin'd man,
Hell's Conqueror came to die.
6 Ah! die he did on Calv'ry's tree;
Hell trembled at the deed;
Poor sinner look away your doubts
And see thy Surety bleed.
7 This was for sinners vile as you,
Nay, sinners, vile as me:
All glory be to God the Lamb,
Who hung on Calv'ry's tree.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 8 Look there, poor soul, and be releas'd
From Sinai's frightful sound;
Thy God is pleas'd to save this way;
Attend the gospel sound.
- 9 O glorious gospel, blessed news,
Poor sinners may rejoice:
The work is done and God well pleas'd
With those of his own choice.
- 10 O Lord, look down upon the few
Assembled here this night,
And may a dying living Christ,
Be precious in our sight.
- 11 Descend almighty Jesus now,
And bid us go in peace;
And where there is but little faith,
Lord, make that faith increase.
- 12 Take care of us when in the world;
Lord, guide us where we go;
From every lurking secret sin,
And every outward foe.

1 Peter ii. 24.

- 1 My soul consider well
What Jesus bore for thee,
When groaning with thy load of guilt
In sad Gethsemane.
- 2 O what a bitter cup
Fill'd with the dregs of sin!
Ah! see him sweating drops of blood
From what he felt within.
- 3 And what was this to do?
To ransom you and I!
Behold the Son of God betray'd,
By man, condemn'd to die.
- 4 Then wonder, O my soul,
Amazing was the plan,

HYMNS & POEMS.

- While angels fall and sink to hell,
He dies to ransom man.
- 5 Who was this Jesus man?
Jehovah Lord of all!
For none but God himself could raise
A sinner from the fall.
- 6 It was Jehovah's plan,
The glorious three in one,
That Christ should stand as surety head,
And that was God the Son.
- 7 Ah! this was God himself,
Who made the worlds on high;
Poor sinner look to Calvary
And see thy Saviour die.
- 8 Ah! was he but a man,
As proud Socinians say?
Then I am lost, for ever lost,
I'll throw my hopes away.
- 9 But, blessed be his name,
He was Jehovah then,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
For man became a man.
- 10 For man behold he dies,
For man his blood was shed,
And after dying on the cross,
He dwelt amongst the dead.
- 11 As God he left the tomb,
In glory took his seat,
He finish'd now redemption's work
For all the chosen sheep.
- 12 And what are those for whom
The Saviour suffer'd thus?
For wretched rebels doom'd for hell!
The devils were no worse.
- 13 When they are chang'd by grace
Still nature has no pow'r;

HYMNS & POEMS.

God's own disciples could not watch,
No, not a single hour.

14 How soon this promise fail'd,
They had no pow'r to keep,
When Jesus came to seek for them,
He found them all asleep.

15 O read, and be amaz'd
At what disciples did ;
A little danger frights them all,
They left the Lord and fled.

16 And you would do the same
Were you in such a case,
God's own elect would run away
If not preserv'd by grace.

17 The strength you have to day,
To morrow may be gone ;
O what a broken reed is self
To trust or lean upon.

18 The man that trusts himself,
Is resting on the sand,
When tempests beat upon his soul,
His building cannot stand.

19 But he that's on the rock,
Shall ever have to tell
That God has made his standing sure
Against the storms of hell.

If God be for us who can be against us ? Rom. viii. 31.

1 O God the Holy Ghost, come down
With blessings from on high ;
If thou withdraw thine influence,
How soon our comforts die.

2 Lord, how perplex'd with unbelief
That robs us ev'ry day,
It dares to put its ifs and buts
To what Jehovah say.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 O could we trust our Jesus more,
And do as David did ;
He trusted God who gave him pow'r
To smite Goliath dead.
- 4 We need not fear an arm of flesh,
If God be on our side ;
Ah ! who can want that can believe
Jehovah will provide.
- 5 Because the Lord is on our side,
This is the reason why
That we are made to gain the field,
Our enemies to fly.
- 6 A pitcher and a lamp will do
If God but bid us go ;
Whoever trust to God alone,
Shall conquer ev'ry foe.
- 7 The walls of Jericho shall fall
By means that God design ;
That God that went with Joshua,
O may that God be mine.
- 8 Ram's horns will do if God appoint,
Whoever may deride ;
Ah ! you shall conquer sin and hell,
If God be on your side.
- 9 Who would have thought that Jesse's son,
The youngest, but a boy,
Should be the youth mark'd out by God,
Goliath to destroy ?
- 10 His angry brother chides in vain,
'Twas God that bid him go :
May David's God help you and I
To conquer ev'ry foe.
- 11 For who can conquer in a war
Against self, hell, and sin ?
'Tis none but God the Holy Ghost
Can conquer what's within.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 12 Ten thousand foes in ambush lay,
Conceal'd within the heart,
And Satan watch to wound the soul
With his infernal dart.
- 13 Then what with enemies without,
And tenfold worse within,
Ah ! where's the man upon the earth,
Can keep himself from sin ?
- 14 I would, but ah ! I can't, said Paul,
I can't, but yet I would ;
The old man sides with hell and sin,
The new man pants for God.
- 15 Grace fights with sin, sin fights with grace,
The strength of both are tried ;
But God shall overcome at last,
For God is on his side.
- 16 Come poor distressed tempted soul,
Throw ifs and buts away ;
For those who trust God's wills and shalls,
Will surely win the day.
- 17 I will, says God ; you shall, says God ;
In heart be willing too,
To be a sinner sav'd by grace,
And not for what you do.
- 18 O God I would detest the thought,
O drag it from my breast,
I thank my God for what is done,
And trust him for the rest.

Job xxxiii. 24.

Whoever knows and feels his own plague sore,
Will boast the goodness of his heart no more ;
Let man but feel that little hell within,
And then he'll say there is no little sin :
Death is its wages, and death will surely come,
But ah ! we live because the surety's done

HYMNS & POEMS.

He ransom'd man from hell by his own blood ;
A work contriv'd, and finished by God ;
Hell overthrown, and all its schemes defeated,
Redemption's work eternally completed :
O wonder then my soul, be glad and sing
The Babe of Bethlehem is Zion's King,
Man, and Jehovah too !

Man a helpless Creature. Ezekiel xvi. 6.

- 1 O never may my soul forget
That I was born in sin,
All filth and wretchedness without,
And black as hell within.
- 2 Just like an infant newly born,
In all its filth and blood ;
No eye to pity, none to help,
No one can help but God.
- 3 In this forlorn and helpless state,
My blessed Friend came by ;
Tho' filthy, wretched, and undone,
He would not let me die.
- 4 Who would have thought of love like this,
So sov'reign, rich, and free ?
What could a helpless infant do ?
Why, just as much as me.
- 5 It could not ask the helping hand,
Quite ign'rant of its case ;
As it was born it must have died,
But for almighty grace.
- 6 This was a time of love indeed,
It was the love of God
Made known to my poor filthy soul,
When in my filth and blood.
- 7 God had decreed to meet my soul,
In all my filth and sin,

HYMNS & POEMS:

- And wash me in his precious blood
And put new life within.
- 8 He cover'd then my naked soul,
And wash'd away my blood,
And spread all over me his skirts,—
The righteousness of God.
- 9 What had I done to merit this?
Not even ask'd my God;
Sure this must be eternal love,
To wash me in his blood.
- 10 O special grace! O matchless love!
That look'd on such as me;
Then sure 'tis those who feel their guilt,
Will own salvation free.
- 11 A new-born infant could as well
Perform what Sampson did,
As man can turn himself to God;
How can he, while he's dead?
- 12 God bids him live, and then he lives,
God keeps the life within;
But those God never passed by,
They'll die in filth and sin.
- 13 Pause then, my soul, and take a view,
Of thy original;
And ask thy soul what else but grace,
Could save thy soul from hell.
- 14 I lay as helpless as this babe,
As filthy and forlorn,
And of myself can do no more
Than when I first was born.
- 15 And shall I dare to share the praise
With God for what he's done?
O hellish pride, provoking sin,
Debasing God the Son!
- 16 No, rather let me lay in dust,
At my Redeemer's feet,

HYMNS & POEMS.

In whom a hell-deserving wretch
Is wash'd and made complete.
17 Tho' base and vile by nature still,
I own my wretched case;
And since my God has bid me live,
I'll own 'tis all of grace.

On the Death of a dearly beloved Friend.

- 1 What dear Bilenda dead ! who can but weep ?
But 'tis not so, Bilenda only sleep ;
'Tis but a little dose :
'Twas Jesus called her, (saying) Come up hither,
Come to thy Friend, thy God, thy elder Brother,
And in my arms repose.
- 2 She's left the lump of clay in death's cold lap,
And there to take an undisturbed nap,
But for a little night ;
When she awakes she'll meet Christ in the air ;
And where Christ is she'll be for ever there,
With wonder and delight.
- 3 While many drop the sympathetic tear
Because they've lost a friend so very dear,
Let them no more repine ;
For she is drest in robes of endless light,
And not an angel there appears more bright,
Not one drest half so fine.
- 4 And shall we mourn ? begone ungrateful thought !
Christ has a right to what his blood has bought
And paid for on the cross :
She smiling stands with thousands round the throne,
While we are left to sigh, to weep, and groan,
And thus lament our loss.
- 5 The husband mourns, the children feel their loss,
To them, poor dears, it is a heavy cross :
Bilenda has the prize ;—

HYMNS & POEMS.

While friends are mourning, she exulting sing,
With Christ her God, her Saviour, and her King,
With shouts above the skies.

6 May those who mourn for her, for her rejoice,
As one of Christ's redeem'd, Jehovah's choice;
Be that my happy case!

Bilenda felt the ruins of the fall,
But Christ she trusted in as all in all;

A sinner sav'd by grace.

7 O may each one who mourns Bilenda dead,
Like her exult in Christ the living head,
While in this world of woes:

She saw that better world with eyes of faith,
She put her trust in what Jehovah saith,
To conquer all her foes.

8 And now she's singing at Jehovah's feet,
In union with thousands ransom'd sheep,
Who were redeem'd by blood:

Lord, fit me for that blessed happy place:
For all my fitness is thy special grace;
And that's the love of God.

Mark ix. 24.

1 O what a wretched dreadful foe
Is that of unbelief!

It hides itself within my soul
Just like a midnight thief.

2 It unsuspected steals within,
And takes my joys away,
And leaves my heart as hard as flint,
But leaves no heart to pray.

3 But O, my soul, why is it so?
Tell me the reason why;
As soon as Jesus hides his face,
Then all my comforts die.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 4 O base ungrateful unbelief!
Good God, subdue its pow'r;
Without thy life-creating grace,
I can't be safe one hour.
- 5 I would believe with all my soul,
That God is on my side,
And that my ransom price is paid,
That Christ my surety died.
- 6 Sometimes I do believe all this,
All this, and ten times more,
But soon some trouble vex my soul,
I'm doubtful as before.
- 7 Altho' I know my God has said
He never will forsake,
Yet when my prospects blacken up,
My hopes begin to shake.
- 8 Ten thousand fears possess my mind,
And all within forlorn;
Sometimes so base I almost wish
I never had been born.
- 9 Is this progressive holiness?
Alas! I'm worse and worse;
Yet did not Jesus love my soul,
Sin would not plague me thus.
- 10 I do believe, yet disbelieve;
I hate, and yet I love;
I grovel in the dust below,
And yet I'd live above.
- 11 I want the world, yet hate the world,
I court its trifling toys;
And yet how oft the creatures' smiles,
Will add unto my joys.
- 18 Sometimes I think I have enough,
When I the least possess;
'Tis when I see my soul adorn'd
In God's own righteousness.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 128 13 Ah! what a little then will do,
 321 'Tis then I feel content;
 322 But all this little inward stock,
 071 Alas! how soon 'tis spent.
- 14 And then as poor as Job again,
 371 My stock is all run out;
 Tho' God has bless'd a thousand times,
 Yet I begin to doubt.
- 15 And you who know these ups and downs,
 Perhaps this is your case;
 And ah! then with me you'll confess,
 Salvation's all of grace.
- 16 Did God suspend his saving grace,
 Until I something do;
 Then God and everlasting joys,
 And Christ and all must go.
- 17 This is the case with every one
 Till he is born again;
 Whatever he may think he does,
 He does it all in vain.
- 18 My soul, this was thy wretched state,
 And would have been the case,
 Had not Jehovah chose thy soul,
 And call'd by special grace.
- 19 I lay in sin, and there I'd laid
 Unto the present day,
 Had not my Jesus spoke to me,
 And said, "I am the way."

January 1.

- 1 Ah! what is time? how swift it flies;
 How fast our days run round;
 Another year is now told off,
 And we on praying ground.
- 2 While thousands in their mad career
 Are summon'd up on high,

- The Lord hath lengthen'd out our days,
And would not let us die.
- 3 For why? O may it be to prove
Our names are writ on high;
Immortal such till call'd by grace,
Till then they cannot die.
- 4 The souls preserv'd in Christ their head,
Tho' years may run apace,
Their glass shall never run quite out,
Till God makes known his grace.
- 5 O may it be a token then,
That we are spar'd for this,
To taste of heav'nly joys below,
As heirs of endless bliss.
- 6 But O my soul, look round and see
The numbers, who can tell,
Who live to three-score years and ten,
Yet choose the road to hell?
- 7 If man should live to four-score years,
He'll just the same remain;
No breath for God, no pray'r, no praise,
If he's not born again.
- 8 And has the Lord been pleas'd to turn
My face t'wards Zion's hill?
O God, I know there was a time
I'd neither pow'r nor will.
- 9 Then O my soul, admire the grace
So sov'reign, rich, and free,
That puts a cry within a wretch
So wholly lost as me.
- 10 And has the Lord been pleas'd to call
And make me taste his grace?
Then let the wheels of time go round
With a more rapid pace.
- 11 Haste on ye wheels; months, years, run on,
And bring the distant day,

- 346 When I shall leave this clog behind,
 103 And throw my sins away.
 250 12 For, O the sorrows of the road,
 121 How oft they make me start!
 2 Foes on the right and on the left,
 203 The worst within my hearts I start.
 113 13 But let this thought console my soul,
 25 God's eye is on me still;
 25 Tho' wretched, barren, as I am,
 233 I have a little will.
 4 14 A little strength, a little hope,
 233 I have a little faith;
 25 I want to trust my Jesus more,
 213 And credit what he saith.
 213 15 Lord help me then to start afresh,
 25 And trust the world no more;
 74 Then would this be a better year
 108 Than those I've liv'd before.
 25 16 Lord, make my shoes of iron and brass,
 272 That I may crush the thorns,
 252 And see my Jesus at the helm,
 252 Who quells the raging storms.
 25 17 Then men and devils rage in vain,
 25 There is no cause for fear;
 77 O may I have a smiling God,
 25 Throughout this new-born year.

Deuteronomy xxxii. 39.

Behold, says God, I, even I, am He,
 And neither is there any God with me;
 I am the great One God, in persons three,
 Equal in glory, pow'r, and majesty.
 The Father, Son, and Spirit,—glorious three!
 One God in essence from eternity;
 But in the œconomy of saving man,
 All three engag'd to bring about the plan.

HYMNS & POEMS.

- 3 Jehovah independent, Christ the same,
The Holy Ghost Almighty God by name;
Oh Israel hear; one Lord the great I AM,
To ransom souls from hell became a man.
- 4 I kill, says God, I make alive again;
I wound the soul, then heal it of its pain;
I send my law with thunder o'er their head;
The man that was alive, behold, he's dead.
- 5 I send my gospel's sweet alluring voice,
Which gives new life, and makes the man rejoice;
The sinner that was dead, behold he lives,
His wounds are heal'd, in Christ he now believes.
- 6 Then you poor souls who mourn your broken bones,
Remember Christ can heal and hear your groans;
Encourag'd then go on, make Christ your all,
And never be ashamed on Christ to call.
- 7 Before you call his blessing will come down,
And while you're pleading, mercy will be found;
Poor trembling soul, you'll soon behold his face,
And evermore adore and magnify his grace.
- 8 Tho' mourning, sighing, trembling, you may go,
Remember Christ has conquer'd ev'ry foe;
He conquer'd sin, and hell, and Satan too,
All this was done for sinners; why not you?
- 9 When doubts creep in, and darkness fills the mind,
The soul concludes that Jesus can't be kind
To one so vile, who feels no love at all,
And Satan tells the soul, it sure will fall.
- 10 But ah! our loving God remains the very same;
That soul goes safe that trusts in Jesus' name;
He bids the soul be bold and courage take,
He saves poor sinners but for Jesus' sake.
- 11 Ye doubting, fearing, downcast souls, rejoice,
You're sure to win if Christ is made your choice;
For you with all your doubts, in this accord,—
You wish with Joshua to serve the Lord.

PREFACE
HYMNS & POEMS.

- 12 'Twas light divine that Joshua felt within,
That made the man fall out with hell and sin,
For God had pledg'd himself to hold him fast,
And clad his feet with lasting shoes of brass:
- 13 That as his trials were, his grace should be;
No wonder Joshua got the victory;
May but the Lord his daily grace afford,
Then I as well as Joshua can serve the Lord.
- 14 He felt his Jesus' sweet attracting love,
Which warm'd his soul and fix'd his heart above;
He found in Christ what made his soul rejoice,
And what he did for God was now by choice.
- 15 Just so 'tis now with every heav'n-born soul,
Grace over all the man has sweet control;
When Jesus draws the soul can run apace,—
How slow he moves when Jesus hides his face.
- 16 What Jesus said to Joshua, he says to thee,
Be bold, courageous, trust alone to me:
Fear not, for I will conquer ev'ry foe,
I'll be thy guide and guard where'er thou go.
- 17 Oh! happy, happy, happy is that man,
That trusts his soul, his all, with God the Lamb:
Who knows thy name, will put their trust in thee,
They shall be safe unto eternity.

The Blessed Wedding. Jer. iii. 14.

- 1 I am married to thee;
Most astonishing thought!
How can a poor sinner believe it?
But 'tis what God has said,
Then be not afraid;
It is the Lord's word, give it credit.
- 2 I am married to thee;
Who is it doth speak?
No less than the great King of glory,

HYMNS & POEMS.

Who is married to those
Who his grace did oppose;
Ah! angels are lost at the story.

3 I am married to thee,
Thou poor filthy soul,
Tho' blacken'd as hell by thy sin;
When no eye took pity,
And thou wast all filthy,
To my bosom I then took thee in.

4 I am married to thee,
I have made thee my bride,
Or thou must have sunk into hell;
I took thy foul nature
When thou wast a hater;
I did it, I lov'd thee so well.

5 I am married to thee,
And thou shalt possess
My honour, my glory, my grace;
I will raise thee above,
You shall share in my love,
And for ever enjoy my embrace.

6 I am married to thee:
Then go not astray;
I know thou art prone to backslide;
But my riches are thine,
My milk and my wine,
And crowns of salvation beside.

7 I am married to thee
By promise and oath,
My love is for ever the same;
Then be not afraid,
For I cannot upbraid;
On my heart is written thy name.

8 I am married to thee;
My love was so strong
I left heav'n to seek you my bride;

HYMNS & POEMS.

I laid down my life
For you my dear wife,
And bear all your troubles beside.

9 I am married to thee,
Thou wast chosen by me
Before thy first parents did fall;

I saw thy sad state,
And thy sin tho' so great,
Thro' pity and love took it all.

10 I am married to thee;
And will sure take thee home,
And make thee my glory to know;

I will send night and day
Strength and grace by the way,
And keep thee while trav'ling below.

11 I am married to thee,
And my love is so great
That hell, sin, and Satan can't shake it;
Nor yet thy base heart
That's prone to depart,
There's nothing, no nothing can break it.

Acrostic.

D-ear Lord, vouchsafe to hear my pray'r,
A-nd grant thy blessing on this book;
N-ay Lord dispose the readers mind
I-ts many faults to overlook:
E-rrors there are, I have no doubt;
L-et condour blot the errors out.

H-ad I an angel's tongue to tell,
E-ternal love would suit me well;
R-edeming blood has conquer'd hell!
B-ehold Jehovah God and man
E-ternally had fix'd his plan;
R-ejoice my soul in God the Son;
T-hro' him redemption's work is done.

HYMNS & POEMS.

S-hall I be backward then to tell,
 U-nworthy wretch, redeem'd from hell;
 D-ear Jesus, cease to love as well;
 B-egone that fear of sinful man,
 U-nlearn'd, unholy, as I am,
 R-edem'd by blood, from Adam's race;
 Y-et I'll proclaim his sov'reign grace.

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100 King Solomon declar'd a truth
120 kept by the power of God, are all God's sheep

229 Let those increase who vex my heart
232 Look down, O Lord, we humbly pray
121 Look not on me because I'm black;
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310 Look up, my soul, look and adore

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